Oct. 28, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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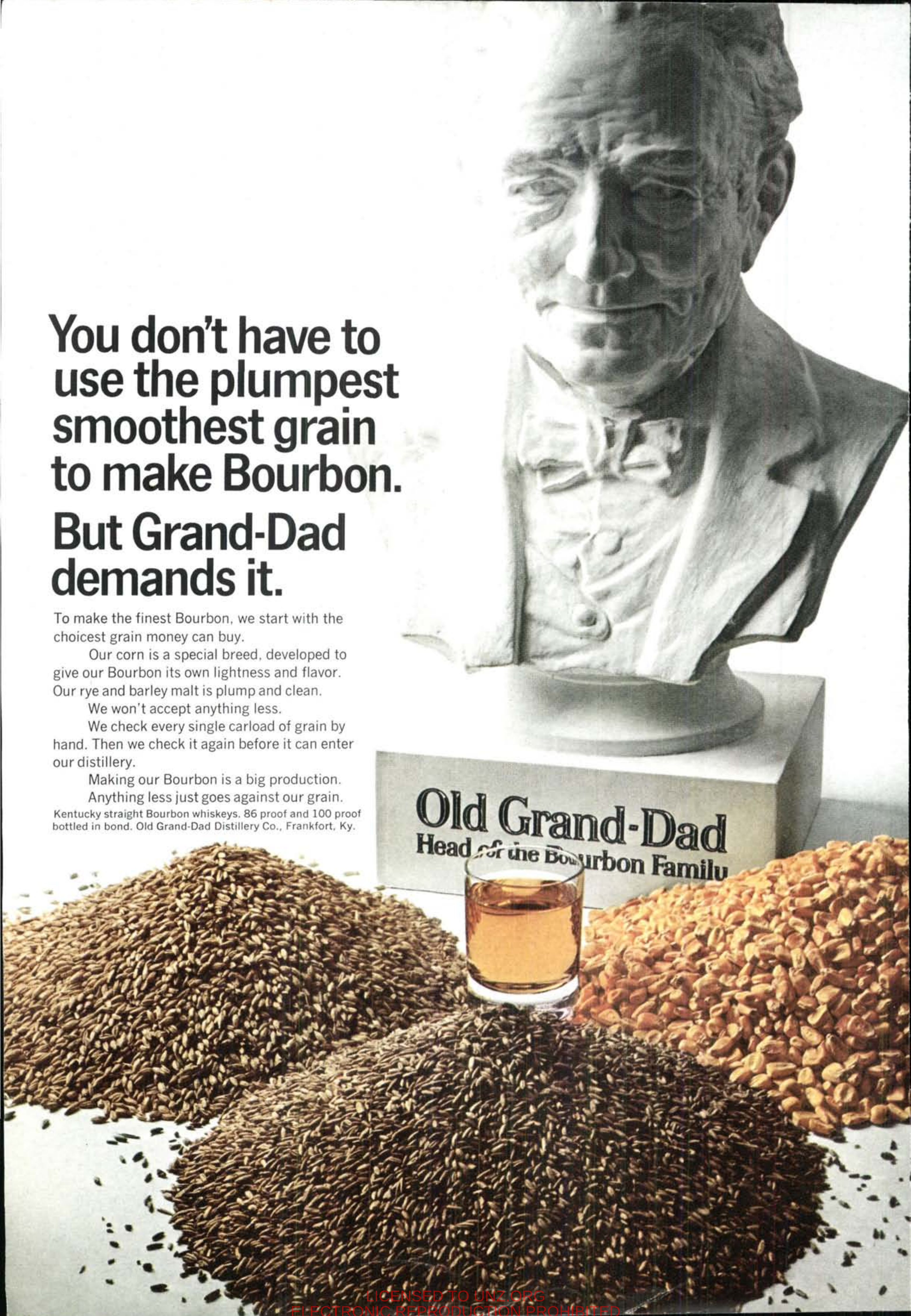

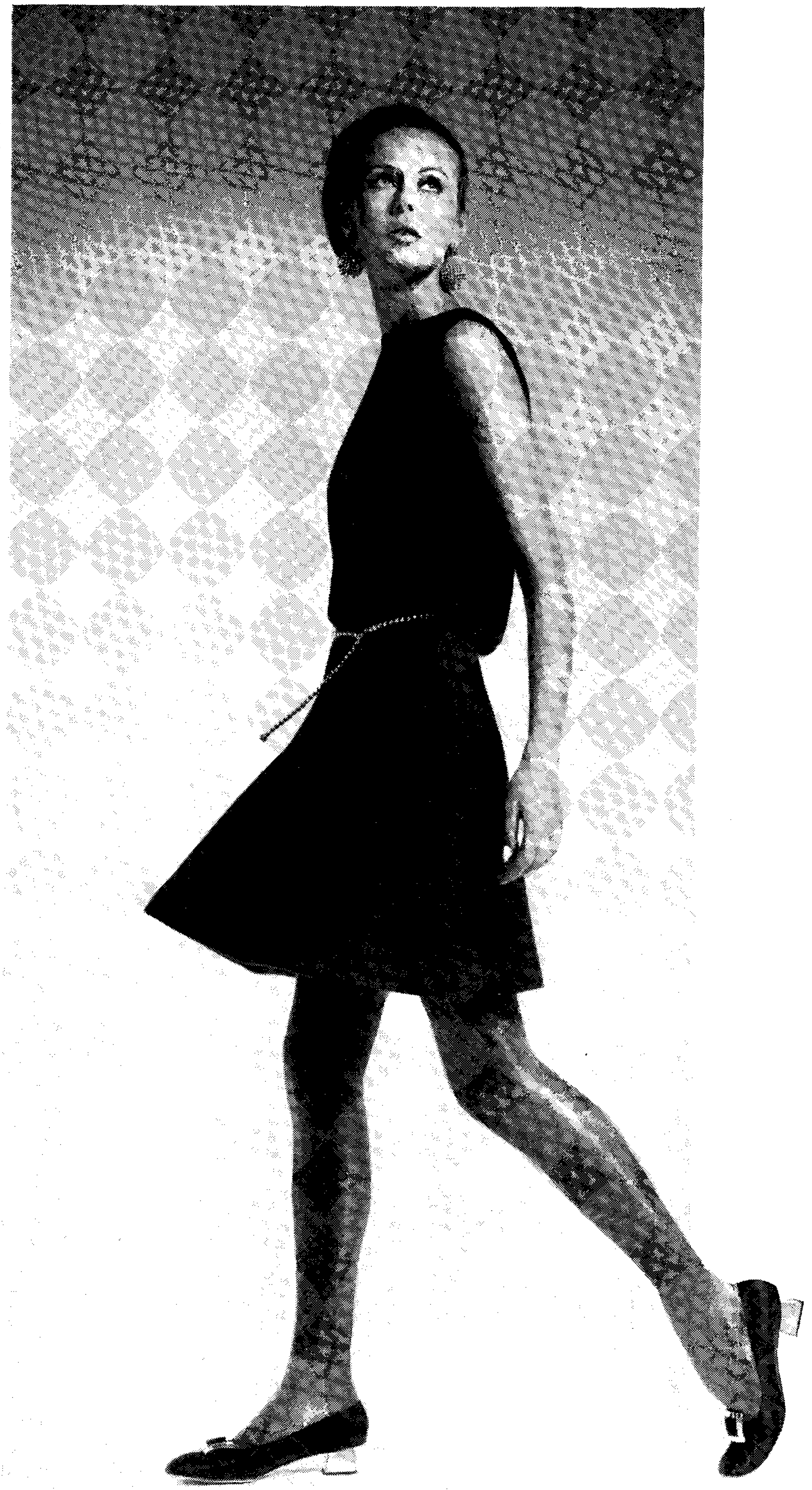

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5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

After the Rain—John Bowen gives us, with the help of a fine cast, a glimpse of how things might be in a future of which we wot not. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Birthday Party—Fun and most peculiar games in Harold Pinter's first full-length drama, written a decade ago. The assorted English people on display are not always portrayed with complete confidence by the American cast, and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is in and out. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Comedy—What goes on in South Kensington when the lights go out. A curtain-raiser, "White Lies," is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Daphne in Cottage D—Sandy Dennis bumping into the walls as a cute alcoholic in a play by Stephen Levi that includes two characters and spates of sudsy dialogue. William Daniels, the second party in the affair, who portrays a doctor, is effective whenever Miss Dennis gives him a chance. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jewish State Theatre of Poland—An eight-week engagement of two plays in Yiddish presented by this company, headed by Ida Kaminska. Jacob Gordin's **mirele efros:** Thursday, Oct. 26; Monday, Oct. 30; and Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 1-4, all at 8:30. . . . ¶ Bertolt Brecht's **mother courage:** Friday, Oct. 27, at 7 (opening); Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 29, at 3; and Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Through Sunday, Dec. 10.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead—A droll and highly ingenious account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern instead of upon Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead a fine cast that has been astutely directed by Derek Goldby. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A labored farce about a middle-aged lecher entrapped by a nineteen-year-old who has her doubts about his carnal capabilities. Barbara Ferris, as the young lady, is a nuisance, but Gig Young and the others in the cast are tolerable, despite some witless suggestive dialogue. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. That of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, is especially good. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Lauren Bacall and Lloyd Bridges are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **don't drink the water:** Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass in Woody Allen's farce concerning a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

What Did We Do Wrong?—Henry Denker's comedy, starring Paul Ford and staged by Sherwood Arthur. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—The ups and downs of a Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voice and a boy who has brains—in the course of more than half a century of struggling against a culture that gives them little heed. Arthur Laurents' book is drab, but there are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, with satisfactory lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Leslie Uggams, Robert Hooks, and Allen Case head an excellent cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the apple tree:** A musical derived from short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Barbara Harris and Alan Alda. Starting Wednesday, Nov. 1, Sue Ane Langdon will replace Miss Harris. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **cabaret:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Wu Hou. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **i do! i do!:** In this version of "The Fourposter," Mary Martin and Robert Preston play the evening performances, and Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae the matinées. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mame:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2.30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Henry, Sweet Henry—Don Ameche and Carol Bruce in a musical based on the novel "The World of Henry Orient," by Nora Johnson. Nunnally Johnson wrote the book and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics. Directed by George Roy Hill. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

More Stately Mansions—Ingrid Bergman, Arthur Hill, and Colleen Dewhurst in Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical drama. Directed by José Quintero. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 26-28, and Monday, Oct. 30, all at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 31. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées the first week on Thursday and Saturday, both at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Drama Company—Dorothy Stickney and Leon Ames in a revival of Lindsay and Crouse's **life with father.** The first of two plays in this year's American Playwrights Series. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 5.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lillian Hellman's THE LITTLE FOXES, with Anne Bancroft, Richard A. Dysart, Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, Austin Pendleton, William Prince, Beah Richards, George C. Scott, Maria Tucci, and Andre Womble. The first in this season's series of four plays. Opens Thursday, Oct. 26, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of LA BOHÈME. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 26-27, at 8:30: IOLANTHE. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 4 and 8:30: THE GONDOLIERS. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 7:30 (opening), and Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 2-3, at 8:30: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 4 and 8:30: IOLANTHE. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Annuit coeptis–novus ordo seclorum (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Father Uxbridge Wants to Marry—A play by Frank Gagliano. Season subscribers (twenty dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; on Thursday, Nov. 2, at 7, and Saturday, Nov. 4, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 11.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hair—A rock-'n'-roll musical presented by the New York Shakespeare Festival. Gerome Ragni and James Rado wrote the book and lyrics, and Galt MacDermot the music. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialled in Vietnam and who gets into trouble when he preaches the doctrine of civil disobedience in and out of school. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing, the company is attractive and spirited, and the numbers work well, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. David Cryer is extremely good as the young teacher. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. In the course of the action, which is strenuous, a good many traditional routines and acceptable attitudes bite the dust, and obscenities abound. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stephen D.—The glorious words of James Joyce are delivered with moving intensity by Stephen Joyce in the role of the Artist as a Young Man, and satisfactorily, or more than that, by other actors in other roles. The play, an adaptation by Hugh Leonard, and the production are both somewhat short on wit and fire, but they are often effective. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Where People Gather—A play by Peter Copani. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz' "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Harkness Ballet—Opening performances of the company's first New York season, which will run through Sunday, Nov. 19. Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8 (benefit preview; for tickets, call CO 5-7460): "Sebastian," "Zealous Variations," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 7: "Night Song," "Sebastian," "Zealous Variations," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30: "Landscape for Lovers," "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Canto Indio," and "Sebastian.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30: "Requiem for Jimmy Dean—A Work in Progress," "Feast of Ashes," "Abyss," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2:30: "Landscape for Lovers," "Requiem for Jimmy Dean," "Canto Indio," and "Feast of Ashes.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30: "Landscape for Lovers," "Abyss," "Zealous Variations," and "Firebird." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—"Agathe's Tale" (New York première), "Post Meridian," "Duet," and "Aureole." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Devanagari," an unnamed Sokolow work, "Dance for Three People," and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 18.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

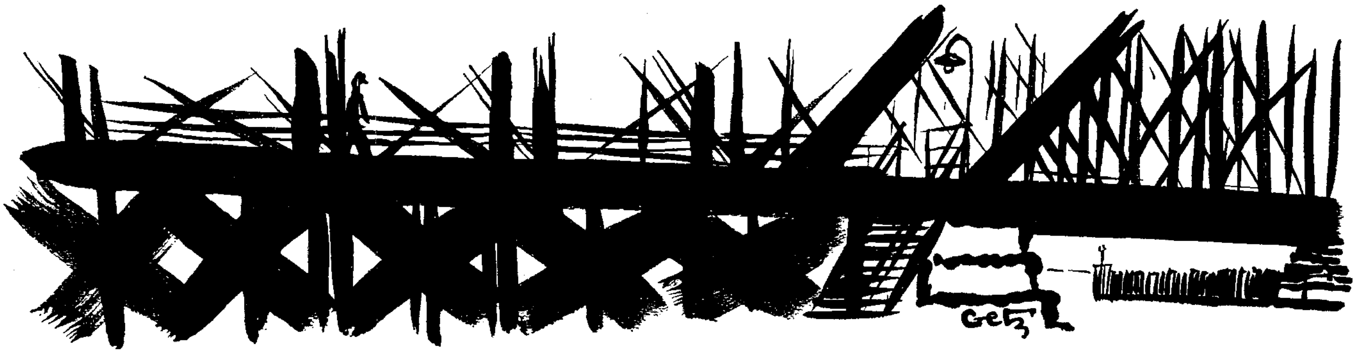
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In her infinite wisdom, Ella Fitzgerald, the commanding Presence of the Royal Box at dinner and supper, understands every sort of song, from bop to ballad to Billie Joe, and so does her wondrously clear voice. The orchestra of Lee Evans, another model of clarity, carries on all evening. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—This interesting geographical phenomenon (it's on the corner where Broadway crosses Sutton Place) gets its kinetic energy from the small band of Pir Marini, which works out from nine until two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Ernie Warren, who was making dance music back in the era of curfew-shall-not-ring-tonight, now stables his crew in the restaurant, where he keeps more sedate hours—from eight to one through the week, and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays are silent nights.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—History was made at night in this barony, and the rooms in which decisions were reached that proved turning points in the nation's progress (shall we go around the world once or twice this winter?) are thrown open to the public. Lester Lanin himself, and *not* on tape, runs one band, George Anaya runs another, and their office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There is no squaring of the social circle that lies within the Café Pierre. The society notes



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are turned out by the hand-picked men of Ben Cutler's best band, which is supplemented, between sets, by Brazilian guitar and song. Business as usual every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—As narrator and singer of light verse and persiflage, Tony Sandler, who enters the Persian Room during dinner and supper, is straightforward and succinct; his straight man is just very, very straight. Other times, the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen collected by Mark Monte do their best. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Peter Duchin's band, which makes a lot of music in this handsome and comforting Olympus, must be compiling a history of jazz, for it is thoroughly documented on all aspects, whether Bailey's Beach Bounces or Muskrat Rambles. It begins at nine; a threesome begins at seven, and never the twain shall quit before two. Sundays are silent.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra, the finest substitute for sugar since Sucaryl, ceases and desists on Saturday, Oct. 28; so, too, do the Mills Brothers, whose amiable way of crooning makes them absolutely timeless. On Monday, Oct. 30, the band run by Richard Maltby (his sabbatical may have set a record) moves in. On Thursday, Nov. 2, Count Basie's gang replaces it. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Shay, who claims to know all about the Cousin Jebs and Uncle Fudds (not to mention the Lares and Penates) of the Ozarks, is singing about them during dinner and supper in the Maisonette. George Cort's Jack-in-the-pulpit band and Quintero's cluster of Latinos do music all evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, just across the aisle, is for the cool and the collected. The sole sound is Carey Gregory taking his evening stroll along the keys of his piano. He is not a Thursday or a Sunday condiment.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Shirley Bassey, a singer decisive enough to have been a goddess in an earlier incarnation, comes to earth (and from London) in the Empire Room, where she is on the dinner and supper menu. She checks out on Friday, Nov. 3; next evening, Tony Bennett, who left his heart but not his good-fellowship in San Francisco, starts singing. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo stays on. No Sunday activities. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley leads a less spectacular life—piano for cocktails and dinner every night but Saturday and Sunday; dance tunes by the triad of Horace Diaz from eight or nine until one or two during the week, from five until ten on Sunday, and not at all Monday or Tuesday.

Note—**Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the fox-trot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

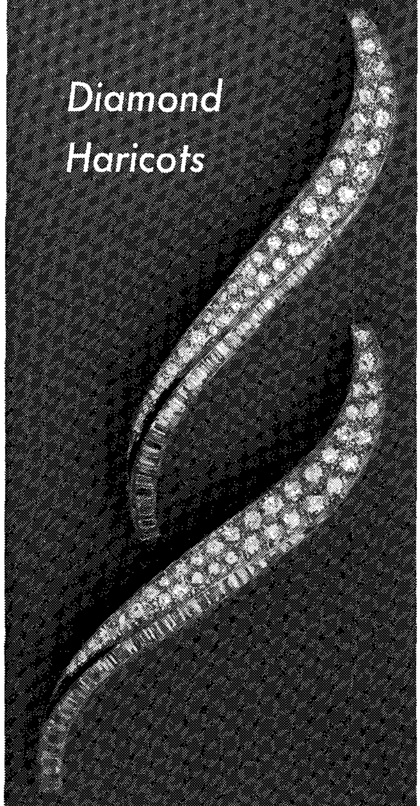
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Visiting privileges are freely granted, since everyone seems to have known everyone else in this country club forever. The professors at the cheerful pianos are Goldie Hawkins, proprietor, and his right bower, Wayne Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'Intrigue,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): An oddment (of night life) and possibly a figment (of imagination). Within, and not ever before ten, sits Hugh Shannon at his truly grand piano, singing the songs that stick those sharp little pins in the lives of the Beautiful, or Unbeautiful, People. No Sabbath sessions. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Now and then, everybody who remembers the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander (sometimes Lord Inventor, sometimes Lord Superior) begins chanting those Basic English ditties of the West Indies between eight and nine during the week, and calls a halt between one and two. Sundays, he operates only from seven to twelve. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in operation as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tamburlaine,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Outer Mongolian landscape, but from eight-thirty until about one-thirty you *can* hear dance music—a bit roustabout, it is true, except on Mondays, when Billy Rubenstein's trio has the floor. From six to eight, Monday through Friday every week, Allan Haig contributes well-tempered, well-chosen piano études. Sundays everyone is at rest. . . . **Kippys,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one should do. It encases an upstairs inglenook wherein Danny Apolinar, in whose method there is deliberate madness, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday. . . . **New York Hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Roman Pub, there is footwork on the small floor from five-thirty until seven-thirty and from nine-thirty until one-thirty, but the early-bird dance set is omitted on Saturdays. The wherewithal is provided by a soft-spoken trio led by Joan St. James, whose piano has a neat, meticulous, Juilliard sound. The dining is no more than snack. All quiet Sundays. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every man jack of the staff has an ambition (and a by no means secret one) to burst into song as the next Caruso or Gigli. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap from dinner until late every night but Sunday. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. . . . **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its town-house days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is plied from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant, but not on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has the use of the mannerly piano in one corner of the Hotel Westbury's Polo Bar, the main-floor restaurant. His stint is nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): None of the runs that Steven Weltner applies to the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park, where he is on view from six-thirty until one (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), are run-of-the-mill. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as Rodgers and Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates not on Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Felipe Gayo picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is back in his parlor and at his parlor piano. Eight-thirty until two is his stint, which never includes Sunday.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The entrance exams can be difficult; get in touch in advance with the committee on admissions. Inside, the music of spheres beyond our ken pervades, some of it by the Third Bardo, which (or who) will be replaced, on Tuesday, Oct. 31, by the Fuzzy Bunnies. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The citizenry here is rather more senior than is customary in the trade. This statement does not apply, though, to the disc jockey (crisp and pungent is his tape measure) or to the Young-Holt trio, which comes up live. A set of full-time chefs works behind the scene. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which young ladies who will be dazzlers if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The flash in the pans of the very young, the very mini, who inhabit this bold new world comes from the strobe lights that make up the ceiling; the music, never out of sight (it's produced by real people) but definitely out of mind, is ceaseless and chaotic. The clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. The barkeep believes that a soft drink turneth away wrath . . . **WHEELS,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The wheels within Wheels revolve inscrutably on their sidewall pinions, the turntables spew forth inscrutable rhymes and rhythms; live ammunition is supplied by the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which, to prove it's a switch hitter, does honor-bright Bach, too—a whole set, in fact, every Thursday. Its time-outs come Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): That's how the kookie crumbles, and the hippie, too. Music for them to crumble to issues from unearthly sources; the light in which they disintegrate issues from an aurora borealis that is man-made, man! Dancing, or watching, from eight-thirty until three or four; lofty, cool (in every sense), *alkoholfrei*, and fun. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is null and void.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): *Bel canto* by the mile is donated by Tony Martin, the old pro, always spic and span and sometimes just a trifle slick and Spam. There is also a set of Copa ballerinas, beautiful and bemused. Dancing for the customers, too, and no nights off. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The lovely resident dryads come streaming from the wings not to bury Sid Caesar, the reigning comedian, but so outnumbered is he that he must call upon his many skills to conquer. In this endeavor he gets help from Mickey Deems, another worldling. On Wednesday, Nov. 1, this precious pair will be succeeded by Hildegarde, whose easily digested philosophizings are set to words and music. Showtime for the ample extravaganza—christened "Maid in Paris" (what else?)—is dinner and supper.

CABARETS

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

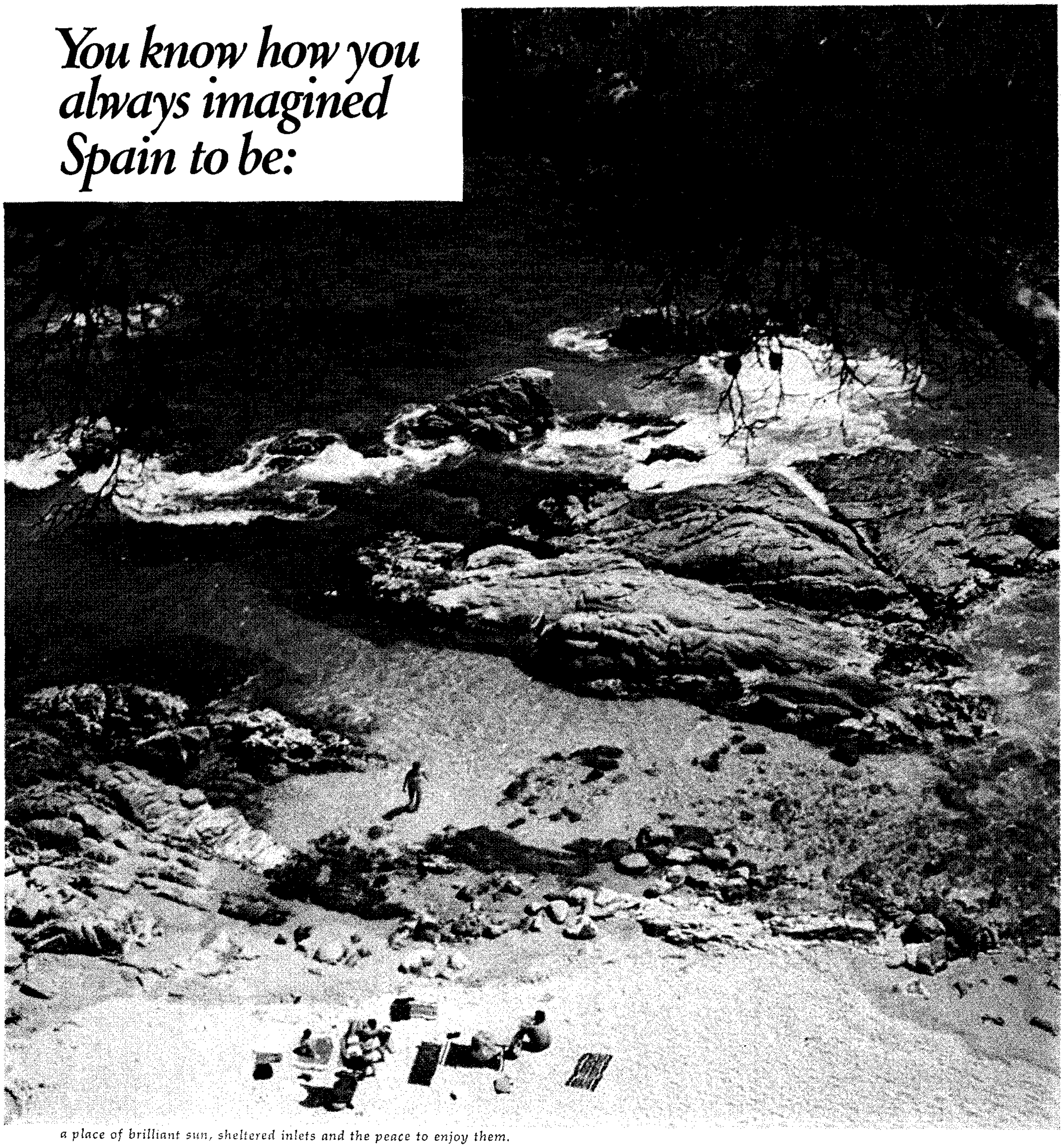
PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): 'Tis never folly to be as wise as the words of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's new tribute to the art form known as revue. The serpents' tongues that speak these words (as though they were death sentences to all sorts of human and inhuman faults) belong in the main to Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, but in sturdy degree, too, to Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Alex Wipf. The exuberant pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; Baldwin Bergersen is the eclectic interlude pianist. Nine and eleven-thirty are the hours, except on Thursday, Nov. 2, which will offer just one performance, at nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The campfires of Los Chavales de España, Iberia's most mobile army, burn high and warm as they run through their musical maneuvers. Though, as loyal Spaniards, they believe in male supremacy, they come equipped with a set of activist ballerinas. Dancing, too, for the patrons, who are a match for nearly any pro. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The main event is Joan Rivers, or Why Analysts Leave Home and Senses. Her ululations on the human condition usually do not begin earlier than ten, and she believes that Sunday is the day of rest. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Half a dozen players are involved in "Dark Horses," a canapé-size revue that is having its fling at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): The view (and the audibility) is best from the front row, for the natives are a restless lot. The one point of order is Bobby Short, whose piano is always climactic and whose songs are especially designed for the perennial people of the night.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): No reasonable buff can fault the thoughts and up-to-dateness of either Freddie Hubbard's Jazz Communicators or the threesome of Mose Allison. The Communicators are enhanced by the presence of Joe Henderson and Louis Hayes. They all finish up on Sunday, Oct. 29. Next evening is assigned, as is the custom here, to the sixteen-man squadron of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. On Tuesday, Oct. 31, the new cast will be headed by the trio of Bill Evans. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Events of the week: Belowstairs, on Friday

You know how you always imagined Spain to be:



a place of brilliant sun, sheltered inlets and the peace to enjoy them.

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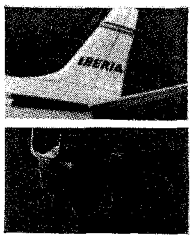

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Saturday, Oct. 27-28, the barrages of Cannonball Adderley's sextet, and, on Monday, Oct. 30, the collection of Latin musicians assembled by Symphony Sid. . . . ¶ On the ground floor, Johnny Lytle's threesome, which is heavily wired for sound, makes outer-space vibrations every evening but Tuesday . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, leading what sounds like his best trio ever, does the levitating here, lifting his piano a good three inches off the ground when he really gets going. Between sets, Fran Thompson inherits the instruments. Dining. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the heart of the low-rent district, but what matters is the intent listening of the junior-grade audience and the effort at music of the moment—to wit, Cecil Taylor's Unit, which combines several interesting minerals—mercury, antimony, and antiphony. On Mondays, Sun Ra's crew of ten undercover operatives takes over, and on Tuesday, Oct. 31, Yusef Lateef's quartet takes over the Taylor chair. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The prize sight is Elvin Jones, surrounded by the tools of the drummer's trade, reaping his own mighty and complex whirlwind at the head of a group in which Jaki Byard is thoroughly involved. The band is in session every night but Monday. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Enormous sit-ins are planned for the premises—Fridays through Sundays, the seventeen-man band of Duke Pearson; on Mondays, Howard McGhee's seventeen-man band. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Permanent Fourth of July, with all the concomitant explosives—washboard, tuba, and such. Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, Ruth Crews' blockbuster voice is added. There's also a Sunday session (by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band), four-thirty to nine. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night, and from as early as five on Sundays. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): Tal Farlow, who has hidden himself and his guitar all these years (presumably in a niche of the Hall of Fame), is in action again, with a trio. Dining of light proportions, and portions. No music on Sunday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): The Village's most promising coffee *finca*. Dr. Richard Ireland begins every night's work at six with a two-hour voyage through the lush byways of ESP, employing his audience as a sort of Q.E.D. His final session will be held on Sunday, Oct. 29. Activity later at night, too—the Siegel Schwall Blues Band, whose last night is Saturday, Oct. 28, and the Jr. Wells Blues Band, which retires on Monday, Oct. 30. Lori Burton, the current folk singer, will stay on, to be joined, on Friday, Nov. 3, by Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, those celebrated exponents of the genre. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A reminder of Bermuda before the days of four-engine jets—the Talbot Brothers, re-creating, every Sunday afternoon from five to nine, their easy way of musical life. Dining.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PAT ADAMS—Oils, in which expanses of color are divided eccentrically, and gouaches; through Nov. 11. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

LENNART ANDERSON—Interiors with figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Nov. 18. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Eye-tricking paintings and constructions by a well-known Op artist; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Bright-colored paper collages representing figures, some in family settings; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANEZ BERNIK—Paintings that stress texture and varieties of handwriting, lettering, and symbols; through Nov. 11. (Adria Art Gallery, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

AARON BOHROD—Still-life paintings by a veteran realist, who turned "magical" in the fifties; through Nov. 11. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS—Thirty-six early oils by the French primitive; through Nov. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Paintings, drawings, stone rubbings, and reliefs; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

PIETRO CONSAGRA—Abstract metal sculptures using colored lacquers; through Nov. 11. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SALVADOR DALI—Paintings and drawings from a private collection; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

GENE DAVIS—Paintings of colored stripes differing in width from canvas to canvas; through Thursday, Nov. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROGER DE LA FRESNAYE—Drawings and watercolors by a French Cubist; through Nov. 18. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM DOYLE—Three large sculptures, mainly of fibre glass; through Thursday, Nov. 2. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND DUCHAMP-VILLON (1876-1918)—Sculptures and drawings, featuring his masterpiece in the Cubist mode, "The Great Horse," by an elder brother of Marcel Duchamp; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

DAN FLAVIN—Carefully calculated compositions of fluorescent lights; through Nov. 8. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR GETZ—Covers for *The New Yorker* and other paintings; through Monday, Oct. 30. (Wilburt, 194 Third Ave., at 18th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 7; Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—Abstract paintings, many in circular forms; through Nov. 18. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 10. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—Plaster and resin molds of manhole covers and designs tracked by jeeps, baby carriages, and birds on pavements and on the ground; through Nov. 11. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

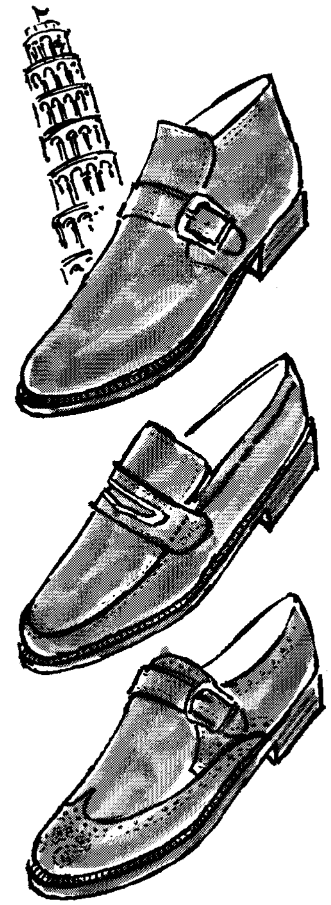
KARL KNATHS—Sixteen abstract and semi-abstract canvases by a well-known American, now seventy-seven; through Nov. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—More than twenty posters, as well as drawings and graphics, by the Leftist painter celebrated for her humanitarian themes; through Nov. 22. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALT KUHN—A showing of fifty-two paintings and a large group of etchings by an organizer of the Armory Show, known mainly for his circus subjects, who died in 1949; through Nov. 7. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

LILIAN MACKENDRICK—An anniversary exhibition of more than seventy paintings of still-lifes, figures, and interiors; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MITZI MELNICOFF—Oil paintings of figures in patterned interiors; through Wednesday,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 1. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mike Nevelson—Finely finished furniture designed to resemble the human figure; through Thursday, Nov. 2. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Jules Olitski—Mastodon color-field paintings; through Nov. 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Paintings of de-romanticized nudes, also portraits; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Reinhoud—Primitive-derived monsters in hollow metal by a Belgian sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ludwig Sander—Geometrical paintings by a veteran of the New York School; through Nov. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 11. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Stadler—Paintings emphasizing a few simple abstract color areas; through Friday, Oct. 27. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Joseph Tiberino—Representational paintings by an artist of the downtown school of political dissent; through Tuesday, Oct. 31. (100 Flowers Gallery, 122 Christopher St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 11.)

Mark Tobey—Oils, temperas, and monotypes by a pioneer of American abstract painting; through Nov. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Paintings in horizontal bands of softly toned color; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Marilyn Weber—Paintings; through Nov. 11. (De Mena, 453 E. 88th St. Mondays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Robert Whitman—An exhibition, by one of the pioneers of Happenings, of projected stripes of red and white light, which move around the walls; through Nov. 7. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Wonner—Quiet still-lifes in oil and watercolor; through Nov. 11. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Youngerman—Color areas in free-form abstract shapes; through Nov. 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pre-Columbian Art—More than a hundred examples of figures, vessels, jewelry, and plaques; through Nov. 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—Works featuring minimalists Donald Judd, Sol LeWitt, Bill Bollinger, and others; through Wednesday, Nov. 1. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At **GREAT HALL**, City College, Convent Ave. and 138th St.: About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by Negro-Americans, 1800-1950; through Nov. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)... **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Nineteenth-century portraits, including some of prominent New Yorkers, by, among others, William Jewett, Thomas Sully, Emanuel Leutze, William Sidney Mount, and J. Alden Weir; through Nov. 18. (Closed Mondays.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Forty-eight works, many by leading figures of the New York art world such as Red Grooms, Elaine de Kooning, Jack Levine, Robert Indiana, Saul Steinberg, Larry Rivers, Ben Shahn, and Andy Warhol, expressing, in the degree that the artists' styles permit, political protest and a hope for a better world; through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by Burliuk, Sol Wilson, Hartley, Kerkam, Walkowitz, Joseph Stella, and others; through Nov. 15.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: A three-man show by Doris Leeper, Fay Zetlin, and Honorio Morales, abstract experimentalists in individual modes; through Saturday, Oct. 28.... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Various handlings of light by artists in their twenties and thirties; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FEIGEN**, 24 E. 81st St.: An exhibition based on the use of words as a modern compositional element, from Klee and Schwitters to Johns and Fahlstrom; through Nov. 9.... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Seventeen works owned by the gallery, by artists such as Bacon, de Kooning, Dubuffet, Gorky, Moore, and Tobey; through Nov. 18. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Twenty-three paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century artists, among them Magritte, Giacometti, Dubuffet, and Picasso; through Nov. 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: About sixty drawings and watercolors spanning the past five centuries of European art; through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)... **SHICKMAN**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Thirty-two seventeenth-century Dutch still-lifes, portraits, landscapes, and genre paintings, including one apiece by Jan Steen, Jacob van *Ruisdael, and Isack van Ostadi; through* Nov. 18.... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and gouaches by Afro, Dino Basaldella, and Luciano Minguzzi; through Saturday, Oct. 28.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of sixty paintings and twenty-five sculptures from a private collection, covering modern art from van Gogh, Renoir, and Cézanne through Soutine, Matisse, and Picasso; through Saturday, Nov. 4.

Note—Eighty-eight sculptures by Chaim Gross, Joseph Konzal, Ezio Martinelli, Dorothy Dehner, Doris Caesar, and others are being shown in Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St., through Friday, Nov. 3.... ¶ Twenty-eight giant pieces of sculpture by such contemporaries as Chryssa, Calder, Liberman, Marisol, Nevelson, and Newman have been set up in various parks, plazas, and building setbacks, ranging from City Hall Park to the Low Library forecourt—all adding up to what must be New York's first citywide outdoor sculpture exhibition. Through Nov. 15. For information about who is where, call RE 4-1000.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and historical prints from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Middendorf II; through Nov. 26.... ¶ Musical instruments, medieval to eighteenth-century, including a tiny Venetian *pochette*, a German porcelain flute, and an Austrian hooked harp; through Tuesday, Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, many from the artist's own collection; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A showing of sixty-five works with New York as their theme by outstanding artists from the beginning of the century to today; through Nov. 5.... ¶ A retrospective of eighty-nine works, including oil and canvas collages, collage drawings, metal collages, and aluminum sculptures, by Conrad Marca-Relli; through Nov. 12.... ¶ A hundred and sixty-one oils, drawings, watercolors, and prints covering forty years of Raphael Soyer's preoccupation with New York City life, its street scenes, underprivileged people, and particularly young working women; through Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and one American and European paintings, including works by Courbet, Whistler, Eakins, and Chase, assembled under the title of "Triumph of Realism;" through Nov. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

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SPORTS FLOOR

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Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—The first exhibition in America of Japanese art of the Heian period (794-1185), comprising paintings, sculptures, calligraphy, metalwork, and ceramics; through Dec. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—More than eighty examples of graphics by Mary Cassatt, the nineteenth-century American who specialized in scenes from family life, including all her color prints; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Portraits of figures in the arts—Braque, Lipchitz, Calder, de Kooning, Saul Steinberg, Stravinsky—by René Bouché, who died in 1963; through Nov. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D. The show consists of archaeological findings, photomurals, charts, and maps. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Sixty master prints by artists from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth—Cranach, Dürer, Rembrandt, and van Leyden—interpreting themes from the Book of Genesis; through Jan. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 3. Closed Thursday and Friday, Oct. 26-27.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Book Beautiful," a show that points out the synthesis of various talents in the production of books and manuscripts, with examples in many languages from medieval times to the present; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 26: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, Marcia Baldwin, John Reardon, Justino Diaz, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 27: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Barry Morell, Anselmo Colzani, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 28: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Colette Boky, Patricia Welting, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Jerome Hines, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 28: "Falstaff," with Pilar Lorengar, Jeannette Pilou, Fedora Barbieri, Mildred Miller, Ezio Flagello, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Phyllis Curtin, Mirella Freni, Teresa Berganza, Nancy Williams, Justino Diaz, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 31: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Richard Tucker, William Walker, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 1: "La Traviata," with Pilar Lorengar, Luigi Alva, and Sherrill Milnes. A non-subscription performance. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Colette Boky, Loretta Di Franco, George Shirley, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Donald Gramm. A non-subscription performance. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 3: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Mirella Freni, Teresa Berganza, Nancy Williams, Justino Diaz, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 4: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, William Walker, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 4: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Belén Amparán, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 26, at 7:45: "Lizzie Borden," with Brenda Lewis, Ellen Faull, Anne Elgar, David Smith, Nico Castel, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Lee Venora, Carol Bayard, Jerome LoMonaco, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Grümmer, Frances Bible, Anne Elgar, Georg Schnapka, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 29, at 1:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Joan Summers, Kay Creed, Spiro Malas, Malcolm Smith, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 29, at 7:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Salvador Novoa, Benjamin Rayson, and David Smith. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Beverly Evans, Gaetano Bardini, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, and David Smith. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Nadja Witkowska, Kay Creed, Salvador Novoa, Dominic Cossa, and Jack Bittner. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Lee Venora, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, William Ledbetter, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Elisabeth Carron, Carol Bayard, Jerome LoMonaco, Richard Fredricks, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, Romano Roma, and Michael Devlin. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 255-5820, Ext. 354. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Claudio Abbado conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 3, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 6, at 7:30.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Evelyne Crochet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Gaby and Robert Casadesus, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Izler Solomon conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 3, and Monday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Pettine Ann Croul, soprano, and Noël Lee, piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting, with Erna Spoorenberg, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Copenhagen University Chorus—Eifred Eckart-Hansen directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Maurice Duruflé's Requiem, with Joan Fuerstman, mezzo-soprano; Richard Anderson, baritone; and Lowell V. Lacey and David M. Lowry, organ. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

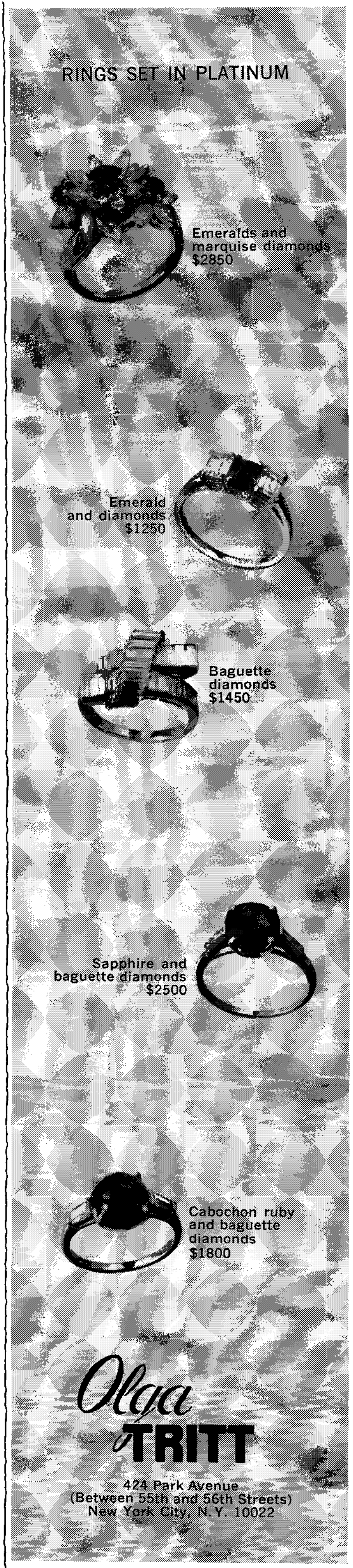
RECITALS

Hyman Bress—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Zagreb Pro Arte String Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Renaissance Quartet—With Hugues Cuénod, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Zagreb Pro Arte String Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 27, at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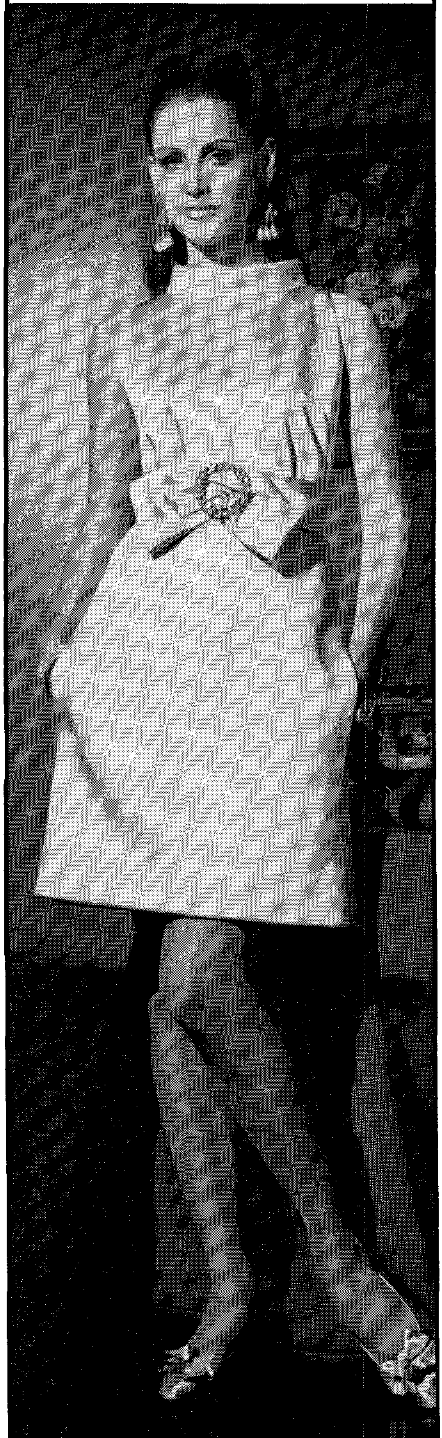

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 685.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

Nikhil Banerjee—Sitar, with Kanai Dutt, tabla. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—A program performed by Alexander Schneider, violin; Charles Russo, clarinet; Samuel Baron, flute; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 3 and 9.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in a Schumann-Liszt program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Ali Akbar Khan—Sarode, with Mahapurush Misra, tabla. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—The first in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Pina Carmirelli and Jon Toth, violin; Philipp Naegele and Caroline Levine, viola; and Fortunato Arico and Dorothy Reichenberger, cello. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Pierre Fournier—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano, in an all Liszt program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Boris Goldovsky—Piano, in the first in a series of three recitals entitled "Scarlatti to Schönberg," presenting, with comment, an informal survey of keyboard music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8:40.)

Walter Berry—Baritone. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:40.)

Nancy Cirillo and Mitchell Andrews—Violin and piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Amadeus Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Composers' Showcase—A program of American works by Ross Lee Finney, Martin Boykan, John Perkins, and others, performed by Easley Blackwood, piano; Neva Pilgrim, soprano; the Composers Quartet; and members of the Aeolian Chamber Players. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Stars from the D'Oyly Carte—Solos, ensembles, and scenes in concert from all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, performed by Jean Hindmarsh, soprano; Jean Allister, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Round, tenor; John Carter, baritone; Anthony Raffell, bass; and William Cox-Ife, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Jazz/Folk—Buffy Sainte-Marie, folk singer. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Aretha Franklin, with the Young-Holt Trio. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8 and 11.) . . . ¶ Harry Belafonte, ballad singer, with his company (plus Alan King), in a benefit program. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Paul Anka, Carmen McRae, Cannonball Adderley's quintet, Bobby Hackett, and a thirty-piece band conducted by Al Cohn. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, Oct. 30, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:35.)

College Football—**saturday, oct. 28:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. Stanford, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Fairfield, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, nov. 4** (all games at 1:30): Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 2.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 7:05.)

Horse Shows—Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Through Sunday, Oct. 29.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesday, Oct. 31, through Tuesday, Nov. 7. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 28.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 4.)

Racing—**united hunts at aqueduct:** Thursday and Friday, Oct. 26-27, at 12:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 27. . . . **belmont-at-aqueduct:** Saturday, Oct. 28, at 12:30; the Jockey Club Gold Cup is the feature race. . . . **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Oct. 30, through Friday, Dec. 15. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 4. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 18. Through Saturday, Oct. 28, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Friday, Oct. 27, through Monday, Jan. 1. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 28.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 28, at noon and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **american children's theatre:** "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For tickets, call 787-4749.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Pied Piper," Sunday, Oct. 29, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **mara and her company:** "Princess Qua Qua: A Russian Fairy Tale." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **paper bag players:** "Guffawhaw." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **silver button productions:** "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **storyland theatre:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **taubenslag productions:** "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Adventures of Peter Pan," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The

Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Realm of the Planets." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

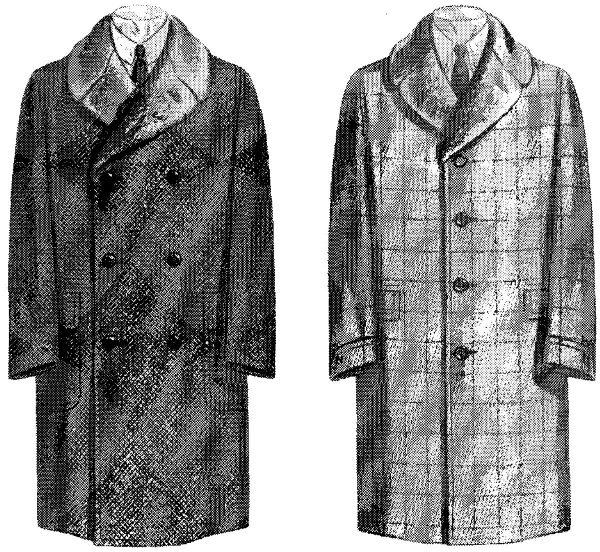
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Robert Lowell reading from his own works. (Hunter College Playhouse. Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures by such artists as Cézanne, Corot, Degas, and Rodin; from the estate of Carl Weeks and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 27, at 1:45: European pottery and porcelain, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 10:30 and 1:45: Renaissance bronzes, French furniture, and decorations; from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 1:45: Part I of the Captain Gordon Nowell-Usticke collection of Rembrandt etchings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 11: A benefit auction of the papal cross and ring presented to the United Nations by Pope Paul VI. (Additional exhibition hours on Sunday, Oct. 29, from 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 2, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 3-4, at 1:45: Furniture, pottery, porcelain, *objets de vertu*, silver, paintings, and Oriental art; from the estate of James Donahue. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 28.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Oct. 26 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Warrendale" (1967), directed by Allan King. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Mills of the Gods" (1966), directed by Beryl Fox. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Desert People" (1966), directed by Ian Dunlop. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2 and 5:30: A program of three short films. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Pornographer" (1967), in Japanese. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2 and 5:30: "With Beauty and Sorrow" (1966), in Japanese. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Divide and Conquer" (1943), a documentary film. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—The last four programs in a series called "A Tribute to Rouben Mamoulian." Oct. 26 at 3: "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942), with Gene Tierney and Henry Fonda. . . . Oct. 26 at 5:30: "The Mark of Zorro" (1940), with Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell. . . . Oct. 27 at 3 and 5:30: "Love Me Tonight" (1932), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . Oct. 28 at 3 and 5:30 and Oct. 29 at 2 and 4: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1931), with Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 3 and Nov. 1 at 3 and 5:30: A program of excerpts from Fred Zinnemann films. . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 29, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.



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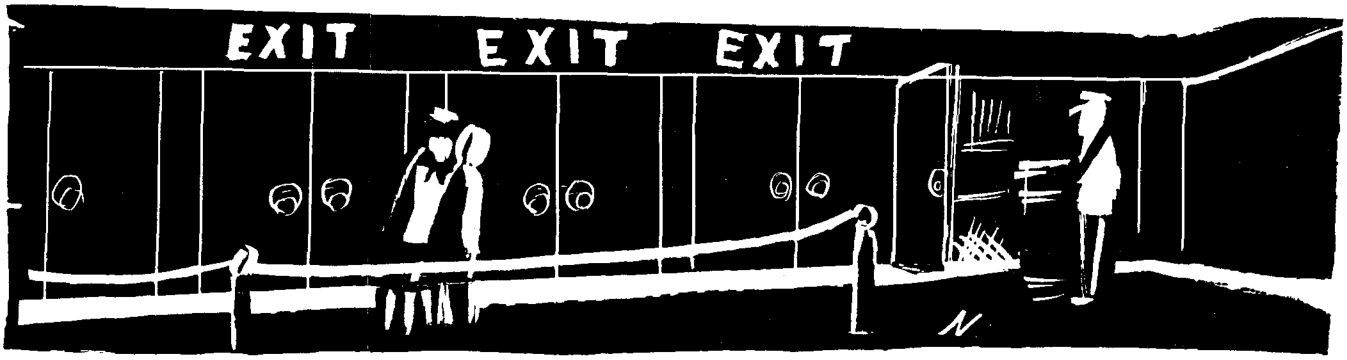

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a domestic melodrama made all the more intense by being laid in the peaceful English countryside. Directed by Joseph Losey, from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 1.)

The Battle of Algiers—An exciting account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. The large cast has but a single professional actor. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 30.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Arthur Penn's lucidly observant story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, ex-waitress; Warren Beatty is the debonair Clyde Barrow. One of the very few genuinely thoughtful movies in the use it makes of photographed violence. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

Closely Watched Trains—A comedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Daisies—Another good entry from the Czech Film Festival of the past summer. This one, a comedy, concerns two teen-age girls who are mostly hungry. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Don't Look Back—Bob Dylan goes on a concert tour of England recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. Pennebaker's great gift as a film-maker is that he simply lets things happen. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch in a disastrous attempt to bring an aging literary classic to the screen. Directed by John Schlesinger and beautifully photographed by Nicolas Roeg. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Jokers—Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed as a pair of young London scamps who steal the Crown Jewels not for money but for fame. Well directed by Michael Winner. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 1.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Point Blank—A brutal, visually stunning account of a crook who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. With a superb performance by Lee Marvin. John Boorman is the director. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; through Oct. 31.)

Privilege—A bad dream of England in the near future, ruled by a pop-singer Savior who is the puppet of a scared near-Fascist government and a weak church. The best of the film is Peter Watkins' eye for the human detail of sycophancy and suppressed hysteria. Excellent photography by Peter Suschitsky. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 1.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye—A clumsy mistranslation of the McCullers novel, directed by John Huston. Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando make less than they should of the leading roles. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Robbery—Stanley Baker as the ringleader of the gang of crooks who, in real life, held up and robbed a British mail train of nearly three million pounds. Directed by Peter Yates. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through Oct. 31.)

She and He—A pretty young Japanese housewife is kinder than she is wise, but everything ends more or less happily. Written and directed by Susumu Hani. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 31.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Oct. 31.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Tiger Makes Out—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson working hard and sometimes humorously as a pair of eager, aging misfits. Directed by Arthur Hiller, from a screenplay by Murray Schisgal. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through Nov. 1.)

Ulysses—Joseph Strick has led an admirable cast with tact and intelligence down several of the main pathways of the Joycean labyrinth. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Oct. 27.)

Alphaville (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 29.)

Band of Outsiders (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 29.)

Contempt (1964)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot and Jack Palance. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 27-30.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 1.)

Galia (1966)—Mireille Darc stars in this odd story of love and death in Paris. Directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 31.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 1, tentative.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 31.)

The Island (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Without dialogue. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 31.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through Oct. 30.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 26.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this story of a corner of hell in Harlem. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 29.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Oct. 27.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1966)—A tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with a cast of English and Indian actors. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 27-30.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 26.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1964)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 31: ROBBERY.
From Nov. 1: "Hour of the Gun," James Garner, Jason Robards.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Oct. 31: POINT BLANK.
From Nov. 1: "The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Wait Until Dark," Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Oct. 31: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 1, at 8: "Cool Hand Luke," Paul Newman. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Camelot," Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
ULYSSES.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Oct. 27: ALEXANDER NEVSKY (in Russian), revival; and POTEMKIN (silent).
Oct. 28-29: "Sons and Mothers" (in Russian).
Oct. 30-31: "Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (in Russian), revival; and "Pudovkin," revival, a documentary film on the Russian film director.
From Nov. 1: "Napoleon in Moscow" (in Russian; formerly called "1812"), revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 31: GALIA (in French), revival; and THE ISLAND (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival.
From Nov. 1: FAHRENHEIT 451, revival; and "Kwaidan" (in Japanese), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 31: "Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.
From Nov. 1: ACCIDENT; and "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 29: THE PAWNBROKER, revival; and "The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.
From Oct. 30: "Festival," a documentary about the 1963-66 Newport Folk Festivals.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE DAISIES, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Games," Simone Signoret.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Day the Fish Came Out," Tom Courtenay, Sam Wanamaker.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Oct. 30: POINT BLANK.
From Oct. 31, at 8: "The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Nov. 1: THE TIGER MAKES OUT.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Oct. 29: THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).
From Oct. 30: "Elvira Madigan" (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
ULYSSES.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 29: "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.
From Oct. 30: THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 31: "The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough.
From Nov. 1: "The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 1 (tentative): GEORGY GIRL, revival; and "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 31: THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.
From Nov. 1: "More Than a Miracle," Sophia Loren, Omar Sharif.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through Oct. 31: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From Nov. 1: "Hour of the Gun," James Garner, Jason Robards.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through Oct. 30: LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French), revival.
From Oct. 31: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 31: "Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.
From Nov. 1: PRIVILEGE; and THE JOKERS.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
DON'T LOOK BACK.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 31: SHE AND HE (in Japanese).
From Nov. 1: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 31: THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.
From Nov. 1: "More Than a Miracle," Sophia Loren, Omar Sharif.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Passages from Finnegans Wake," Martin J. Kelley.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Festival," a documentary about the 1963-66 Newport Folk Festivals.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Titicut Follies," a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

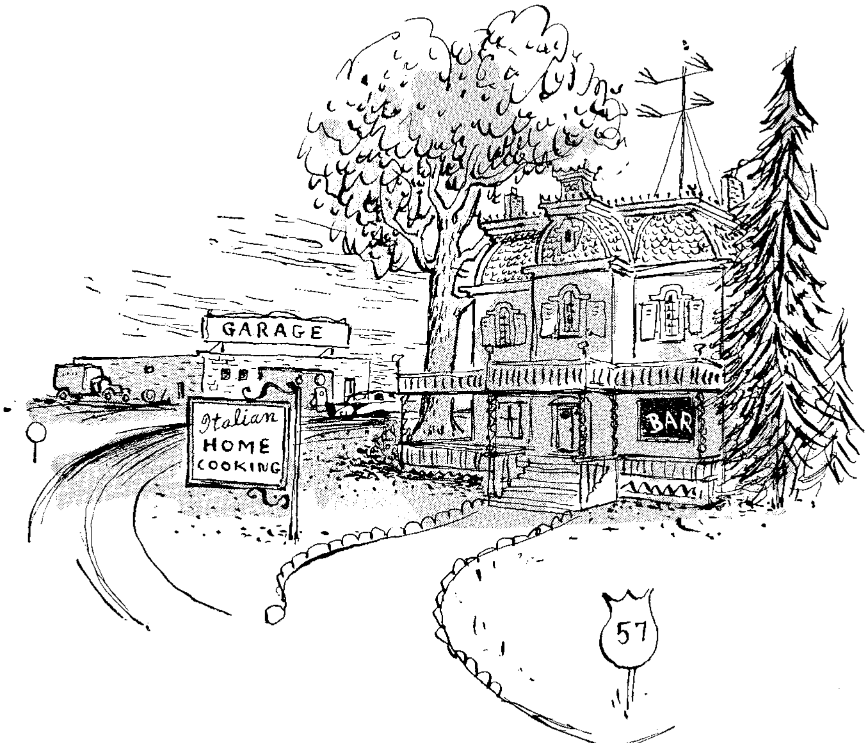
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Sucker" (in French), Bourvil, Louis de Funes.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 29: ALPHAVILLE and BAND OF OUTSIDERS (both in French and both revivals).
Oct. 30-Nov. 1: A WOMAN IS A WOMAN and CONTEMPT (both in French and both revivals).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 31: "A Countess from Hong Kong," Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren; and "Romeo and Juliet," revival, performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.
From Nov. 1: "La Bohème" (in Italian), revival, performed by La Scala Opera Company; and "Mediterranean Holiday," revival, a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 26: SHANGHAI EXPRESS, revival; and MOROCCO, revival.
Oct. 27-30: SHAKESPEARE WALLAH, revival; and DUTCHMAN, revival.
From Oct. 31: HAMLET, revival; and "The Ballet of Othello," revival, a Russian film.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ULYSSES.



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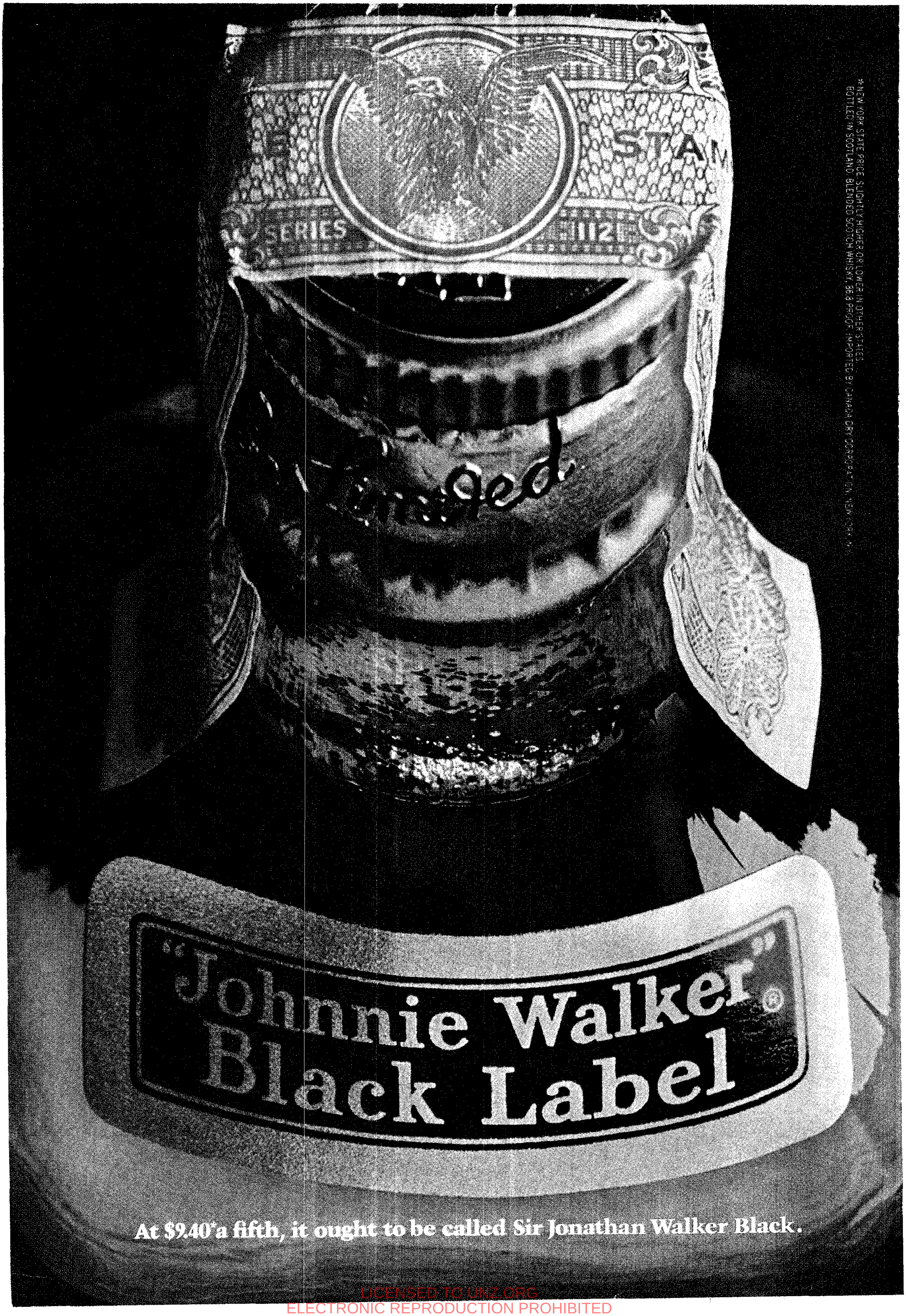
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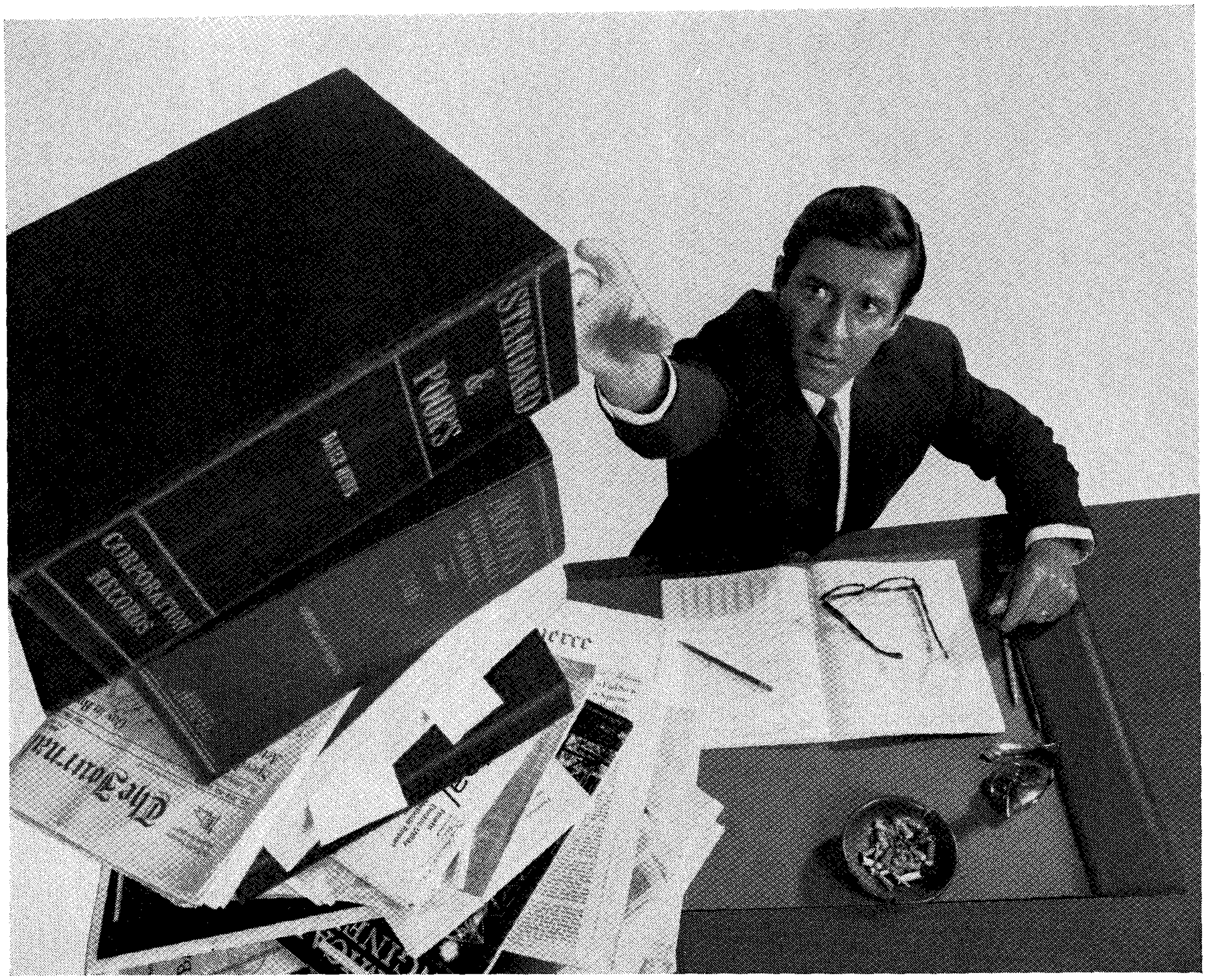

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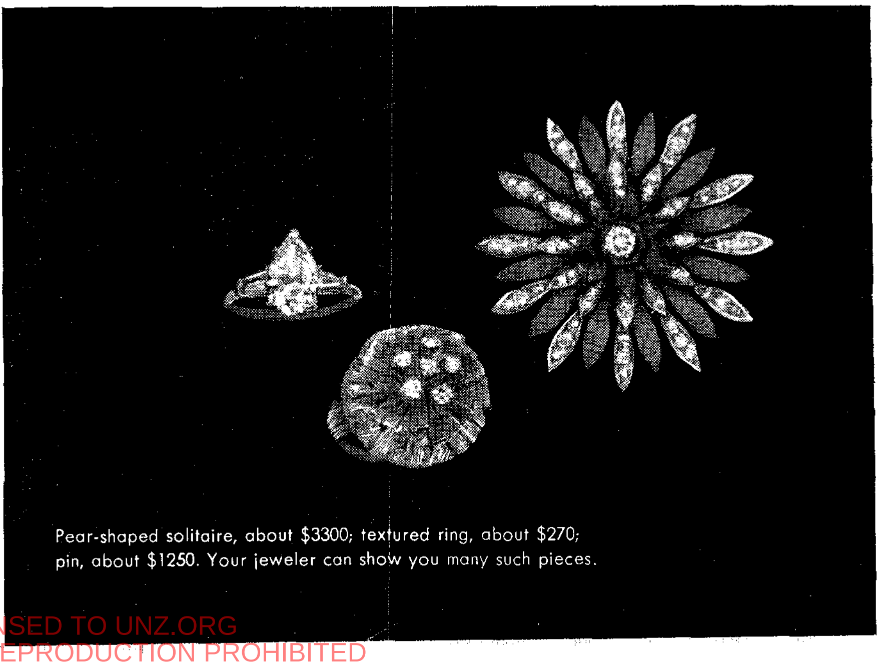
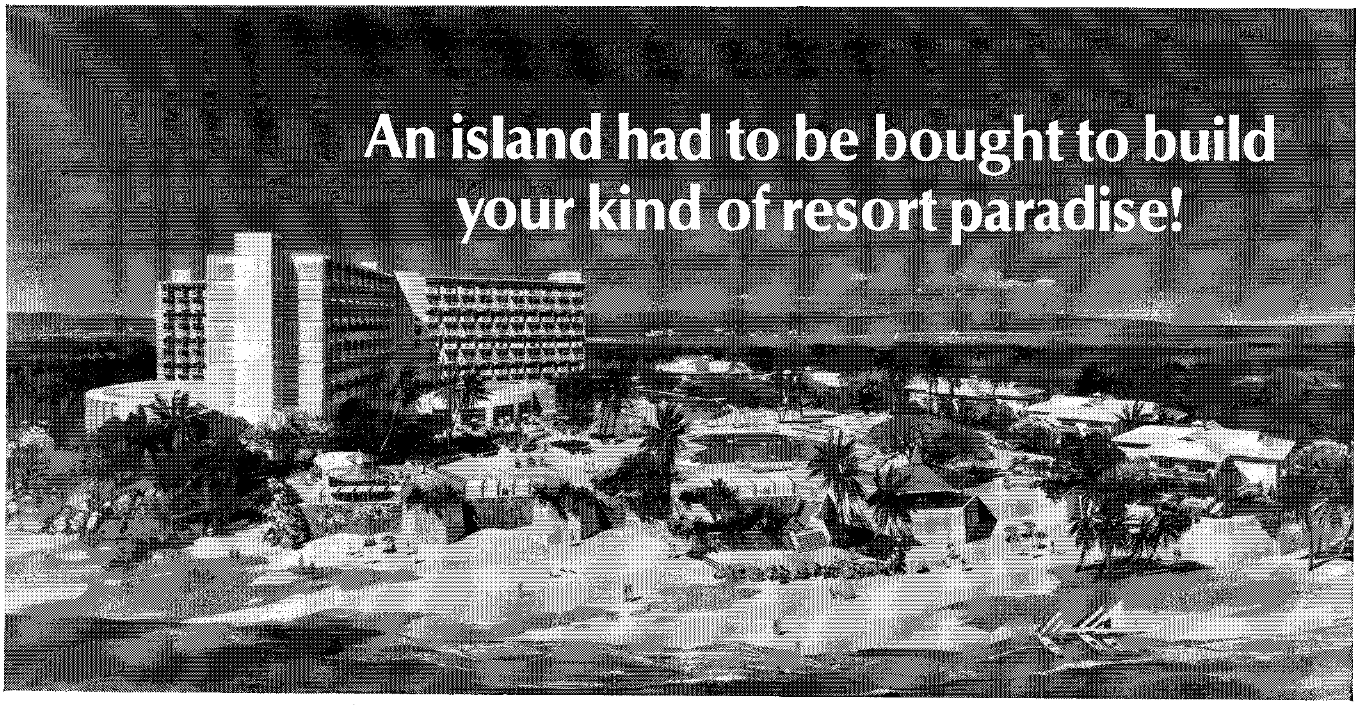

Pear-shaped solitaire, about $3300; textured ring, about $270; pin, about $1250. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.



An island had to be bought to build your kind of resort paradise!

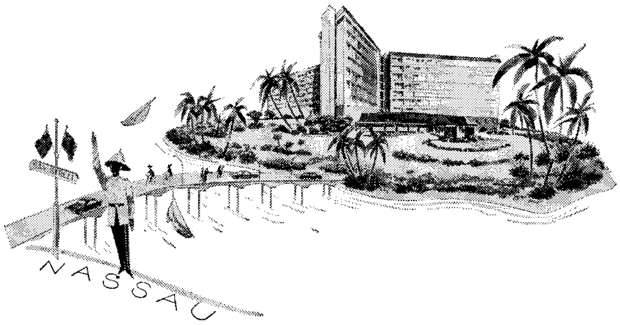
Once accessible only to the curious sailor, Paradise Island has now been joined to Nassau's famous Bay Street by a newly constructed bridge for cars, bicycles and pedestrians. The propinquity of this secluded island to lively Nassau makes Paradise Island Hotel & Villas a unique and unrivaled resort.

The Island's exquisite expanses of virgin beach still remain unspoiled and the hotel and villas were specially designed to blend with this natural beauty, to provide guests with the utmost in relaxation, privacy and luxurious comfort.

Its 500 spacious rooms are in the hotel itself and in five magnificent villas which surround the hotel in a jeweled setting. Each room is superbly furnished, delightfully air conditioned, and has a private balcony with a spectacular view.

Every day is a fun day: there are 3 championship tennis courts, water skiing, skin diving, sailing, fabulous fishing, and an 18-hole golf course nearby. You'll soak up the sunshine on the expansive white sandy beach, or at poolside where the **Thatched Hut** stands ready with refreshing liquors, cool beverages and tempting mini-meals. **The Gazebo Coffee House** is for adventures in daytime dining. **The Trade Winds Lounge and Bar** offer nighttime excitement with great music and dancing. The food and service are incomparable in the **Imperial Dining Room** or on the breeze-swept **Laguna Terrace.**

The magnificent **Casino,** adjacent to the hotel, is for gaming in an atmosphere of posh elegance. An exciting Night Club featuring **star-studded stage shows** makes this truly a resort paradise from morning 'til the wee hours.



A sparkling new bridge
now joins Paradise Island
to the Nassau mainland.

Premiere Season • Opening November 1967

Paradise Island
Hotel & Villas

Paradise Island, Nassau in the Bahamas
A Loew's Hotel • Preston Robert Tisch, President

For immediate, confirmed reservations, see your travel agent or call us: **New York:** 586-6105 **Boston:** 542-0103 **Philadelphia:** 563-6353 **Baltimore:** 539-0414 **Washington:** 737-1002 **Chicago:** 664-9335 **Miami:** 865-7511 (All phones open Sundays)

Tom Daly

As a loving wife, you worry about your husband getting good, hot meals.

As a devoted mother, you worry about your kids getting good, hot meals.

As a sensitive hostess, you worry about your guests getting good, hot meals.

The Salton Hotray obviates these worries forever.

We don't have to sell you on the virtues of a good, hot meal. You know all about the nourishment, the comfort and the pleasure of a good, hot meal. But, you also know all the miserable things that can go wrong with a good, hot meal.

The vegetables over-cook while waiting for the meat to be ready, or the meat overcooks waiting for the vegetables to be ready. And if the sauce waits too long, it disappears completely if it's waiting on the stove. Or, take any of these off the stove and out of the oven while they're waiting for something else to be done, and they grow cold and tasteless.

And if you surmount *these* obstacles, then there are others:

If you've cooked a good, hot lunch for your kids, they dawdle on the way home from school and the lunch over-cooks or grows cold. If you've cooked a good, hot dinner for your husband, he telephones at the last minute that he has to work late and there goes another dinner. And as for those fine friends whom you've invited to dinner, isn't there always at least one who, when you announce that dinner is served, has to have one more drink?

And then there's the problem of seconds.

Everyone likes your roast beef or Stroganoff or your leg of lamb so much they want seconds. But if the meat has been in the oven all the time you've been eating, it's certainly overcooked by now. And if it's been out of the oven the meat is now at the same temperature as the salad.

Problems, problems, problems. But with a solution, this time. Salton Hotray.

With a Salton Hotray electric food warmer the meat will wait for the potatoes, the potatoes will wait for the sauce, and the sauce will wait for the vegetables. As each food is ready, put it on the Salton Hotray—where it will stay hot and fresh and juicy for hours.

As for seconds, if you serve directly from the Salton Hotray, and leave the remaining food on it, Hotray will give you seconds that taste like firsts—as well as thirds and fourths, ad infinitum.

Which brings us to dawdling children, husbands that come home late, and guests that have to have an extra drink. In each of these cases, your meal is cooked but either nobody is around to eat it, or somebody is around but they're not ready to eat. What you do is take the entire meal and place it on the Salton Hotray—where it will wait, hot and fresh, for hours for someone to eat it.

With spaghetti sauces or stews, waiting will make them taste even better.

How the Salton Hotray works.

The heat on a Salton Hotray is thermostatically controlled to a point *right under the cooking point.* Hotray puts foods into a state of suspended animation and keeps them exactly as they were when they finished cooking. Exactly as delicious. Exactly as tender. Exactly as juicy. Exactly as hot.

If you wait long enough, sooner or later someone will probably give you a Salton Hotray for a gift. For your anniversary, or for your birthday or for Christmas. Or for something. But all this time that you are waiting, you could be eating better. Your husband could be eating better. Your kids could be eating better. Your guests could be eating better. Better breakfasts. Better lunches. Better dinners. Nice and hot. Don't wait. Go out and buy one. Hotray isn't that expensive. Look:

Hotray Electric Food Warmers from $6.95 (for coffee) to $54.50 for big families and people who enjoy entertaining frequently. Shown "Superb". $44.50. Available in U.S.A., Canada, Great Britain and Continental Europe. For catalogue, and Gourmet recipe booklet, write: Salton, Inc., 519N East 72nd St., New York, N.Y. 10012.

HOTRAY IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND INDICATES THAT SALTON INC. IS SOLE MANUFACTURER

SALTON HOTRAY

Say something funny

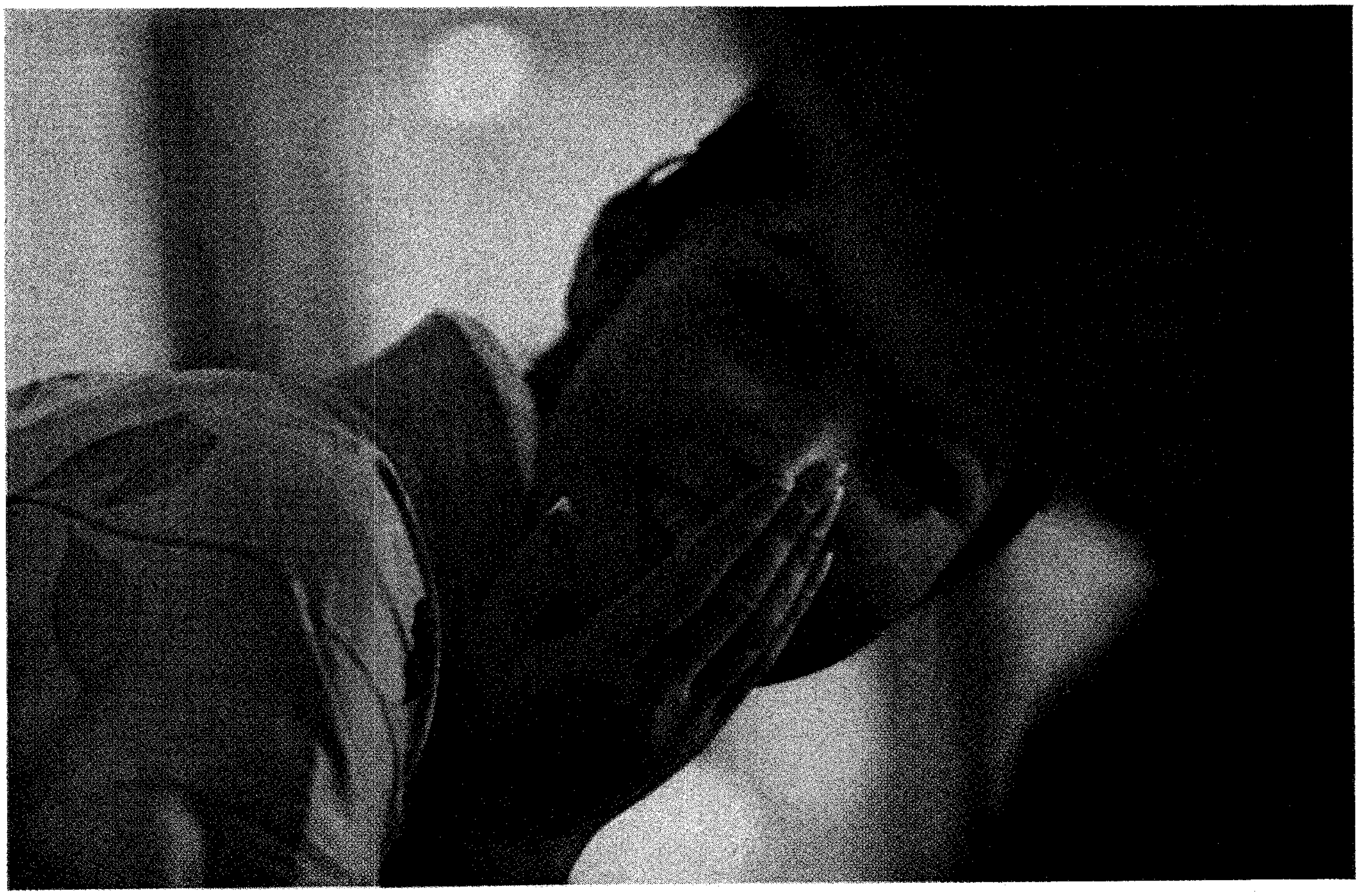
Or pleasing. Or even slightly unexpected. You will
delight in the reaction of your Japan Air Lines
hostess. Warm, friendly, sometimes shy. Always enchanting.

you experience a charming response

Uniquely Japanese. And that is the secret of
Japan Air Lines' famed service. Wherever in the world
you fly JAL, you are magically "in Japan." You are
an honored guest, pampered in the gracious Japanese manner.

reflecting 1,200 years of tradition

Observe the grace of your kimono-clad hostess as she
welcomes you with a refreshing *o-shibori* hot towel...
pours a tiny cup of warmed *sake*...serves you superb
Continental cuisine. You are experiencing 1,200 years
of tradition in the art of pleasing others.



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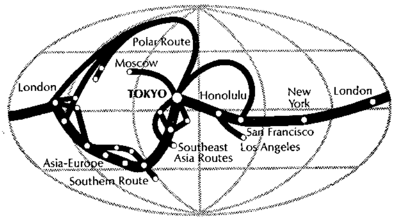
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San Francisco
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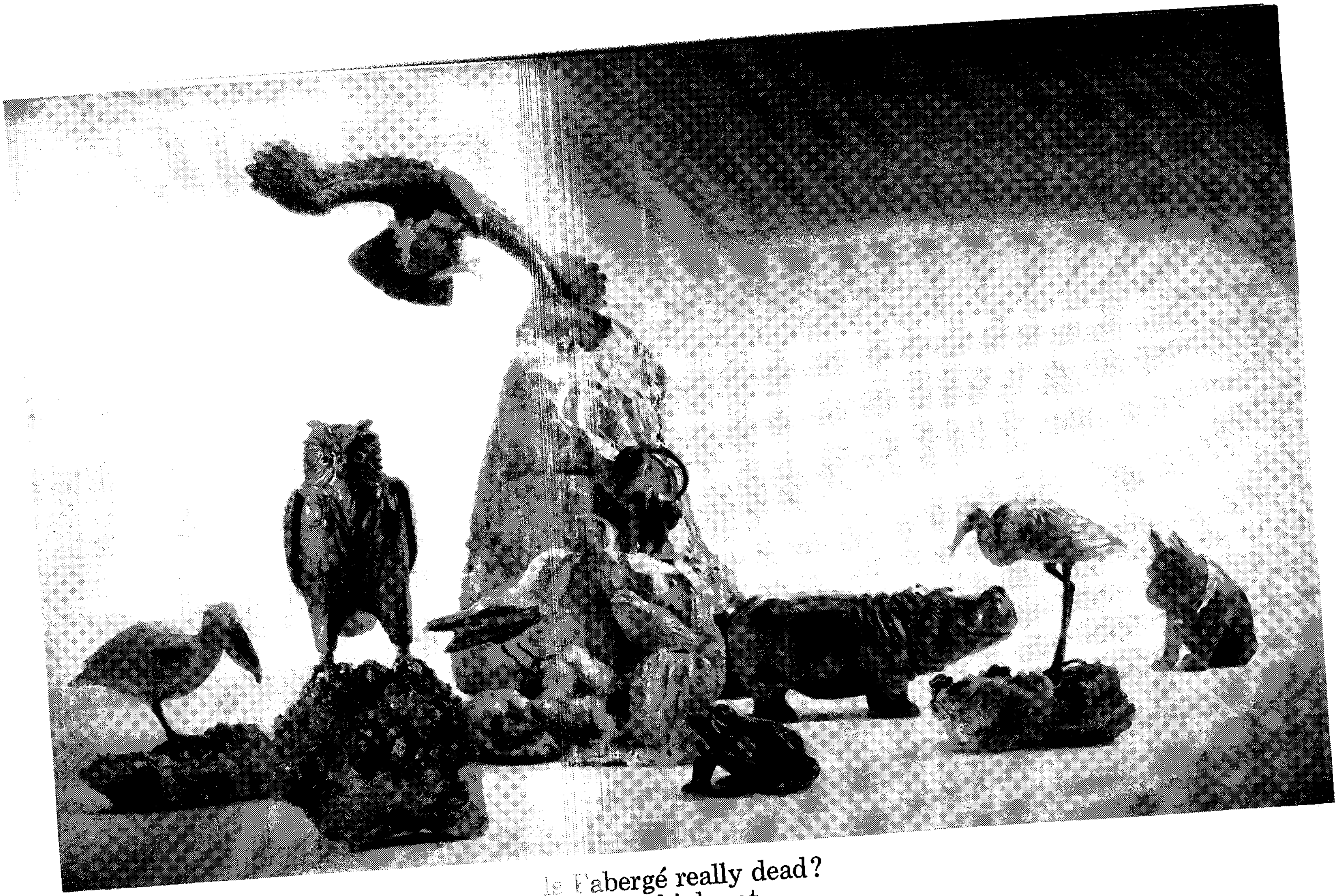
Southeast Asia Routes
Asia-Europe
Southern Route



Is Fabergé really dead?
We think not.

Fabergé, of course, was jeweler to the Czars. Among other nobility. In his employ were the finest craftsmen in all of Europe. They executed works of both the master and his more brilliant designers.

Today F. J. Cooper draws upon some of the direct descendants of these artisans to keep alive the tradition of Fabergé. The above creations (and others in the F. J. Cooper Collection) are being offered subject to prior sale.

Eosite pelican, 4″ high, has an expression similar to the cat that swallowed the canary if that's possible. $500.

Tiger-eye owl, about 7″, is a steely-eyed fellow who sees all, knows all, yet tells nothing. What a great friend he makes. $500.

Tiger-eye eagle. A magnificent creature with a wing span of about 11″. An agate mountain goat (a permanent resident by the way) climbs the jasper base. $3,800.

Cinnabar bird, 4½″ high, wouldn't be quite so smug if he looked overhead. $560.

Ruby bird, 3½″, has astonishing color. And you'll find him a most tidy pet. $275.

Nephrite jade frog, 1½″ high, just sits there all day holding down your dividend checks. $230.

Obsidian hippopotamus, about 7″ long, has cabochon ruby eyes. Something's tickling his funny bone. But he won't tell us what. $1,200.

Chalcedony heron, about 5″ high, is one of a pair of high steppers. $245.

And, of course, a favorite of Fabergé (and everyone else's) is a bulldog carved of needle quartz. He sits patiently waiting for you to come home at night. But understands if you don't. $1,200.

P.S. The brooch below is specially sculpted for us in Alaskan jade. The little 14 karat gold and enamel lady bug will never, ever fly away. $92. Matching earrings (smaller, of course) are also available. $108.

Address for mail orders: 1406 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19110. Please add 5 percent for delivery in Pennsylvania.

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& F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England.

When you do your own, do your hair some good with the conditioner setting-lotion Forming de Pantene®. This favorite from Europe now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it gives exceptional body, holds out humidity. Your set lasts much longer with more shine than you ever thought your hair could show. Pantene does cost a little more, but tell yourself you are getting a setting lotion that is also a deep conditioner. You are! In two types for different hair needs. Forming de Pantene at the best stores including

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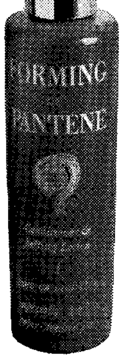


Is first class just a lot of filet mignon?

Prime beef is not the prime reason for traveling first class. As any seasoned traveler will tell you.

Air-India flights show an extraordinary incidence of seasoned travelers who choose us again and again. Why?

Mainly, it's the way they arrive when they go Air-India. Rested. Refreshed. Ready for business or pleasure.

That takes exceptional service. Lavish Indian service. Warm. Courteous. Unobtrusive. Anticipating a passenger's every wish. With gentle, sari-clad hostesses. In a subtle Indian atmosphere.

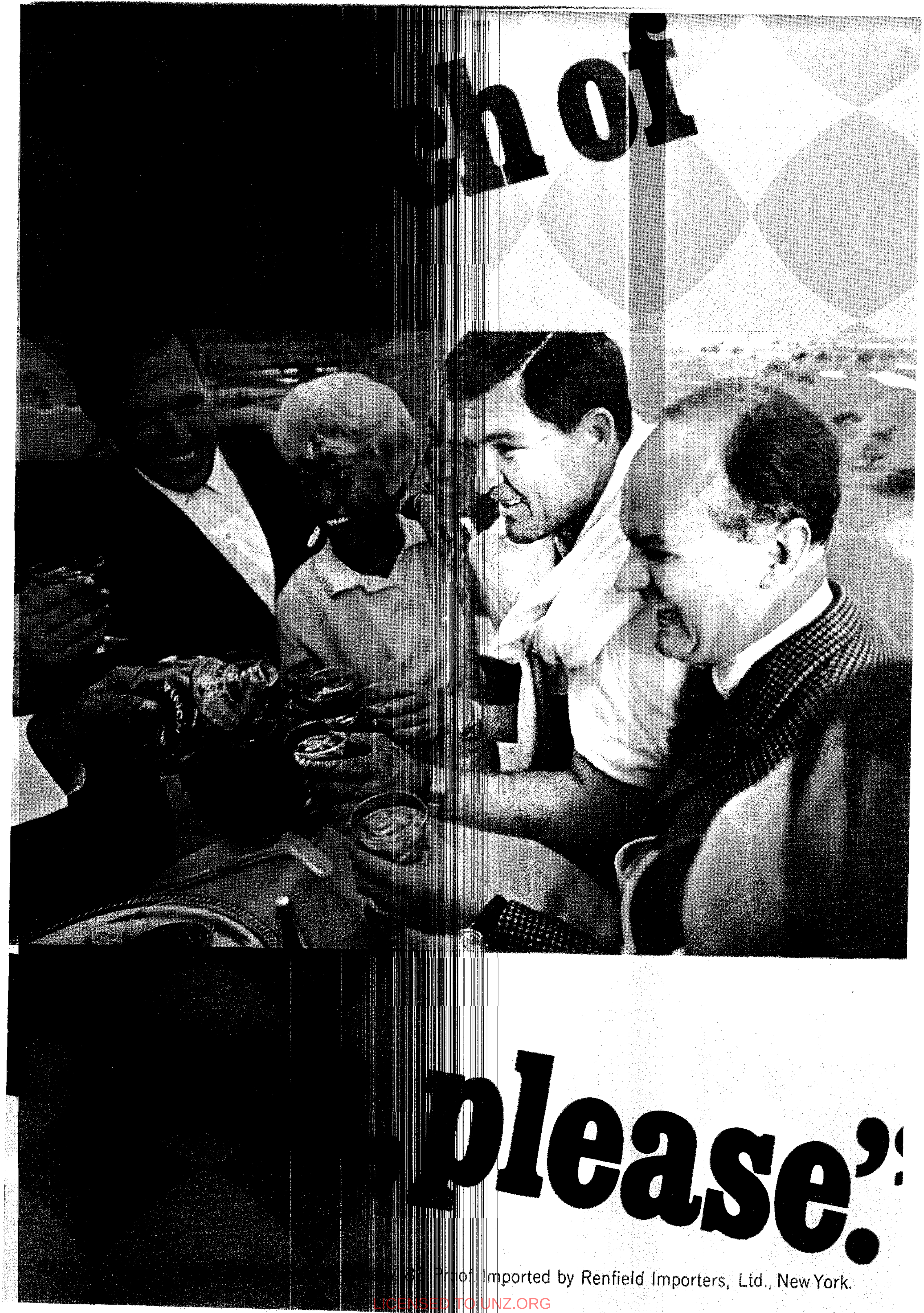
What more could a first class traveler want?

Perhaps, a superbly mixed martini or two. A vintage wine. Some soothing music. And a lovely smile.

First class on Air-India is habit forming.

First class to London on luxurious, exotic Air-India.

The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 33 years of flying experience. For reservations, call your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019 • PL 1-6200.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please.

Proof. Imported by Renfield Importers, Ltd., New York.

It's wool mark of the world's best

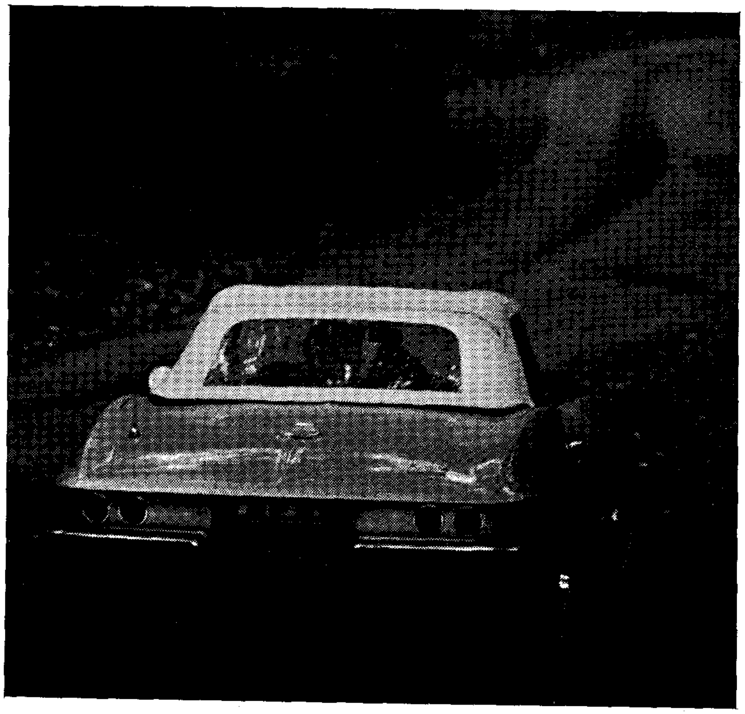
PURE VIRGIN WOOL

ZERO KING is awarded the wool mark for this smart car coat, a rich, rugged wool whipcord with flap pockets and center vent. And because it's wool, you can count on luxury that lasts, performance that's flawless. Coat bears the wool mark label, The Wool Bureau symbol appearing only on quality-tested products made of the world's best... pure virgin wool. Available in a variety of fall colors and fully lined. About $55.

The American Way With Wool

Available at Abraham & Straus, New York; Schlesinger's, New Jersey; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. The Wool Bureau Inc., 360 Lexington Ave., New York 10017

at times like this who wants to hear football scores.



There comes a time in every man's life when he shouldn't be interrupted. For moments like this, have a Lear Jet stereo eight installed in your car.

We invented it for people who like the fidelity and long-play idea of tape; but don't want to fiddle around with reels, threading, or rewinding.

We packed eight sound tracks on quarter-inch tape, put it all into a compact cartridge and designed it to play up to an hour and twenty minutes of uninterrupted music anywhere, anytime. It makes the phonograph record obsolete.

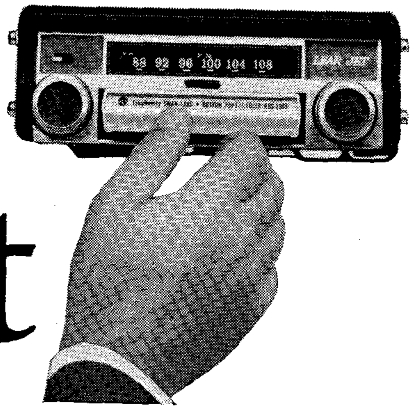
Lear Jet is the only automotive tape cartridge player with a fast forward selector; and an exclusive precision pitch control to let you find the tone you like best.

For true stereo, four 5-inch speakers sing out loud and clear, or soft and clear, whichever you decide on.

You also have your choice of 10,000 stereo eight cartridges from every major recording company. Play the same cartridge in the stereo tape player we invented for cars (shown here), our new home stereo system, our stereo portable or our tape deck that plugs into a home console.

In fact, if you listen to us you'll have music wherever you go.

Lear Jet stereo eight



Wool is the fabric of the good life and Barry Walt coats have a way with wool

Night is the best part of the day with Barry Walt's distinctive formal coat **of Prince Luxury Fabrics.** The silk braided edge and notched velvet collar prepares this magnificent coat for an elegant night on the town. For further information contact: American Wool Council, Dept. WJ-3067 570 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 10018.

The American way with wool.

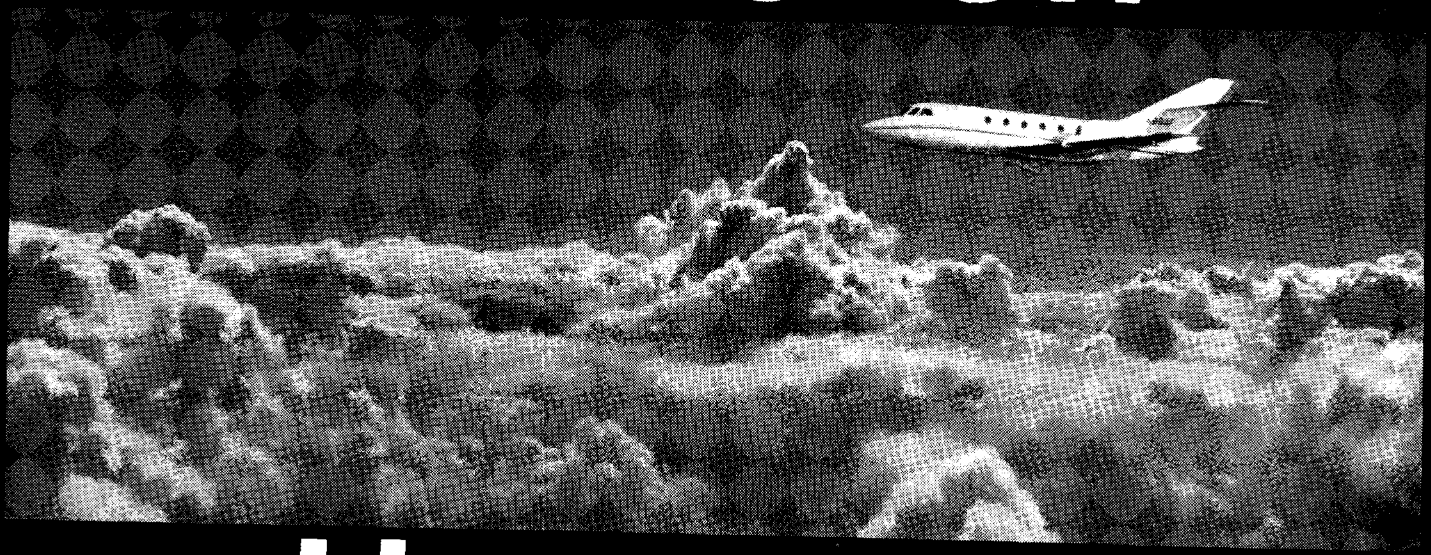
Barry Walt, inc.

COATS FOR THE MAN

1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

If you were holding a meeting here tomorrow



you'd wear a Rolex

30,000 feet over the midwest, the most looked-at face in this Falcon conference room is on the best watch in the world.

And it is as big as it is tough.

The Oyster case is carved to its classic shape out of a solid block of Swedish stainless steel or gold. Inside its solid pressure-proof* walls is a 30-jewel self-winding officially certified chronometer movement.

Because most of the work is done by hand, it takes more than a year to build a Rolex. A good many international executives feel it was time well spent.

The watch they wear is the Rolex Datejust Chronometer. In 18 kt. gold with matching Jubilee bracelet, $950. Other Rolex Oyster Perpetual Chronometers in steel, steel and gold, or gold, from $175.

*guaranteed to a depth of 165 feet when case, crown and crystal are intact.
Official Timepiece, Pan American World Airways

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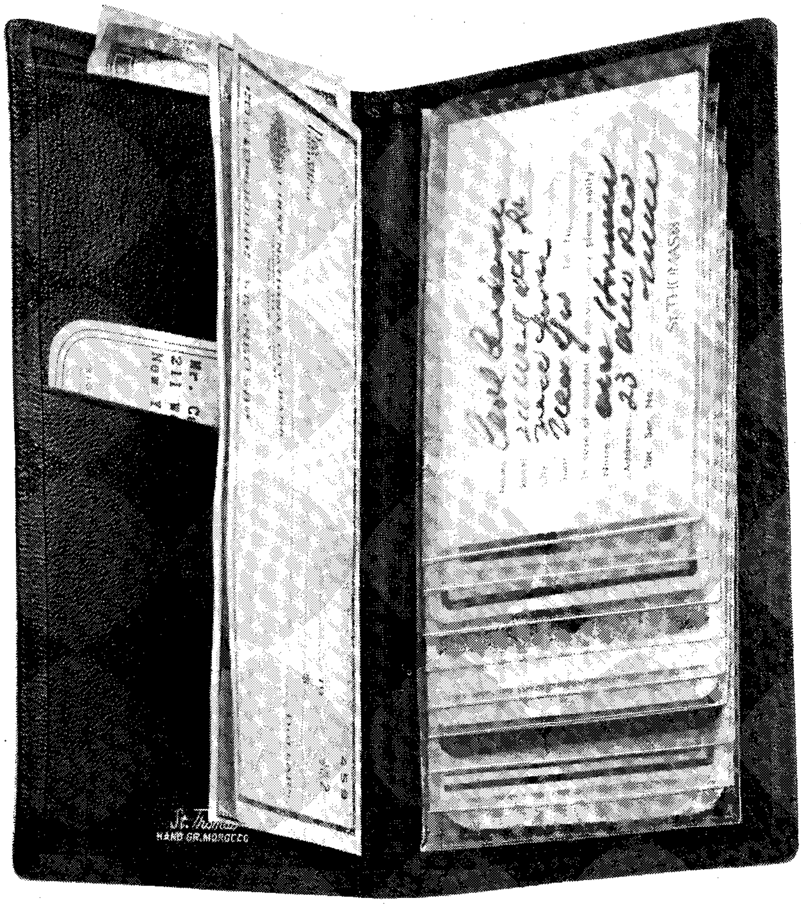
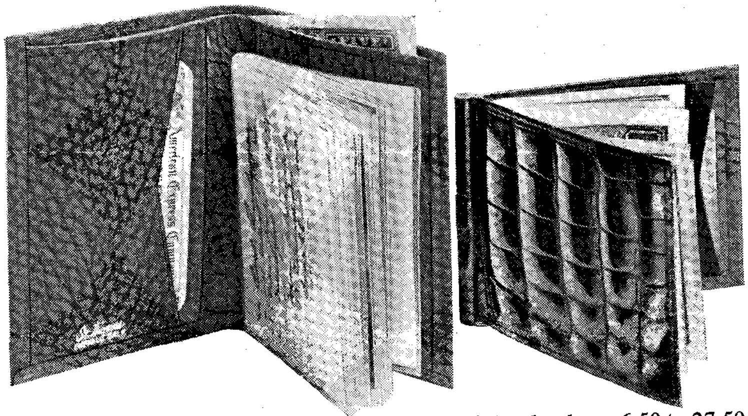
AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION, 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036.
Also available in Canada. Write for free color catalog.



St. Thomas invented the Dieting Man's Wallet so you can look trim without cutting down on cards, cash, checks and other pocket fatteners.

Uncomplicate life a little.



Coat pocket wallet in hand grained Morocco, 7.50. Other leathers, 6.50 to 27.50.
Credit card wallet in brushed buffalo calf, black or olive, 5.00. Other leathers, 5.00 to 7.50.
Money clip in hand grained alligator, brown or black, 13.50. Other leathers from 3.00.
Kann's, Washington, D.C.; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; B. Altman & Co., New York City and all branches.
St. Thomas Inc., St. Thomas Place, Gloversville, N.Y.

Why so many kinds of sun sports make Fort Lauderdale their sundom

It isn't that the sun is any more appealing in Fort Lauderdale than in other equally favored climes. But what it shines on, is.

For one for-instance, consider that broad expanse of beach in our photo. Three off-shore barrier reefs save it from heavy wash. Result? An unusual breadth of golden sand. Luxurious space for basking. These same reefs gentle the ocean surf to make it ideal for snorkelers, bathers, or waders.

Now consider the many other ways to take your sun in Lauderdale. The golfer has umpteen beautiful courses to play. Skiers can zoom over the placid waters of sparkling lagoons and bays. Fishing fans get an elegant tan while trolling the sea. Tennis, lawn bowling, shuffleboard are among many more recreations that sun sports enjoy.

If you are apathetic about athletic endeavors, take your sunning with ease. In a deck chair on a sightseeing cruise over Fort Lauderdale waterways. On the lawn at the race tracks. Or lounging on pool-side patios of many fine places to stay.

You will find the latter all listed in our free hotel, motel, and apartment guide books. Send for yours today and pick your sunny domain in . . .

FORT LAUDERDALE
the Place to go in Florida

For *FREE* lodgings guide books plus new color brochure, write City Information
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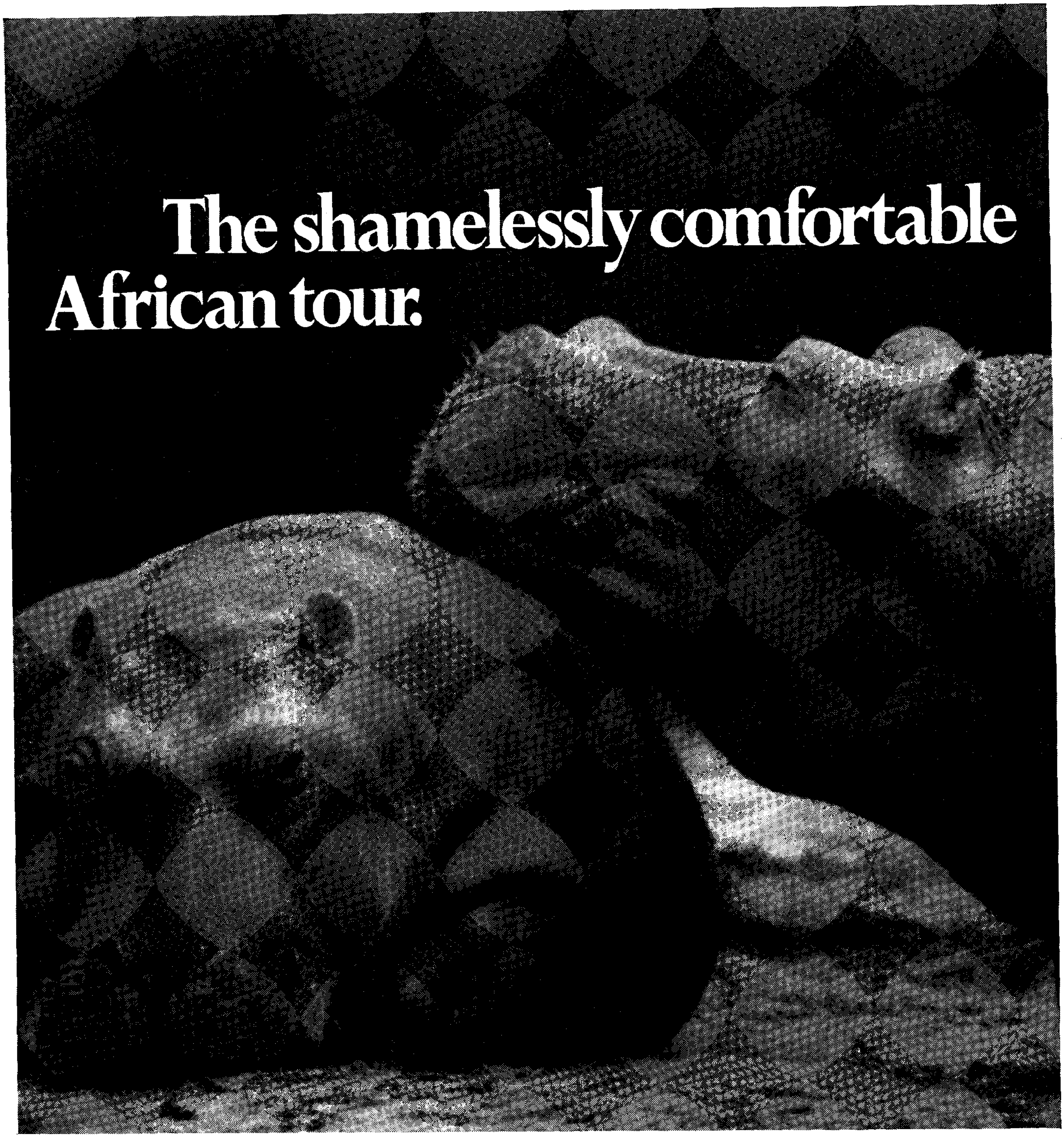

Air France deals with the creature comforts. Yours. A typically French, civilized approach to a lengthy trip. But then, comfort is a French dedication. And Air France is very French.

So we've air-conditioned all the transportation, including unique land vehicles. And they're designed so each person has a window view.

The hotel accommodations are deluxe, of course. The cuisine, extraordinary. A vast choice of menus, all including local delicacies.

Our 69 day escorted tour is more than 33 stops and 15 countries. It's a visit to new worlds, contrasting cultures.

From the fabled city of Timbuctoo, gateway to the Sahara, down to the Zulu and Xhosa tribes, along the coast through Dar es Salaam and Zanzibar, into the jungle interior of Tanzania, the wild life preserves of Kenya. And then, the antiquity of Ethiopia and Egypt.

Membership on this tour is limited to 24 persons. The price for the 69 day tour is $2350, air fare not included. Exact air fare from your home will be quoted upon request.

Our first tour leaves on January 8. Obtain information from your Air France Travel Agent, by mailing coupon, or calling Air France Traveltheque.

It's not the time you take but what you see. With Air France you see more.

Air France, Box 707, New York, N.Y. 10011 NY-15

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My Travel Agent is

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST NETWORK

Save Sunday Night!

Give us two hours on Sunday night, November 5, and we'll show you something completely new in American television.

It's the premiere of PBL—the first full-scale experiment in nationwide Public Television—produced by the new Public Broadcast Laboratory of National Educational Television.

PBL's goal is to demonstrate every Sunday night just how inventive, provocative and important Public Television can be. It will offer two hours (or maybe more) of incisive reporting, examinations of the arts and sciences, live drama, strong opinion and probing comment. It will venture into subjects commercial television has not touched. It will be completely free of commercial interruptions and advertiser influence.

PBL will use television as it's never been used before to deepen understanding and to offer new perspectives on the issues and events of our time. It will call upon the best minds in the academic world and public life, as well as proven broadcast journalists and top dramatic talent.

This Sunday, and on the Sundays to come, PBL will offer nationwide television audiences subjects like these—

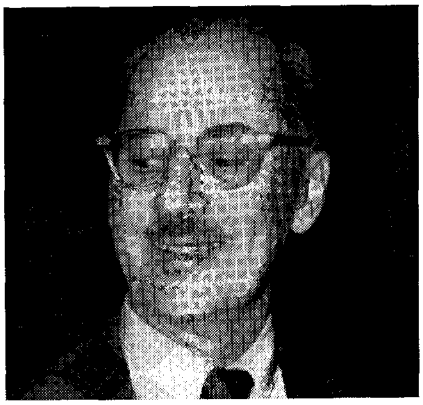
Vietnam: The House Divided
Members of Congress reconsider the Tonkin Gulf resolution and the President's conduct of the war.

George Wallace's America
A look at our nation through the eyes of Alabama's controversial ex-Governor, and a profile of Americans who support his Presidential ambitions.

The Anti-Commercials
Exclusive reports on misleading commercials, fake advertising claims and phony testimonials.

The Criminal's Best Friend: The Supreme Court?
If a policeman needs a lawyer to make an arrest, how many lawbreakers will go free?

Trading Stamps: Trick Or Treat?
The FTC report on this multi-million dollar sales gimmick triggers a TV inquiry.



Groucho Goes To Washington
Lampoonist extraordinaire Groucho Marx in a series of profound conversations with leading public figures. Public figure No. 1: Senator Everett Dirksen.

Is Censorship A Dirty Word?
What compels prominent members of the community to suppress some of the most important books of our time?

The Son Of Spread Eagle
A biting song-and-dance satire on Washington, D.C. as performed in the nation's capital.

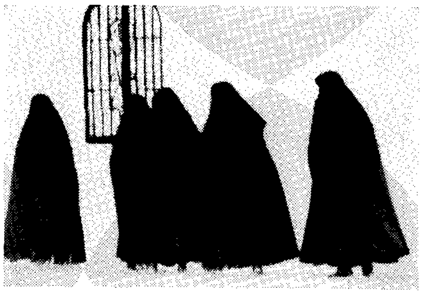
The Insight Of Walter Lippmann
One of America's foremost thinkers and critics offers his sharp analysis of the state of the nation.

Melina Mercouri's Greek Tragedy
The noted actress applies the drama of the Greek classics to the tragedy of today's Greece.

There Auto Be A Law
An unprecedented investigation into the laws governing used cars sales, auto insurance, and auto accident cases.

Give My Baby Blue Eyes
The incredible progress made by the science of genetics goes under the microscope. How close are we to full control?

Is The Roman Catholic Church In Trouble?
Why did 43 nuns recently quit the Church? What progress are priests making in their drive for the right to marry? Is the Church serving its parishioners?



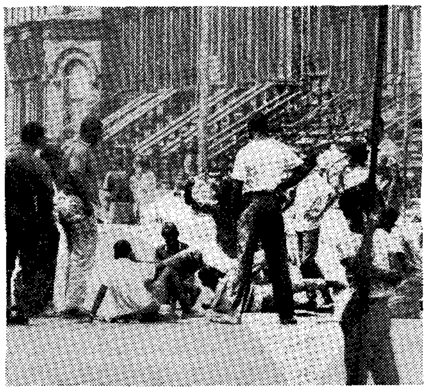
The Black Arts
Who speaks for the Negro? *He* does, in starkly revealing new plays like this performance of Douglas Turner Ward's explosive comedy, "Day Of Absence."

Are You Eating Yourself To Death?
Dramatic new facts on the relationship between diet and heart disease, based on the recent study by the National Heart Institute.

Politics: Sell Me A President
The high cost of television campaigning and Madison Avenue image-makers who market candidates with toothpaste techniques. PBL has a better idea.

Grapes of Wrath
How farm workers use the potent art of satirical theatre in their strike against the fruit growers.

Psychiatry On The Couch
A probing analysis of the most criticized science. Or is it an art? New developments from the latest psychiatric conference.



Black On Black
A South African Negro offers an ironic view of the plight of Negroes living on Harlem's infamous 125th Street.

Generals In Business
Exploring the relationship between the military and private industry, including the role of retired officers in defense businesses and missile production.

PBL is the first regularly scheduled Public Television series to be seen nationwide. It will be broadcast live and in color on a network of educational, university and community TV stations.

No matter how much (or how little) time you give to television these days, we ask you to save Sunday night, November 5, for PBL. It may not succeed every hour, every week. But it will do its best to leave a mark on the medium Walter Lippmann has called "the most remarkable and the most poorly utilized invention since the coming of the printing press."

PREMIERE SUNDAY NIGHT NOVEMBER 5

PBL

8:30 P.M. EST
7:30 CENTRAL
5:30 PACIFIC
On your local educational,
university or community TV station

NET
Public Broadcast Laboratory

Even the boxes are made for the portable people

We ask you? If *you can tell a book by its cover,* why can't you tell a portable by its box?

Ours are a lot tougher. Sometimes a little bit heavier . . . but beautiful.

Toshiba makes a special kind of portable and box. They're created inside and out to take the jolts and jars portable people give them.

Like the new Toshiba Portable Color TV. High tensile strength steel bands are bonded directly to the brilliant new color picture tube. They give extra ruggedness where it counts.

Solid state devices replace tubes in vital areas. They stay put and perform.

New Toshiba *big screen* black and white portables plug in or operate on batteries. All solid state. No tubes to wear out, burn out! And the handle won't come off in your hands. (Turret Grip we call it.)

Imagine portable radios with sound that won't wear out before your second set of batteries. Toshiba Duralignment does it. Proof? You get a full year warranty on parts and labor.

World travelers know the reputation of Toshiba, The International One, in 130 countries. They bring them back as gifts . . . for themselves. Now we're here in fine stores across the USA.

Pick up one of our boxes. Open it. You'll love what's inside, too.

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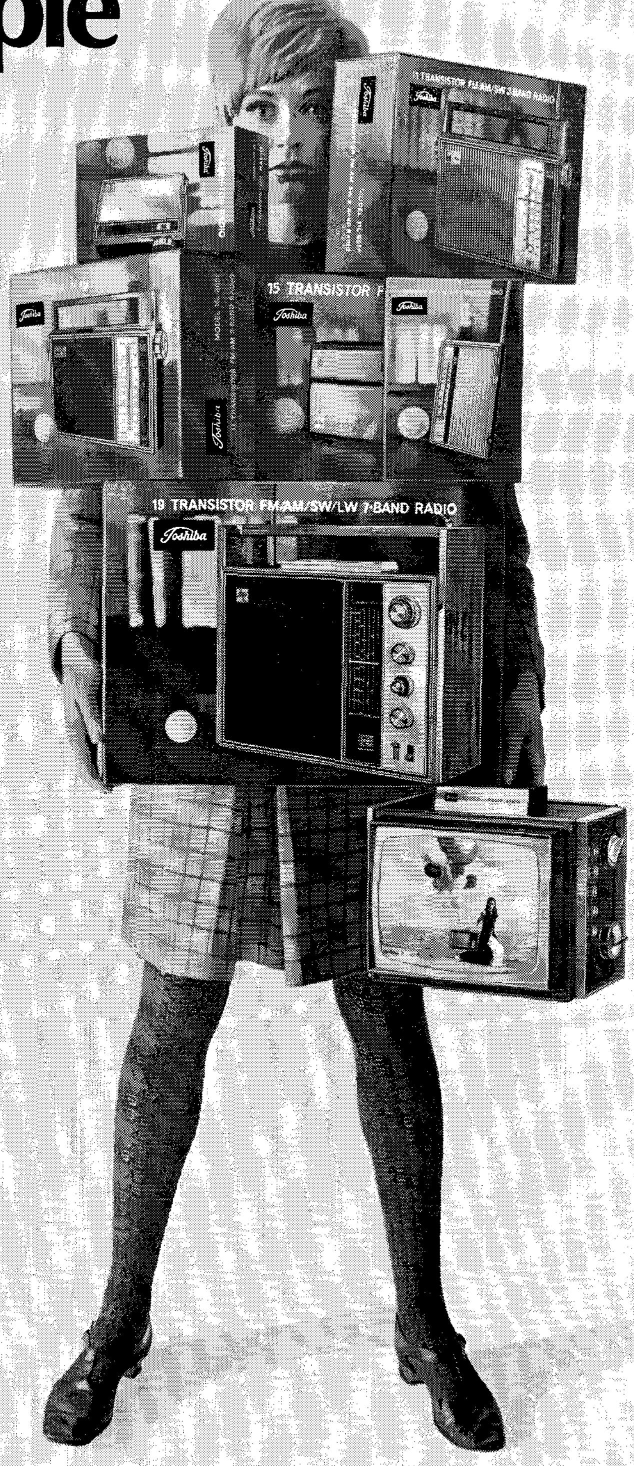
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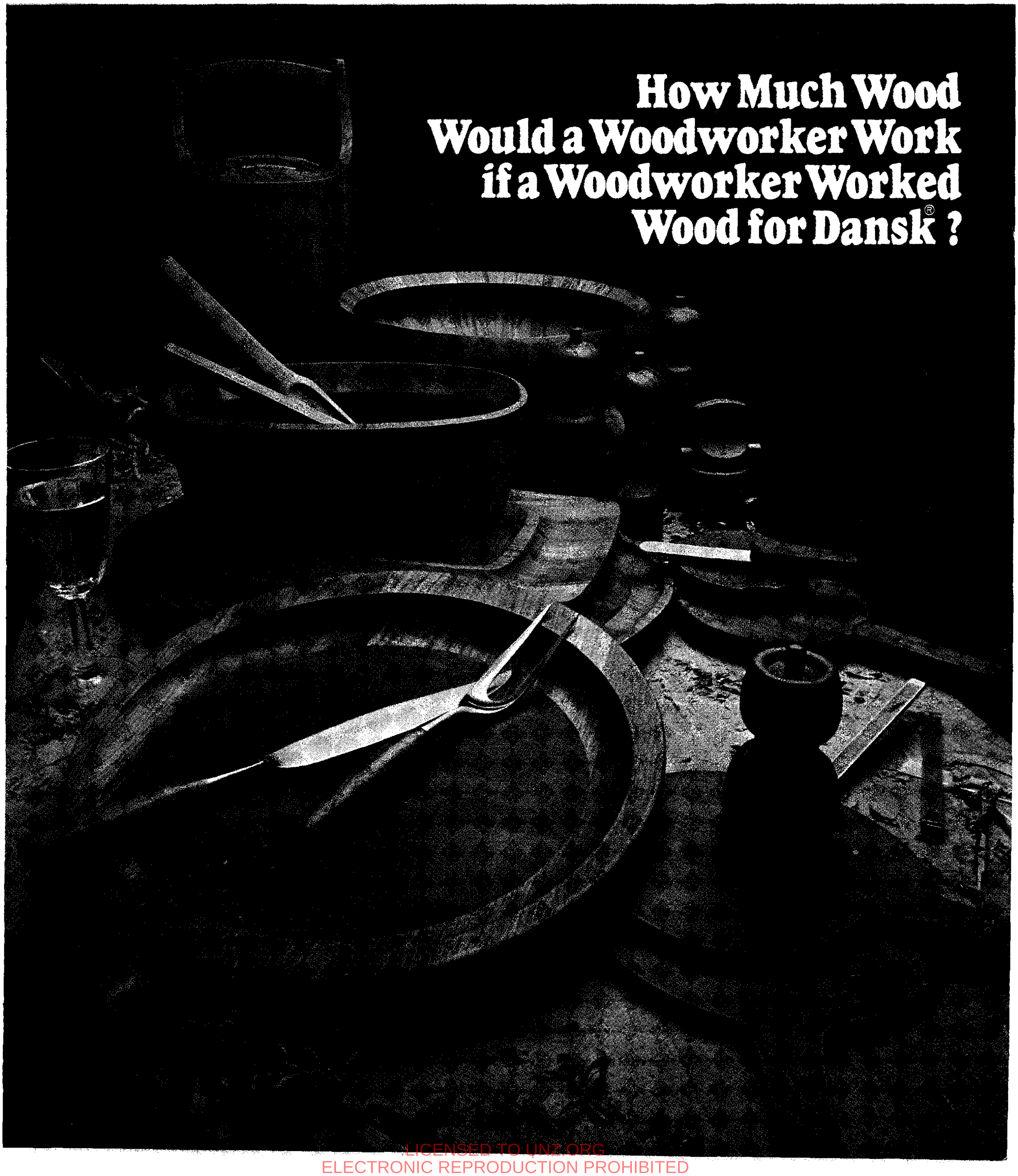

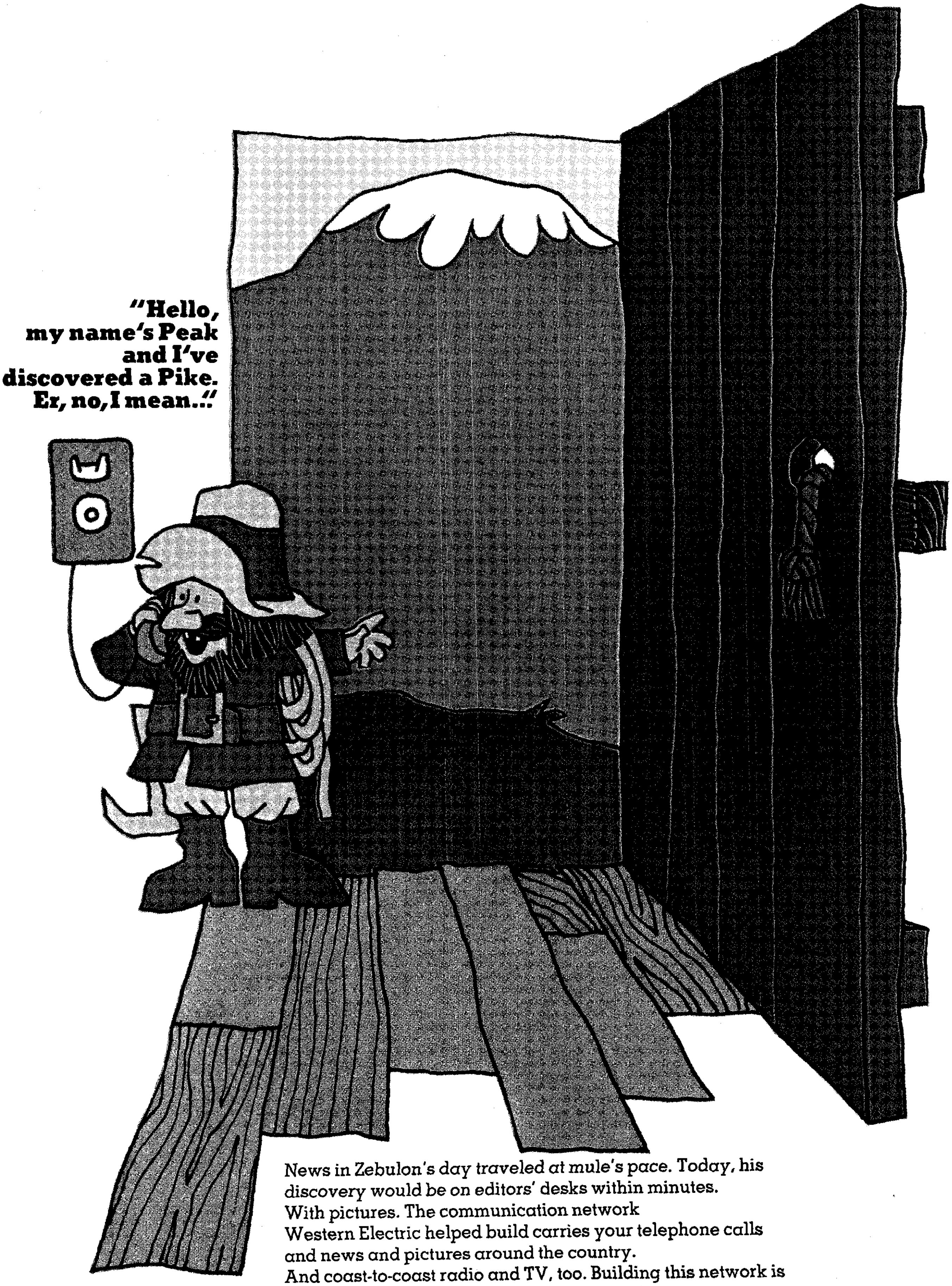
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THE NEW YORKER

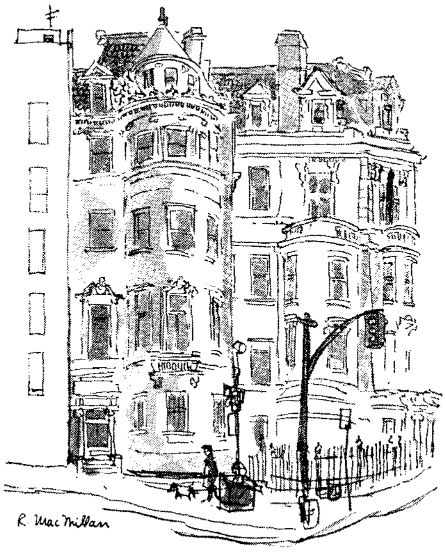
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MUCH has happened since the murder of three young civil-rights workers in Mississippi in 1964. The country has more and deeper problems than it knew, and the conviction for conspiracy of seven white men by a white jury in the court of a judge not known for his liberal sympathies may seem of no great historical importance beside the fact that the three young men died. The murders of Andrew Goodman, James Chaney, and Michael Schwerner were neither the first civil-rights deaths in Mississippi nor the last. Their historical importance was a matter of timing; the country was ready to be appalled by them. The convictions, however, obtained through the patient, relentless, and brilliant efforts of John Doar, of the Justice Department, are unprecedented. Once there was no justice in Mississippi. Now there is some. Someday there will be more. Since 1964, too, Mississippi and the rest of the country have discovered that they have more in common than they knew. The fact that the worst—or, at least, the slowest—of us has been able to edge forward toward humanity and the rule of law should not pass unremarked.

Reformed Publisher

A PUBLISHER who writes a book and publishes it himself is something of a novelty—Victor Weybright, of Weybright & Talley, who recently issued his memoirs through Reynal & Co., in association with William Morrow & Co., is an example of the rule rather than an exception to it—so we were surprised to receive word from the venerable firm of Dodd, Mead of its publication of "Polynesian Art" (a three-hundred-and-sixty-eight-page, five-hundred-photograph tome, selling at twenty-five dollars), by Edward Dodd. We at once detected behind this nom de plume Mr. Edward H. Dodd, Jr., a fourth-generation Dodd, who stepped down, or sidewise, as president of his family firm in 1957 and is now chairman of the board. He lives in Putney, Vermont, and descends upon New York for eight or nine weeks a year to pep up Dodd, Mead salesmen and perform other chores. "I semi-retired in 1957," he said when we descended upon *him*. "I'm a semi-active chairman. After nearly thirty years of editing and publishing—I joined Dodd, Mead in 1929—I decided to try, or re-try, my hand at my own writing. I *had* written a couple of books—'Great Dipper to Southern Cross,' an account of a South Seas cruise that four classmates and I made on a small schooner, Chance, after getting out of Yale, in 1928, and 'The First Hundred Years,' a history of Dodd, Mead. And then I wrote a novel, which wasn't published. I showed it to Diarmuid Russell, the agent, who asked me what I was trying to say. Well, I'd been interested in Polynesian culture ever since going through the Pacific on Chance, and seven or eight years ago my wife, Camille, and I started cruising down there during the winter months. The main purpose of these trips was to do the research and get the pictures for several books on Polynesia. We went to the islands every other year, and the *other* years we'd visit places to which Polynesian objets d'art have been dispersed by whalers and traders—Madagascar, Hawaii, New Zealand, Rome, and so on. I hope to follow up the art book with books on Polynesian mythology, navigation, and boat construction, and the Polynesian way of life. My interests are aesthetic rather than scientific—not that there's such a hard distinction. I've subordinated government, economics, religion, and warfare to the exploration of myths, music, dance, chants, art, and love. The current book contains by far the largest and most wide-ranging collection of pictures of Polynesian art ever assembled between covers."



We asked Mr. Dodd why he had published his work himself, instead of giving it to some other publisher.

"In putting out a book of this sort, one of the main considerations is the layout, the size of the page, and the typography," he replied. "I couldn't see going to Viking, say, and telling some young guy what I wanted to do. I felt I had to do it all myself. I've lived with families in Tonga, and my wife and I have built a house in Raïatéa, one of the Society Islands, which was the holy land of ancient Polynesia. The island is high, volcanic, tear-shaped, and surrounded by a coral lagoon twenty miles long and up to five miles wide. You reach it by flying to Tahiti and then taking a local plane or overnight ship for the remaining two hundred miles. Our house is on the southern point. There are no roads, so when we want to go marketing—for bananas, breadfruit, and frozen food—in Uturoa, the chief port, in the north, we either hire a speedboat, which takes two hours, or go on the weekly market boat, which leaves Tuesday night and starts back at two in the morning Thursday. Wednesday is market day. The boat, which is called Manuia (it means Good Luck), is full of cattle, pigs, people, and furniture. Our house doesn't really belong to us. We gave the money to build it to a native family; they move out when we come. We spent three months there last winter. It's a real old-time bamboo house, with rounded ends, kerosene lamps, and a kerosene icebox. We go snorkeling and fishing on the reef. We've done some digging on the island, for adzes, fishhooks, and ivory pendants. The people are wonderfully perceptive. The things they express are hunger, love, vanity, and fear. They love to gossip."

The Dodds have a hilly farm in Putney, where they keep horses, cows, sheep, pigs, ducks, and geese. Mr. Dodd has conducted natural-history courses from time to time at the Putney School, and he has arranged for the school to give scholarships to several Tongan boys and girls. "One went on to Harvard, where he majored in anthropology and graduated *cum laude*," he said. "He then went to Cambridge, in England, and later took a Ph.D. in New Zealand. He's now a Minister without Portfolio in Tonga."

Prospect Park

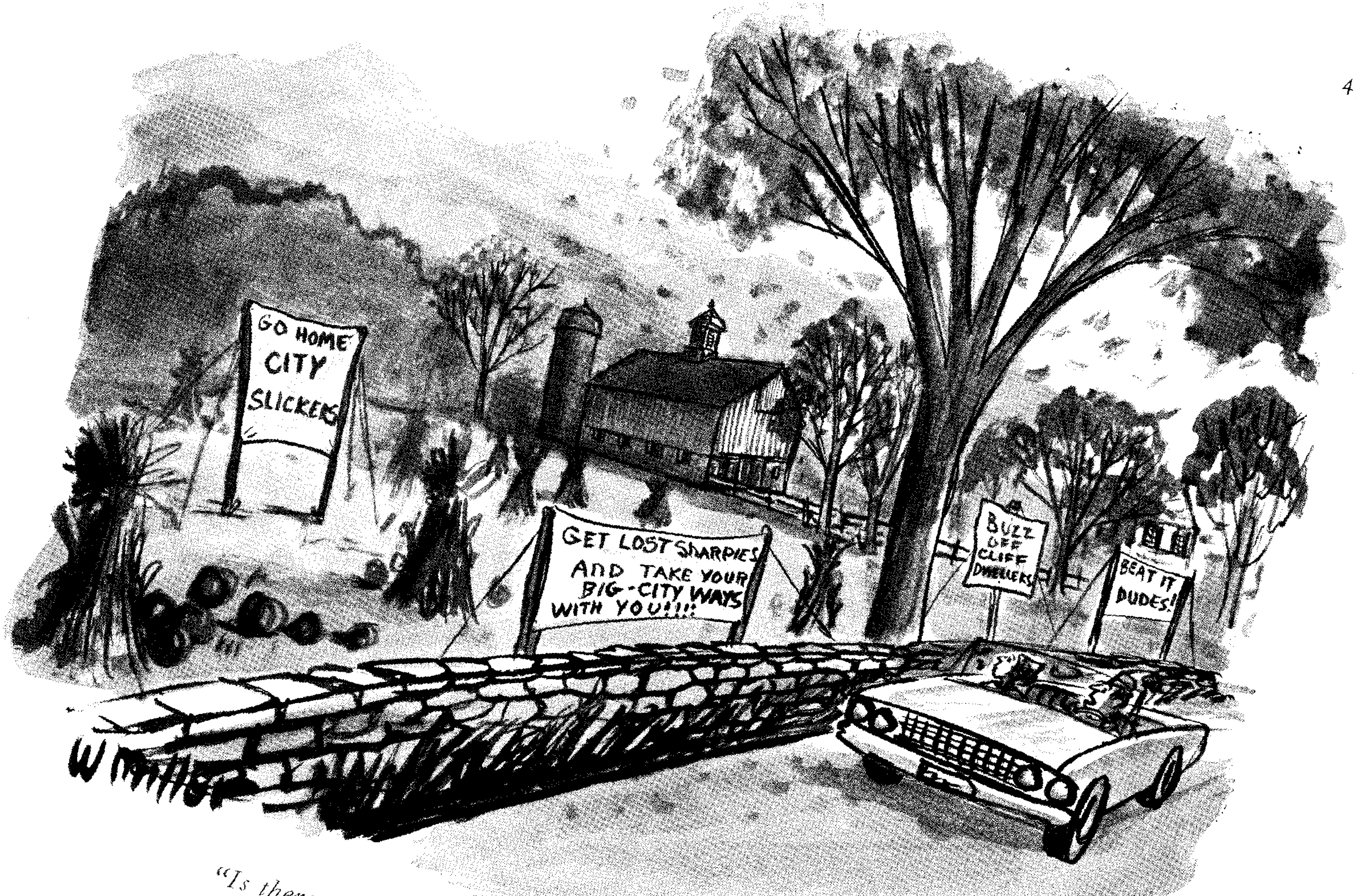
PROSPECT PARK, in Brooklyn, has been quietly moldering away, like an ancient and decaying noblewoman, for more than thirty years now—ever since the Department of Parks cut back its maintenance budget, in 1934—though Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, who designed both Central Park and Prospect Park, regarded Prospect Park as their masterpiece. Most Brooklynites agree that Central Park was little more than scratch paper for designing the great work that followed. As for us, we know that Central Park is second to none, but we grudgingly agreed to take a walk through Prospect Park with its curator, Clay Lancaster, on the assurance that anyone who liked Central Park would like Prospect Park, too. We were all the more interested because August Heckscher, the Commissioner of Parks, had recently announced plans to renovate Prospect Park—particularly the elegant white Boathouse, with its rows of arches; the jungly glen known as the Vale of Cashmere; and the turreted, Italianate Litchfield Villa, on the western border of the park.

On a sunny fall day a week ago, when the trees in Brooklyn were beginning to turn, we found Mr. Lancaster waiting for us under the arch at Grand Army Plaza. He asked us chauvinistically if we knew that we were standing in the midst of the greatest complex of architecture anywhere in the world designed by the firm of McKim, Mead & White. The Brooklyn Museum and the administration building for the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, both nearby, were the work of the firm, he explained, and so were five of the entrances to the park. "There is nothing by McKim, Mead & White in Central Park," Mr. Lancaster said.

The main entrance to the park, opposite the arch, has four soaring columns, two of which are by McKim, Mead & White. Mr. Lancaster, who is a long-legged, gray-haired man in his late forties, set off between the columns at a brisk clip. As the two of us wound along a crooked little path, he supplied some of the park's vital statistics. It was built between 1866 and 1872, and contains five hundred and twenty-six acres, as against the eight hundred and forty of Central Park. We were not to be deceived by these figures, Mr. Lancaster said sternly. Though smaller than Central Park, Prospect Park is built on a grander scale. Olmsted and Vaux had learned from their mistakes in Manhattan. The biggest error—not of their doing—was the crosstown transverses in Central Park, which broke up the rhythm of the Park's landscaping into restricted units. There are no transverse roads in Prospect Park. Instead, its Long Meadow sweeps on for seventy-five unbroken acres—five times the size of any meadow in Central Park—and the Lake in Prospect Park is two and a half times the size of the Lake in Central Park.

We came shortly to an arched bridge, the Endale Arch, which is reminiscent of some of the Central Park bridges. From time to time on our walk, we had this sense of *déjà-vu* again, for many places echo spots in Central Park. Through the arch, as through a keyhole in a barn door, the Long Meadow curved invitingly into the distance. We marched up the meadow a way, and then Mr. Lancaster turned down a path to what is left of the Rose Garden and the Vale of Cashmere. In the Rose Garden, three empty circles on the ground marked the sites of pools. Victoria lilies large enough for a child to sit on had been grown there, Mr. Lancaster said as he led the way down a narrow defile to the Vale of Cashmere. The Vale is overgrown with weeds, but they have not entirely erased what Mr. Lancaster called its original jungly feeling.

We climbed along a pitted path and then walked along the circular roadway that runs just inside Prospect Park. Olmsted and Vaux had designed this road, like the one inside Central Park, with as many curves as possible, so that the equestrian hot-rodders of those days couldn't race along at breakneck speed. Now workmen were straightening and widening the road. We soon stopped at the Prospect Park Zoo, where there



"Is there no place left in this vast land of ours free from the din of protest?"

were several high wrought-iron aviaries, reminiscent of the ones in the Central Park Zoo; in one of them a vulture-like bird sat brooding. The zoo was built in 1935, the year after the one in Central Park. "Olmsted and Vaux didn't want zoos in their parks," Mr. Lancaster said. "They didn't believe in caging animals. On this site, they had a big deer park and a wildlife pond, where geese lit in migration." We stopped in front of a cage with some fallow deer in it. They had moist brown eyes, and their tails flashed back and forth.

At length, we came to the Boathouse, a graceful building with nine arches, which were copied from those across the Old Library off the Piazza San Marco, in Venice. In front are a number of bronze lampposts. There used to be an open-air restaurant on the second story, but it has been shut for many years. Mr. Lancaster inspected the crumbling façade of the Boathouse. Water from broken gutters seeped out of terra-cotta columns. The Boathouse is on the shore of an arm of water called the Lullwater, which is a bog now, with tall, delicate grass growing along its curved bottom. The Lullwater feeds into the Lake, at the south end of the park, and soon we were standing on one of two vast terraces, together known as Concert Grove, on the lakeshore. The terraces correspond to the ones at the Bethesda Fountain, on the shore of the Lake in Central Park, but Concert Grove, with its enormous plane trees and its busts of musicians—Beethoven, Mozart, Grieg—is much broader than the terraces in Central Park, and the Lake stretches much farther into the distance.

Mr. Lancaster led the way past an ancient ironwood tree that had a dozen trunks, and on up a hill. On the opposite shore of the Lake we could see a rustic, timbered summerhouse—the sort there used to be a great many of in Central Park. Prospect Park has retained more of its early architecture than Central Park has. "We're so remote here that nobody has tried to improve us," Mr. Lancaster said. As curator, he has been trying to keep out of Prospect Park a children's farm offered by Abraham & Straus, the Brooklyn department store. Like Henry Hope Reed, the curator of Central Park, Mr. Lancaster, who is an architectural historian, takes a dim view of improvements. He has written a guidebook to Prospect Park, which is just as scholarly as Mr. Reed's guide to Central Park.

Mr. Lancaster hurried through the Nethermead Arch, a brown sandstone affair with three archways, and emerged once more into the Long Meadow. In front of us was a delicate Palladian structure called the Tennis House. After listening to booming echoes of our footsteps inside the Tennis House, which was deserted, we entered a wood and came to the Litchfield Villa. Now the administration building for Brooklyn's parks, Litchfield Villa was built in 1857 by a prosperous railroad baron, and, like him, it is baronial. It has enough towers and turrets to withstand a siege. Mr. Lancaster said it was possible to see the Harbor from the topmost tower, and, accordingly, his step as springy as ever, he led the way up the front steps, then up the main staircase inside, and, at last, up some wooden stairs, until finally he popped out on the roof. We followed, less exuberantly. The park was a sea of treetops. In the other direction, beyond Park Slope and across Brooklyn Heights, the Harbor shimmered glassily. Lower Manhattan rested on it like a tray piled dangerously high with fragile tumblers.

"Central Park doesn't have a view like this, does it?" Mr. Lancaster said.

Richard Lester

"DIRECTING films is a job for a dilettante—a dilettante dictator," said Richard Lester, the film director. He smiled happily. "I'm not an expert on anything, but I care about a lot of things." Mr. Lester, a bald, thickly sideburned, thirty-four-year-old Londoner, who directed "A Hard Day's Night," "Help!," "The Knack," and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," was in New York to finish the sound work on his next, and still untitled, movie and to talk about his current one, "How I Won the War"—an anti-war movie, which opens in November. We had caught up with him on a rainy afternoon in the lobby of the Algonquin. Lester, who was wearing a blue Mod coat and a swirly yellow tie, is an engaging man of great vitality. He has a large, expressive face, thinks swiftly, and talks rapidly with an English accent, except for "r"s, which he comes down on heavily (he has lived in England for thirteen years but is from Philadelphia), and we were hard put to it to keep up with him at times. "Film directing is half a negative process—applying taste to get rid of what is not right," he said. "Most creators—writers, artists—have to deface a blank page or an empty canvas. One good thing about film is that you don't have to look at it before you deface it. Films are very hard work emotionally. They get harder for me. I'm trying more, and people are expecting much more of me. To prepare for the ordeal of a film, I do twenty pushups and twenty situps each day for three months, just so I'll be strong enough physically. Each day of shooting, you expose yourself to a hundred people, all saying, 'O.K. Show us something.' " Lester's films are uniquely personal, and we asked him about his way of directing. "I can't judge it," he said. "I've never worked for another director, and never watched one. I only know the way I work. I must seem enormously lethargic to Godard, and very fast to, say, George Stevens or Stanley Kubrick. I take the camera, put on some lenses I think might be right, and start looking. Sometimes I start filming the scene myself, sometimes I don't. I like to do it; it's enormously satisfying to see the performer in the right part of the frame. I like everything about location shooting, nothing about indoor shooting. I like to be surprised by the rain falling."

Making "How I Won the War" was exhilarating, Lester told us. "I feel very strongly about it. I hope it may offer some alternatives to the nostalgic attitudes toward war and make its glamorization seem more absurd. One friend who saw it—he hadn't been in the war—said, 'It's funny.' One who had been in the war said, 'It's just like war,' and another said, 'It's like coming out of a church.' I suppose my concern about war has been a gradual thing; I was too young to fight in the last war or to feel very deeply about it in conventional ways. But war is always with us. It's what we should be thinking about, isn't it? That and religion." He paused. "It dismays me if a film is very well made but deals with an immoral situation. I've never liked Westerns or gangster movies. They make human life so cheap; the gun really doesn't hurt. Some attempt should be made to show that it does hurt. I've always challenged myself to live by my wits, and if you do live by your wits, and prove to yourself that you can survive, then the only thing you have to fear is illness or physical deformity. If you feel this way, you project yourself into other people and you get very much concerned about the destruction of the body—hurting people, killing. Because it's the one thing you can't cope with. You develop a tremendous concern for the sanctity of the individual. The Army takes that away—teaches a man not to be a person—and it makes it easier for him to kill. I started with a concept: I want to say something about war. (If I were a politician, I would work in politics, but I'm not.) However, the subject is so enormous. Do you take the First World War? Do you take Vietnam? For me, taking an absurd war and showing it as absurd is too easy. If you're going to examine the subject as well as you can, you must take a war that is as close to a just war—one that we probably had to fight—as we've had in the last hundred years. So I settled on the Second World War. Then I decided to use the theatre of the absurd and the theatre of alienation. In the film, there's a methodical balance between slapstick of the absurd and horror of the absurd. I've always liked cartoon things, and surrealism—planes of reality

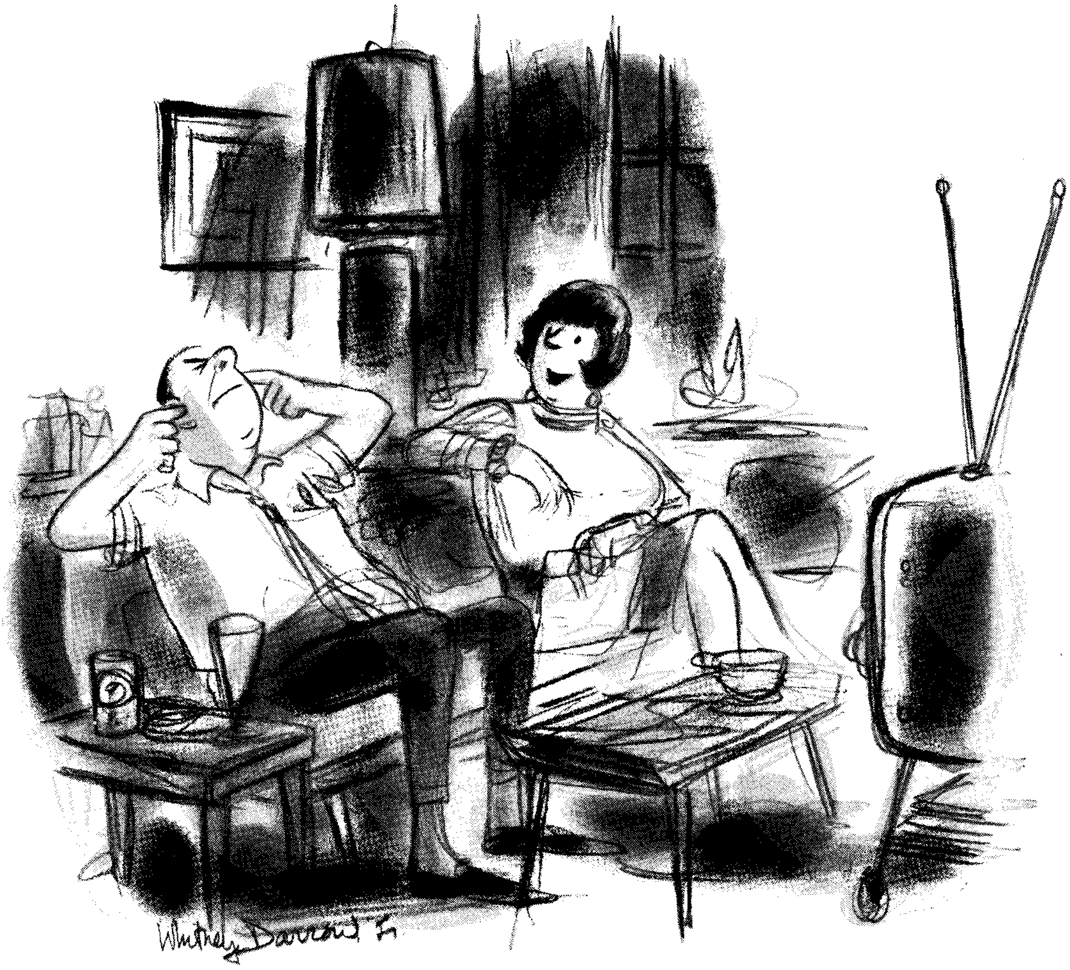
"Gee, I love you in vinyl!"

meeting an object or a word that suddenly becomes disquieting. Charles Wood wrote seven screenplays for 'How I Won the War;' United Artists read the first one and said 'Go ahead,' and the next-to-last one and said, 'You'd better make the picture before anyone else in our organization reads this.' " He smiled. "Then we started making pieces. We had no official coöperation. We'd go to a military base, get to know people, throw a party, and presently inquire, 'Want to be in a film?' They'd say, 'Sure.' 'Oh, by the way,' we'd say, 'would you bring your tanks along?' We'd shoot in some remote place, and everything was returned in good working order." He smiled.

Mr. Lester told us that as a child in Pennsylvania he rarely saw movies. "We lived over a mile from the nearest train or bus. Going to a movie was not a casual thing to do," he said. He attended the University of Pennsylvania, where he studied clinical psychology—"because I didn't want to study a lot of other things, and it seemed less demanding and less sinister"—and had a vocal group that appeared twice on a Philadelphia television station and then was fired. "I stayed on as a stagehand, and in five months I was a director," he said. "Weather shows, sports, puppet shows—everything. But I saw the great security of the regime stretching ahead, and I went to Europe to live by my meagre wits." He ultimately landed in British television, became the producer and director of the celebrated "Goon Show," moved on to movies, and, with "A Hard Day's Night," achieved a landmark in filmmaking. We asked him what he planned next. Several films were under way, he said, adding, "I've bought the rights to a life of Jesus, by Carlo Montorossi, called 'Salt of the Earth.' I've done a lot of reading for it, and I hope to do a lot more during the next two years. I'll be dealing with Jesus as a Messiah, but the question is: Was it a calculated effort on His part to be a Messiah?"

A pretty blond girl in a white skirt and a blue top entered the Algonquin lobby, soaking wet, and dashed up to Lester. They began laughing and talking at the same time, and Lester turned to us, saying "This is a woman who's been following me around, purporting to be my wife. Is she with you?" and then, beaming, introduced her as Mrs. Lester. She had been shopping for their children, she said. Lester glanced at us anxiously, then whispered to his wife, "Did you get the g-u-n?" There was more laughter, and a moment later she was gone.

"I haven't seen her in days," Lester said. "In New York, I haven't even had a meal by myself. A week after shooting on one film ends, you start the editing, and that takes from four to ten weeks. Then the sound—twenty weeks—and by then you're on the script of the next one. Louis Malle said, 'I can't just carry on from one film to the next, because films are about life, and I have to find out about life.' I respect that, and admire it, but I'm too impatient with life to do that. When I was young, I took six vacations a year, and went on cruises, and I was always winning plastic cufflinks by beating a grizzled, defiant Australian in the final of something, but now I have no time of my own. There's always the film I'm doing or about to do. I have two children, one and six. They take what time there is, and if they don't, there's that feeling of responsibility: Why *aren't* I playing with them? I've lost the gift of just reading. As I read now, I wonder: Would it make a good film? I go to films, but I see them in terms of the logistical problems of film; I wonder how much over budget they were, or how many were in the crew, or whether the director had difficulty with that actor. There's never enough time. You're in grace for only a brief period. Two or three failures would make it difficult to do controversial films. I have a dread of walking around Hollywood with a script under my arm, saying, 'I'm working very hard to get an Egyptian-Yugoslavian production started.' The average age of the audience is now around twenty-two, I think. I sometimes feel like a very involved Dorian Gray; someday I'll go into a theatre to see one of my films, and the audience will be full of hamsters. While you're within shouting distance of the young, it's worth doing as much as possible." He paused. "If I'm going to be of some use, I'd better get to it." He sat back and smiled. "We should be seen and not heard," he said.



"All right, you can look now. He's screwing the cap back on the can and putting it away."

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THE DIARIES AND LETTERS OF SIR GERALD WOOLTON

Introduction by
Cavendish Woolton

Sir Gerald Woolton,[1] distinctly a man of his time and place,[2] penned his diaries—generally in the mornings, between rising[3] and tubbing[4]—throughout his long and distinguished career in the differing yet tangential worlds of people, journalism, diplomacy, people, literary salons, politics, people, and club life. If anyone was worth knowing, Sir Gerald Woolton knew him. One can put it down as a rule of thumb that Sir Gerald Woolton did not know people who were not worth knowing. His standard was a relatively simple one: if Sir Gerald Woolton knew someone, that person was worth knowing. To people worth knowing, he was generous, kindly, warmhearted, benevolent, tender, understanding, sympathetic, and friendly. His attitude towards the remainder speaks for itself. In all, Sir Gerald Woolton penned twelve million six hundred thousand two hundred and forty-six words in his diaries, and I have edited (without reference to specific years) what I consider to be a representative selection from the crowded times. On with it!

Diary

23rd February

To the Chop and Chowder for lunch. Winnie[5] there, also Neville,[6] Lord Nelson,[7] G. M. Trevelyan, Doodles Baltic.[8] Doodles just back from Austria, convinced that Pfernig is entirely sincere, if mad, in his determination to proceed with the *Aufgrab*. Winnie, inexplicably silent, concentrated on his mutton chop. G. M. Trevelyan eloquent, brimming with historical analogies, something about the Trojans, the point of which was lost in the grinding noises made by Neville's teeth. Too bad, but irretrievable. Lord Nelson spoke with conviction of sea power. I walked home slowly through Green Park, pondering on success and failure in life. Quite pleased with myself today. But it will pass.

Diary

6th March

At Hollyhocks.[9] Gardens radiant, but cannot keep my mind off the *Aufgrab*, should there be one. There is far too much wickedness in the world, it would seem. Following breakfast, I shall retire to study to work on novel, novella, lectures, reviews, biography, and address to be delivered to All-Bowdoins[10] Sunday night. I am such a bundle of marmalade! Perhaps Crunchy was right when he said years ago, at lunch at the Hip and Thigh, "You are an exalted water bug, skipping about, never settling." Could it be true? All in all, a glorious year so far, and I have never been happier, except when miserable.

GW to NG

7th April

I think of you all the time and shudder to ponder what life would have been like without you. I shudder.

NG to GW

14th April

Always dry behind the ears after tubbing.

Diary

18th April

Standing for Parliament for West Grind. A loathsome spot, filled with workingmen. Much soul-searching on my part. Lady Braumont-Greaves[11] says I simply must, that I owe it not only to myself but to my country. Strong words. Visited West Grind over week-end, and got hopelessly lost on way down. Many wrong turns, detours, culs-de-sac, and so on. Mingled with people, a searing experience. I am devoted to beautiful and lovely things, both in nature and in art, and would do much to overcome my sense of intense loathing for the unattractive, in animals, people, and plants. I know it to be a failing, but I treasure it. Dinner at Grouse-Neck—a glittering assemblage: Great Farr,[12] Lesser Farr,[13] Winnie, Neville, Tony,[14] Lord and Lady Muff,[15] young B. S. Blinden,[16] and an assortment of dull, apathetic Americans. Why are Americans so crude, and their eyes so watery and lacklustre? A Mrs. X, from Eltoona,[17] Pennsylvania, totally incapable of manipulating her knife and fork.

Diary

23rd April

Elected for West Grind by two votes. Received returns in drab hall with dark walls, amidst strange people. My constituents. A very wee bit of cheering at the conclusion of the counting, and the crowd broke up within minutes and headed for their cottages, or whatever.

Diary

9th May

Splendid lunch in the Commons dining room. Brilliant conversation throughout. How I love these luncheons amidst all these clever lads, such a considerable contrast, alas, to the electorate. Will there be war? Grebinger[18] says no. He could be right. He could be wrong. Savoured the savoury.

Diary

12th September

In America, lecturing on "Life in the Cotswolds" and "Elegance: The Vanished Art," two subjects of sufficient simplicity to grip the attention of the heathen. I am to be shipped about amongst eighteen cities, like a burlap bag, delivering one lecture one night, another the next.[19] Crass commercialism, I suppose, but someone must keep the eternal flame alive. So far, at public lunches where I have been Guest of Honour the same fare is presented: chicken à la King,[20] often in patty shells; bright-green peas; and ice cream. I think this has been remarked upon before by other visiting lecturers, but I am not entirely certain. My evening meals have been partaken of in the home of the richest person in

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[1] My uncle, Sir Gerald Woolton, shall be referred to throughout the Footnotes as GW, a purely arbitrary decision on my part. In the Letters, NG refers to his old nanny, Nell Grit, who lived to be ninety-eight and who played an abiding and comforting role in his emotional life.

[2] The Diaries cover roughly the second quarter of the turbulent twentieth century, give a decade, take a decade, when GW, an Englishman, had reached his middle years.

[3] 6:32.

[4] 6:51. The drawbridge at Lower Woolton is often washed out.

[5] Winston S. Churchill, British statesman and descendant of the Duke of Marlborough. Winston Churchill's mother was an American—"a fact," as GW often remarked, "over which he had little or no control."

[6] Neville Chamberlain, British statesman and prominent son of a prominent father, whose grandfather is said to have misplaced his umbrella at the Battle of Waterloo.

[7] Prominent sea dog.

[8] Known for his mauve landscapes, with bulldog faces peering from the lower-left corner. They are not to be found in the Tate.

[9] GW's country place at Bleemes-on-Bleemes. Hollyhocks was second only to Nell Grit in the affections of GW.

[10] An arcane offshoot of the Society of Good Chaps.

[11] Prominent widow of Lord Braumont-Greaves, who lost his life, inexplicably, while serving as Falconer to H.R.H. George V.

[12] Kenneth Courtney Beardsley Farr, prominent M.F.H. to H.R.H. George V. Something of an eccentric, he was noted for standing on his head throughout dinner.

[13] His Scotch terrier, and constant companion.

[14] *His* Scotch terrier, and constant companion to Lesser Farr.

[15] Of the prominent toffee family.

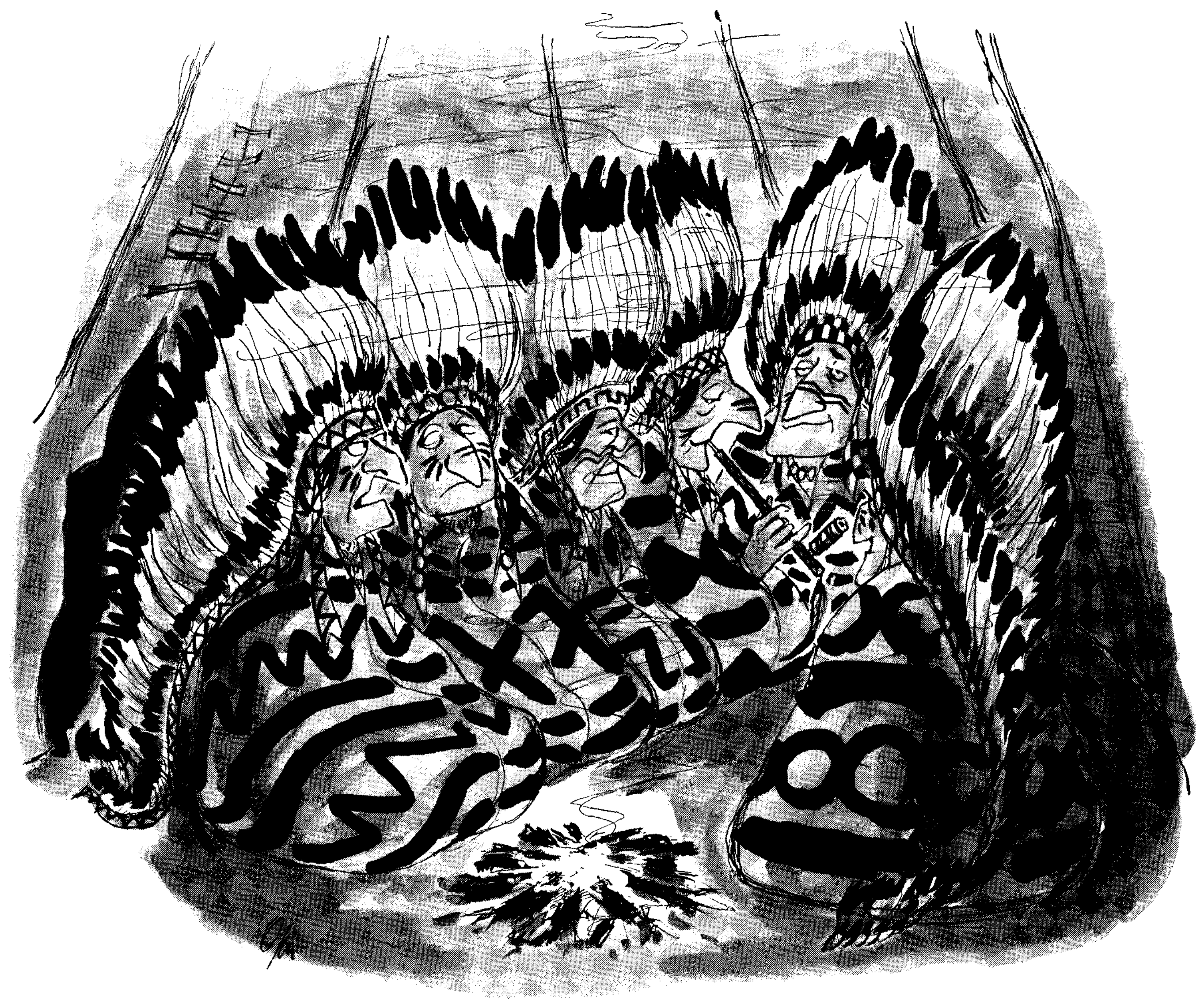
[16] The poet, then sixty-two, and, as GW repeatedly said, "full, so full, of promise."

[17] GW was in error here. Mrs. X came from Scrunton.

[18] Hans Grebinger, confidant of Lesser Farr.

[19] GW went, in his words, "from the sun-kissed shores of Maine to the rockbound coast of California."

[20] Edward VII.



"What kind of powwow is this? I mean like what's in the pipe?"

• •

whatever township I happen to be. By and large, the rich give me pleasure, but not here. The American hostess is intensely interested in the art treasures of the Old World, and I feel it incumbent upon myself to enlighten them, for example, upon such matters as the Gioconda Smile.[21] I have met no American Indians, who live, I am told, in quarries.

Diary

6th October

Still in America. I keep asking myself, What is Man? No ready answer, and no reason to expect one in a nation devoid of sparkling give-and-take and brittle bons mots. Much deep-dish apple pie in the provincial townships, and obligatory ice in drinks. A cardinal axiom of my upbringing is never to hurt the feelings of a host, especially in his presence. Little sense of international tension here. I can get nobody interested in the Schnallberger Crisis. Poor, dear things, they dream of their wheat fields and their corncobs. I do wish I could remember the names of some of the people I have met. But no matter.

Diary

4th November

Hollyhocks. Home again! Stopped in London, for delightful salon evening at Lady Falmouth-Cowpers'. Not a soul missing: Cranshaw, Winnie, Lord Piedmont, Lord and Lady Graze, the Viscount,[22] the Maharaja of Bradnipah. At midnight, My Sovereign[23] arrived, elegantly turned out in sandals, kilt, and naval tunic, complete with dazzling ribands. The ladies curtsied, the men fell prone to the floor—an ancient custom, and one that I take pride in perpetuating. Lord Piedmont had fallen to the floor some five minutes before My Sovereign arrived, for private reasons. My Sovereign, ever so approachable, said to me, "We like your stuff." Kraundorf, of the Netherlands Foreign Office, remarked cryptically, "*Auch!*" Did he mean war? If so, small credit to our national pride. Barely any good Yorkshire pudding to be found anywhere.

GW to NG

29th December

I live in the great bright world, and mingle continuously with the clever ones, and at year's end I reflect upon matters both weighty and small, and my most abiding joy derives from you, my old Nanny.

NG to GW

31st December

Tidy up the nursery!

—Philip Hamburger

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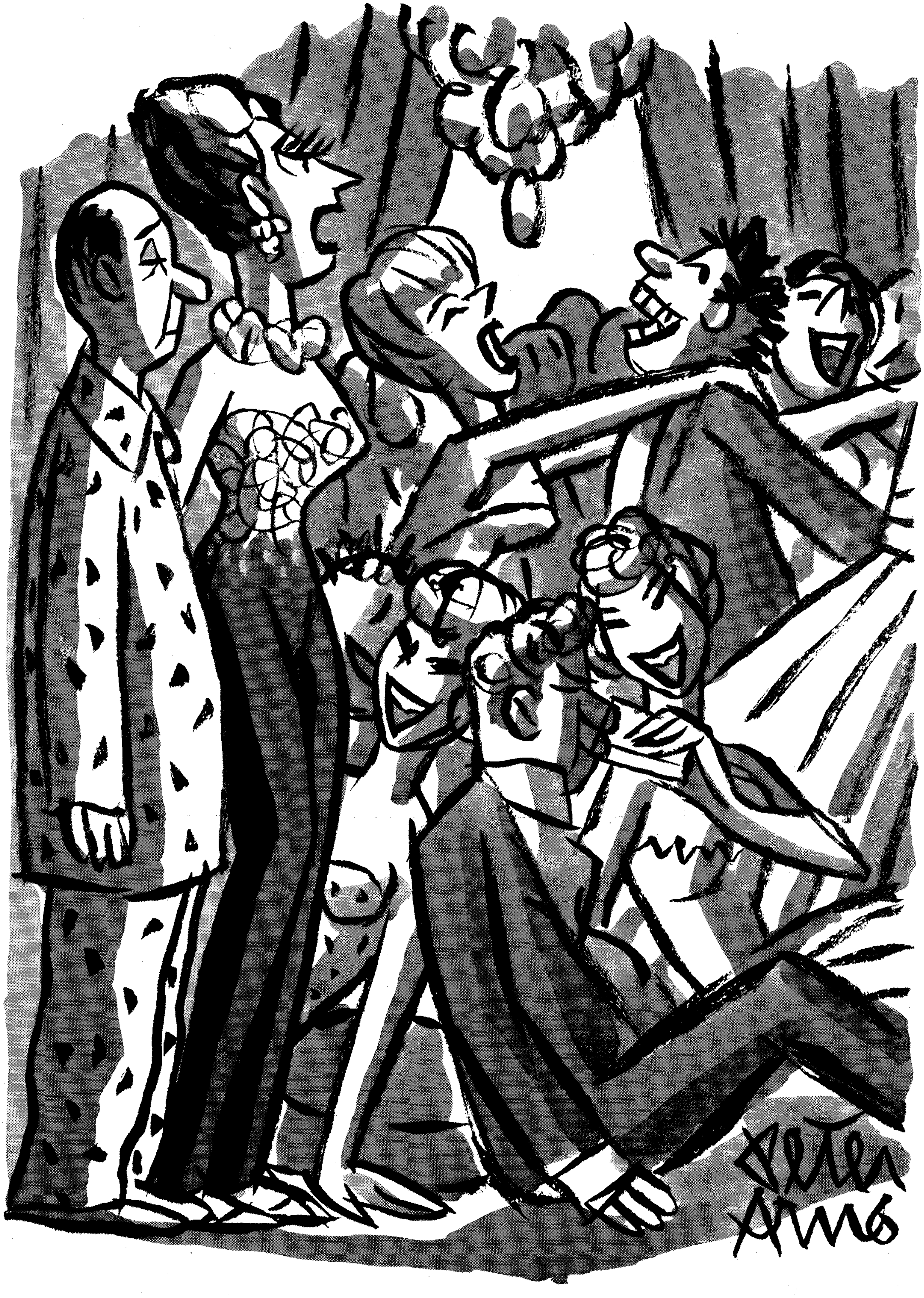
[21] An oblique reference to the Mona Lisa.

[22] I have searched hundreds of records and cannot locate the precise viscount. Gildsley was known to have been in London that evening and he must have dined somewhere, although he loathed maharajas.

[23] Edward VIII. Ah!



"Quiet, everybody! Wallace wants to say good night."

THE ACCIDENT

I

I WAS tired and did not always understand what they were asking me. I borrowed a pencil and wrote:

PETER HIGGINS
CALGARY 1935—ITALY 1956

But there was room for more on the stone, and the English clergyman in this Italian town who was doing all he could for me said, "Is there nothing else, child?" Hadn't Pete been my husband, somebody's son? That was what he was asking. It seemed enough. Pete had renounced us, left us behind. His life-span might matter, if anyone cared, but I must have sensed even then that no one would ever ask me what he had been like. His father once asked me to write down what I remembered. He wanted to compose a memorial booklet and distribute it at Christmas, but then his wife died, too, and he became prudent about recollections. Even if I had wanted to, I couldn't have told much—just one or two things about the way Pete died. His mother had some information about him, and I had some, but never enough to describe a life. She had the complete knowledge that puts parents at a loss, finally: she knew all about him except his opinion of her and how he was with me. They were never equals. She was a grown person with part of a life lived and the habit of secrets before he was conscious of her. She said, later, that she and Pete had been friends. How can you be someone's friend if you have had twenty years' authority over him and he has never had one second's authority over you?

He didn't look like his mother. He looked like me. In Italy, on our wedding trip, we were often taken for brother and sister. Our height, our glasses, our soft myopic stares, our assurance, our sloppy comfortable clothes made us seem to the Italians related and somehow unplaceable. Only a North American could have guessed what our families were, what our education amounted to, and where we had got the money to spend on travelling. Most of the time we were just pie-faces, like the tourists in ads—though we were not as clean as those couples, and not quite as grown-up. We didn't seem to be married: the honeymoon in hotels, in strange beds, the meals we shared in cheap, bright little restaurants prolonged the clandestine quality of love before. It was still a game, but now we had infinite time. I became bold, and I dismissed the universe: "It was a rotten little experiment," I said, "and we were given up long ago." I had been brought up by a forcible, pessimistic, widowed mother, and to be able to say aloud "we were given up" shows how far I had come. Pete's assurance was natural, but mine was fragile, and recent, and had grown out of love. Travelling from another direction, he was much more interested in his parents than in God. There was a glorious treason in all our conversations now. Pete wondered about his parents, but I felt safer belittling Creation. My mother had let me know about the strength of the righteous; I still thought the skies would fall if I said too much.

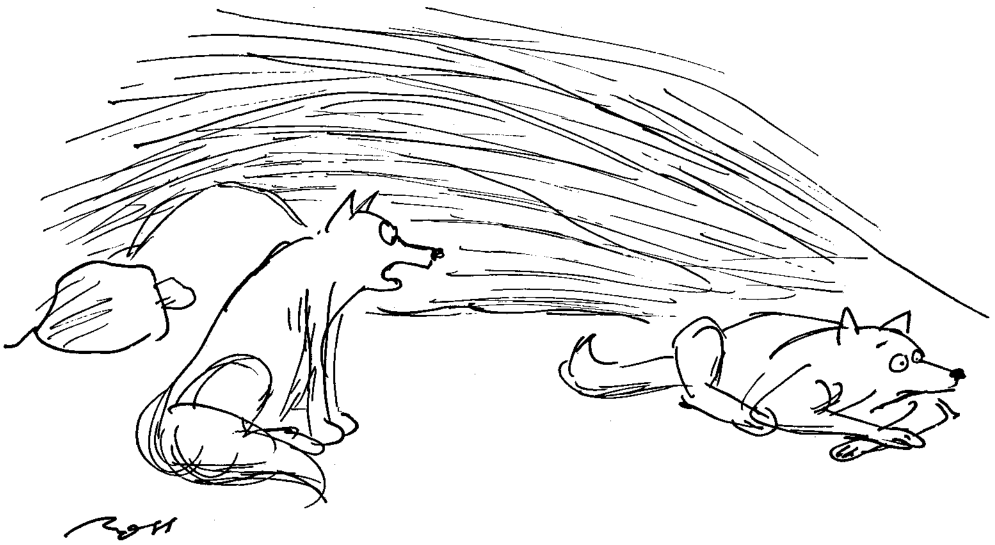
What struck me about these secret exchanges was how we judged our parents from a distance now, as if they were people we had known on a visit. The idea that he and I could be natural siblings crossed my mind. What if I, or Pete, or both, had been adopted? We had been raised in different parts of Canada, but we were only children, and neither of us resembled our supposed parents. Watching him, trapping him almost in mannerisms I could claim, I saw my habit of sprawling, of spreading maps and newspapers on the ground. He had a vast appetite for bread and pastries and sweet desserts. He was easily drunk and easily sick. Yes, we were alike. We talked in hotel rooms, while we drank the drink of the place, the *grappa* or wine or whatever we were given, prone across the bed, the bottle and glasses and the ashtray on the floor. We agreed to live openly, without secrets, though neither of us knew what a secret was. I admired him as I could never have admired myself. I remembered how my mother, the keeper of the castle until now, had said that one day—one treeless, sunless day—real life would overtake me, and then I would realize how spoiled and silly I had always been.

The longest time he and I spent together in one place was three days, in a village up behind the Ligurian coast. I thought that the only success of my life, my sole achievement, would be this marriage. In a dream he came to me with the plans for a house. I saw the white lines on the blue paper, and he showed me the sunny Italian-style loggia that would be built. "It is not quite what we want," he said, "but better than anything we have now." "But we can't afford it, we haven't got the capital," I cried, and I panicked, and woke: woke safe, in a room of which the details were dawn, window, sky, first birds of morning, and Pete still sleeping, still in the dark.

II

THE last Italian town of our journey was nothing—just a black beach with sand like soot, and houses shut and dormant because it was the middle of the afternoon. We had come here from our village only to change trains. We were on our way to Nice, then Paris, then home. We left our luggage at the station, with a porter looking after it, and we drifted through empty, baking streets, using up the rest of a roll of film. By now we must have had hundreds of pictures of each other in market squares, next to oleanders, cut in two by broomstick shade, or backed up, squinting, against scaly noonday shutters. Pete now chose to photograph a hotel with a cat on the step, a policeman, and a souvenir stand, as if he had never seen such things in Canada—as if they were monuments. I never once heard him say anything was ugly or dull; for if it was, what were we doing with it? We were often stared at, for we were out of our own background and did not fit into the new. That day, I was eyed more than he was. I was watched by men talking in dark doorways, leaning against the façades of inhospitable shops. I was travelling in shorts and a shirt and rope-soled shoes. I know now that this costume was resented, but I don't know why. There was nothing indecent about my clothes. They were very like Pete's.

He may not have noticed the men. He was always on the lookout for something to photograph, or something to do, and sometimes he missed people's faces. On the steep street that led back to the railway station, he took a careful picture of a bakery, and he bought crescent-shaped bread with a soft, pale crust, and ate it there, on the street. He wasn't hungry; it was a question of using time. Now the closed shutters broke out in the afternoon, and girls appeared—girls with thick hair, smelling of jasmine and honeysuckle. They strolled hand in hand, in light stockings and clean white shoes. Their dresses—blue, lemon, the palest peach—bloomed over rustling petticoats. At home I'd have called them cheap, and made a face at their cheap perfume, but here, in their own place, they were enravishing, and I thought



"What's happened to you? You used to enjoy running with the pack."

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Pete would look at them and at me and compare; but all he remarked was "How do they stand those clothes on a day like this?" So real life, the grey noon with no limits, had not yet begun. I distrusted real life, for I knew nothing about it. It was the middle-aged world without feeling, where no one was loved.

Bored with his bread, he tossed it away and laid his hands on a white Lambretta propped against the curb. He pulled it upright, examining it. He committed two crimes in a second: wasted bread and touched an adored mechanical object belonging to someone else. I knew these were crimes later, when it was no use knowing, no good to either of us. The steering of the Lambretta was locked. He saw a bicycle then, belonging, he thought, to an old man who was sitting in a kitchen chair out on the pavement. "This all right with you?" Pete pointed to the bike, then himself, then down the hill. With a swoop of his hand he tried to show he would come straight back. His pantomime also meant that there was still time before we had to be on the train, that up at the station there was nothing to do, that eating bread, taking pictures of shops, riding a bike downhill and walking it back were all doing, using up your life; yes, it was a matter of living.

The idling old man Pete had spoken to bared his gums. Pete must have taken this for a smile. Later, the old man, who was not the owner of the bike or of anything except the fat sick dog at his feet, said he had cried "Thief!" but I never heard him. Pete tossed me his camera and I saw him glide, then rush away, past the girls who smelled of jasmine, past the bakery, down to the corner, where a policeman in white, under a parasol, spread out one arm and flexed the other and blew hard on a whistle. Pete was standing, as if he were trying to coast to a stop. I saw things meaningless now—for instance that the sun was sifted through leaves. There were trees we hadn't noticed. Under the leaves he seemed under water. A black car, a submarine with Belgian plates, parked at an angle, stirred to life. I saw sunlight deflected from six points on the paint. My view became discomposed, as if the sea were suddenly black and opaque and had splashed up over the policeman and the road, and I screamed, "He's going to open the door!" Everyone said later that I was mistaken, for why would the Belgian have started the motor, pulled out, and *then* flung open the door? He had stopped near a change office; perhaps he had forgotten his sunglasses, or a receipt. He started, stopped abruptly, hurled back the door. I saw that, and then I saw him driving away. No one had taken his number.

Strangers made Pete kneel and then stand, and they dusted the bicycle. They forced him to walk—where? Nobody wanted him. Into a pharmacy, finally. In a parrot's voice he said to the policeman, "Don't touch my elbow." The pharmacist said, "He can't stay here," for Pete was vomiting, but weakly—a weak coughing, like an infant's. I was in a crowd of about twenty people, a spectator with two cameras round my neck. In kind somebody's living room, Pete was placed on a couch with a cushion under his head and another under his dangling arm. The toothless old man turned up now, panting, with his waddling dog, and cried that we had a common thief there before us, and everyone listened and marvelled until the old man spat on the carpet and was turned out.

When I timidly touched Pete, trying to wipe his face with a crumpled Kleenex (all I had), he thought I was one of the strangers. His mouth was a purple color, as if he had been in icy water. His eyes looked at me, but he was not looking out.

"Ambulance," said a doctor who had been fetched by the policeman. He spoke loudly and slowly, dealing with idiots.

"Yes," I heard, in English. "We must have an ambulance."

Everyone now inspected me. I was, plainly, responsible for something. For walking around the streets in shorts? Wasting bread? Conscious of my sweaty hair, my bare legs, my lack of Italian—my nakedness—I began explaining the true error of the day: "The train has gone, and all our things are on it. Our luggage. We've been staying up in that village—oh, what's the name of it, now? Where they make the white wine. I can't remember, no, I can't remember where we've been. I could find it, I could take you there; I've just forgotten what it's called. We were down here waiting for the train. To Nice. We had lots of time. The porter took our things and said he'd put them on the train for us. He said the train would wait here, at the border, that it waited a long time. He was supposed to meet us at the place where you show your ticket. I guess for an extra tip. The train must have gone now. My purse is in the duffelbag up at the the . . . I'll look in my husband's wallet. Of course that is my husband! Our passports must be on the train, too. Our traveller's checks are in our luggage, his and mine. We were just walking round taking pictures instead of sitting up there in the station. Anyway, there was no place to sit—only the bar, and it was smelly and dark."

No one believed a word of this, of course. Would you give your clothes, your passport, your traveller's checks to a porter? A man you had never seen in your life before? A bandit disguised as a porter, with a stolen cap on his head?

"You could not have taken that train without showing your passport," a careful foreign voice objected.

"What are you two, anyway?" said the man from the change office. His was a tough, old-fashioned movie-American accent. He was puffy-eyed and small, but he seemed superior to us, for he wore an impeccable shirt. Pete, on the sofa, looked as if he had been poisoned, or stepped on. "What are you?" the man from the change office said again. "Students? Americans? No? What, then? Swedes?"

I saw what the doctor had been trying to screen from me: a statue's marble eye.

The tourist who spoke the careful foreign English said, "Be careful of the pillows."

"What? What?" screamed the put-upon person who owned them.

"Blood is coming out of his ears," said the tourist, halting between words. "That is a bad sign." He seemed to search his memory for a better English word. "An *unfortunate* sign," he said, and put his hand over his mouth.

III

Pete's father and mother flew from Calgary when they had my cable. They made flawless arrangements by telephone, and knew exactly what to bring. They had a sunny room looking onto rusty palms and a strip of beach about a mile from where the accident had been. I sat against one of the windows and told them what I thought I remembered. I looked at the white walls, the white satin bedspreads, at Mrs. Higgins' spotless dressing case, and finally down at my hands.

His parents had not understood, until now, that ten days had gone by since Pete's death.

"What have you been doing, dear, all alone?" said Mrs. Higgins, gently.

"Just waiting, after I cabled you." They seemed to be expecting more. "I've been to the movies," I said.

From this room we could hear the shrieks of children playing on the sand.

"Are they orphans?" asked Mrs. Higgins, for they were little girls, dressed alike, with soft pink sun hats covering their heads.

"It seems to be a kind of summer camp," I said. "I was wondering about them, too."

"It would make an attractive picture," said Pete's mother, after a pause. "The blue sea, and the nuns, and all those bright hats. It would look nice in a dining room."

They were too sick to reproach me. My excuse for not having told them sooner was that I hadn't been thinking, and they didn't ask me for it. I could only repeat what seemed important now. "I don't want to go back home just yet" was an example. I was already in the future, which must have hurt them. "I have a girl friend in the Embassy in Paris. I can stay with her." I scarcely moved my lips. They had to strain to hear. I held still, looking down at my fingers. I was very brown, sun streaks in my hair, more graceful than at my wedding, where I knew they had found me maladroit—a great lump of a Camp Fire Girl. That was how I had seen myself in my father-in-law's eyes. Extremes of shock had brought me near some ideal they had of prettiness. I appeared now much more the kind of girl they'd have wanted as Pete's wife.

So they had come for nothing. They were not to see him, or bury him, or fetch home his bride. All I had to show them was a still unlabelled grave.

When I dared look at them, I saw their way of being was not Pete's. Neither had his soft selective stare. Mr. Higgins' eyes were a fanatic blue. He was thin and sunburned and unused to nonsense. Summer and winter he travelled with his wife in climates that were bad for her skin. She had the fair, papery coloring that requires constant vigilance. All this I knew because of Pete.

They saw his grave at the best time of day, in the late afternoon, with the light at a slant. The cemetery was in a valley between two plaster towns. A flash of the sea was visible, a corner of ultramarine. They saw a stone wall covered with roses, pink and white and near-white, open, without secrets. The hiss of traffic on the road came to us, softer than rain; then true rain came down, and we ran to our waiting taxi through a summer storm. Later they saw the station where Pete had left our luggage but never come back. Like Pete—as Pete had intended to—they were travelling to Nice. Under a glass shelter before the station I paused and said, "That was where it happened, down there." I pointed with my white glove. I was not as elegant as Mrs. Higgins, but I was not a source of embarrassment. I wore gloves, stockings, shoes.

The steep street under rain was black as oil. Everything was reflected upside down. The neon signs of the change office and the pharmacy swam deeply in the pavement.

"I'd like to thank the people who were so kind," said Mrs. Higgins. "Is there time? Shirley, I suppose you got their names?"

"Nobody was kind," I said.

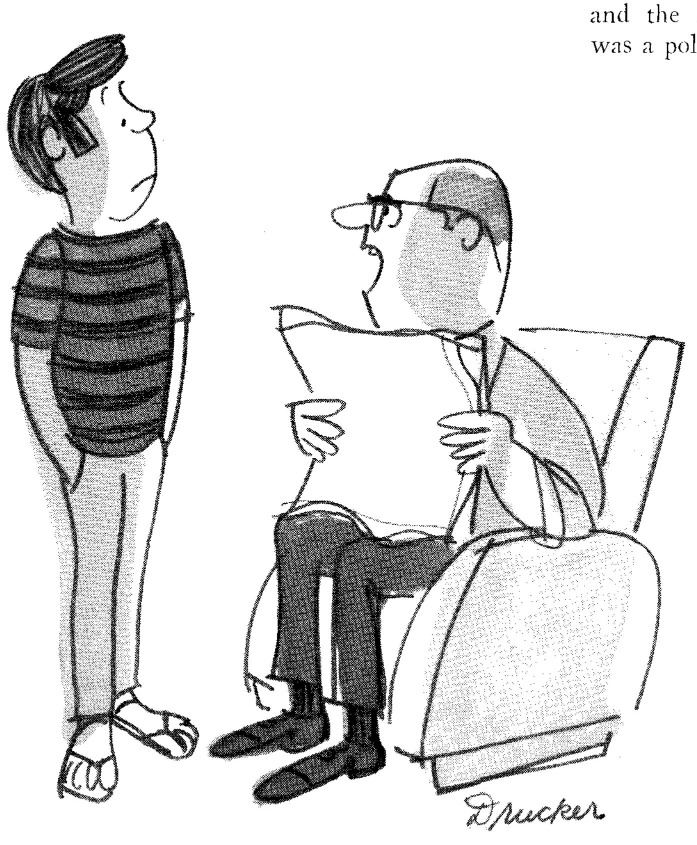
"Shirley! We've met the doctor, and the minister, but you said there was a policeman, and a Dutch gentleman, and a lady—you were in this lady's living room."

"They were all there, but no one was kind."

"The bike's paid for?" asked Mr. Higgins suddenly.

"Yes. I paid. And I paid for having the sofa cushions cleaned."

What sofa cushions? What was I talking about? They seemed petrified, under the glass shelter, out of the rain. They could not take their eyes away from the place I had said was *there*. They never blamed me, never by a word or a hidden meaning. I had explained, more than once, how the porter that day had not put our bags on the train after all but had stood waiting at the customs barrier, wondering what had become of us. I told them how I had found everything intact—passports and



"I'll tell you what I did when they drafted me. I took the bull by the horns, and I went!"

checks and maps and sweaters and shoes . . . They could not grasp the importance of it. They knew that Pete had chosen me, and gone away with me, and they never saw him again. An unreliable guide had taken them to a foreign graveyard and told them, without evidence, that now he was there.

"I still don't see how anyone could have thought Pete was stealing," said his mother. "What would Pete have wanted with someone's old bike?"

THEY were flying home from Nice. They loathed Italy now, and they had a special aversion to the sunny room where I had described Pete's death. We three sat in the restaurant at the airport, and they spoke quietly, considerately, because the people at the table next to ours were listening to a football match on a portable radio.

I closed my hand into a fist and let it rest on the table. I imagined myself at home, saying to my mother, "All right, real life has begun. What's your next prophecy?"

I was not flying with them. I was seeing them off. Mrs. Higgins sat poised and prepared in her linen coat, with her large handbag, and her cosmetics and airsickness tablets in her dressing case, and her diamond maple leaf so she wouldn't be mistaken for an American, and her passport ready to be shown to anyone. Pale gloves lay folded over the clasp of the dressing case. "You'll want to go to your own people, I know," she said. "But you have a home with us. You mustn't forget it." She paused. I said nothing, and so she continued, "What are you going to do, dear? I mean, after you have visited your friend. You mustn't be lonely."

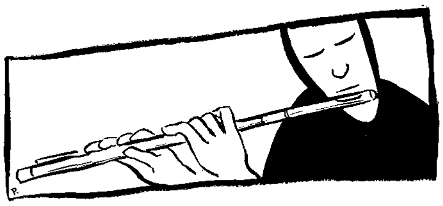
I muttered whatever seemed sensible. "I'll have to get a job. I've never had one and I don't know anything much. I can't even type—not properly." Again they gave me this queer impression of expecting something more. What did they want? "Pete said it was no good learning anything if you couldn't type. He said it was the only useful thing he could do."

In the eyes of his parents was the same wound. I had told them something about him they hadn't known.

"Well, I understand," said his mother, presently. "At least, I think I do."

They imagine I want to be near the grave, I supposed. They think that's why I'm staying on the same side of the world. Pete and I had been waiting for a train; now I had taken it without him. I was waiting again. Even if I were to visit the cemetery every day, he would never speak. His last words had not been for me but to a policeman. He would have said something to me, surely, if everyone hadn't been in such a hurry to get him out of the way. His mind was quenched, and his body out of sight. "You don't love with your soul," I had cried to the old clergyman at the funeral—an offensive remark, judging from the look on his face as he turned it aside. Now I was careful. The destination of a soul was of no interest. The death of a voice—now, that was real. The Dutchman suddenly covering his mouth was horror, and a broken elbow was true pain. But I was careful; I kept this to myself.

"You're our daughter now," Pete's father said. "I don't think I want you to have to worry about a job. Not yet." Mr. Higgins happened to know my family's exact status. My father had not left us well off, and my mother had given everything she owned to a sect that did not believe in blood transfusions. She expected the end of the world, and would not eat an egg unless she had first met the hen. That was Mr. Higgins' view.



"Shirley must work if that's what she wants to do," Mrs. Higgins said softly.

"I do want to!" I imagined myself, that day, in a river of people pouring into subways.

"I'm fixing something up for you, just the same," said Mr. Higgins hurriedly, as if he would not be interrupted by women.

Mrs. Higgins allowed her pale forehead to wrinkle, under her beige veil. Was it not better to struggle and to work, she asked. Wasn't that real life? Would it not keep Shirley busy, take her mind off her loss, her disappointment, her tragedy, if you like (though "tragedy" was not an acceptable way of looking at fate), if she had to think about her daily bread?

"The allowance I'm going to make her won't stop her from working," he said. "I was going to set something up for the kids anyway."

She seemed to approve; she had questioned him only out of some prudent system of ethics.

He said to me, "I always have to remember I could go any minute, just like that. I've got a heart." He tapped it—tapped his light suit. "Meantime you better start with this." He gave me the envelope that had been close to his heart until now. He seemed diffident, made ashamed by money, and by death, but it was he and not his wife who had asked if there was a hope that Pete had left a child. No, I had told him.

IF A BODER MEET A BODER, NEED A BODER CRY? YES.

I haven't much faith in bodings; I think that all bodings are daft bodings.
Forebodings are bad enough, but deliver me from aftbodings.
Aftbodings are what too many of us suffer from subsequent to making decisions even of the most inconsequential and niggling.
Aftbodings prevent people in restaurants from enjoying their haunch of venison, because they keep wondering if they shouldn't have ordered the roast crackling suckling pigling.
Aftbodings are what women are constantly up to their midriffs amid,
Because they are always afraid that the hats or dresses they didn't buy are more becoming than the ones they did.
Aftbodings trouble the young executive who has opted for a Martini instead of a Bloody Mary, and plague the rascally artist who too late feels that he should have forged that Gainsborough instead of this Romney.
Aftbodings are the major cause of insomny.
Consider the lines "Of all sad words . . . the saddest are these: 'It might have been!,' " whittled by J. G. Whittier;
As an example of aftboding, what could be prettier?
Indeed, I deem this an example of aftboding *in excelsis*,
Because J. G. Whittier wasn't even boding after his own decision but somebody else's.
I myself am more and more inclined to agree with Omar and with Satchel Paige as I grow older:
Don't try to rewrite what the moving finger has writ, and don't ever look over your shoulder.

—OGDEN NASH

• •

I had wondered, too, but now I was sure. "Then Shirley is all we've got left," he had said to his wife, and I thought they seemed bankrupt, having nothing but me.

"If that's a check on a bank at home, it might take too long to clear," said his wife. "After all Shirley's been through, she needs a fair-sized sum right away."

"She's had that, Betty," said Mr. Higgins, smiling.

I had lived this: three round a table, the smiling parents. Pete had said, "They smile, they go on talking. You wonder what goes on."

"How you manage everything you do without a secretary with you all the time I just don't know," said his wife, all at once admiring him.

"You've been saying that for twenty-two years," he said.

"Twenty-three, now."

With this the conversation came to an end and they sat staring, puzzled, not overcome by life but suddenly lost to it, out of touch. The photograph Pete carried of his mother, that was in his wallet when he died, had been taken before her marriage, with a felt hat all to one side, and an organdie collar, and Ginger Rogers hair. It was easier to imagine Mr. Higgins young—a young Gary Cooper. My father-in-law's blue gaze rested on me now. Never in a million years would he have picked me as a daughter-in-law. I knew that; I understood. Pete was part of him, and Pete, with all the girls he had to choose from, had chosen me. When Mr. Higgins met my mother at the wedding, he thanked God, and was overheard being thankful, that the wedding was not in Calgary. Remembering my mother that day, with her glasses on her nose and a strange borrowed hat on her head, and recalling Mr. Higgins' face, I thought of words that would keep me from laughing. I found, at random, "threesome," "smother," "gambling," "habeas corpus," "sibling." . . .

"How is your mother, Shirley?" said Mrs. Higgins.

"I had a letter. . . . She's working with a pendulum now."

"A pendulum?"

"Yes. A weight on a string, sort of. It makes a diagnosis—whether you've got something wrong with your stomach, if it's an ulcer, or what. She can use it to tell when you're pregnant and if the baby will be a girl or a boy. It depends whether it swings north-south or east-west."

"Can the pendulum tell who the father is?" said Mr. Higgins.

"The trouble with Halloween this time is people are jumpy all year round."

• •

"They are useful for people who are afraid of doctors," said Mrs. Higgins, and she fingered her neat gloves, and smiled to herself. "Someone who won't hear the truth from a doctor will listen to any story from a woman with a pendulum or a piece of crystal."

"Or a stone that changes color," I said. "My mother had one of those. When our spaniel had mastoids it turned violet."

She glanced at me then, and caught in her breath, but her husband, by a certain amount of angry fidgeting, made us change the subject. That was the one moment she and I were close to each other—something to do with quirky female humor.

Mr. Higgins did not die of a heart attack, as he had confidently expected, but a few months after this Mrs. Higgins said to her maid in the kitchen, "I've got a terrible pain in my head. I'd better lie down." Pete's father wrote, "She knew what the matter was, but she never said. Typical." I inherited a legacy and some jewelry from her, and wondered why. I had been careless about writing. I could not write the kind of letters she seemed to want. How could I write to someone I hardly knew about someone else who did not exist? Mr. Higgins married the widow of one of his closest friends—a woman six years older than he. They travelled to Europe for their wedding trip. I had a temporary job as an interpreter in a department store. When my father-in-law saw me in a neat suit, with his name, HIGGINS, fastened to my jacket, he seemed to approve. He was the only person then who did not say that I was wasting my life and my youth and ought to go home. The new Mrs. Higgins asked to be taken to an English-speaking hairdresser, and there, under the roaring dryer, she yelled that Mr. Higgins may not have been Pete's father. Perhaps he had been, perhaps he hadn't, but one thing he was, and that was a saint. She came out from under the helmet and said in a normal voice, "Martin doesn't know I dye my hair." I wondered if he had always wanted this short, fox-colored woman. The new marriage might for years have been in the maquis of his mind, and of Mrs. Higgins' life. She may have known it as she sat in the airport that day, smiling to herself, touching her unstained gloves. Mr. Higgins had drawn up a new way of life, like a clean will with everyone he loved cut out. I was trying to draw up a will, too, but I was patient, waiting, waiting for someone to tell me what to write. He spoke of Pete conventionally, in a sentimental way that forbade any feeling. Talking that way was easier for both of us. We were both responsible for something—for surviving, perhaps. Once he turned to me and said defiantly, "Well, she and Pete are together now, aren't they? And didn't they leave us here?" —MAVIS GALLANT

REFLECTIONS

HALF OUT OF OUR TREE

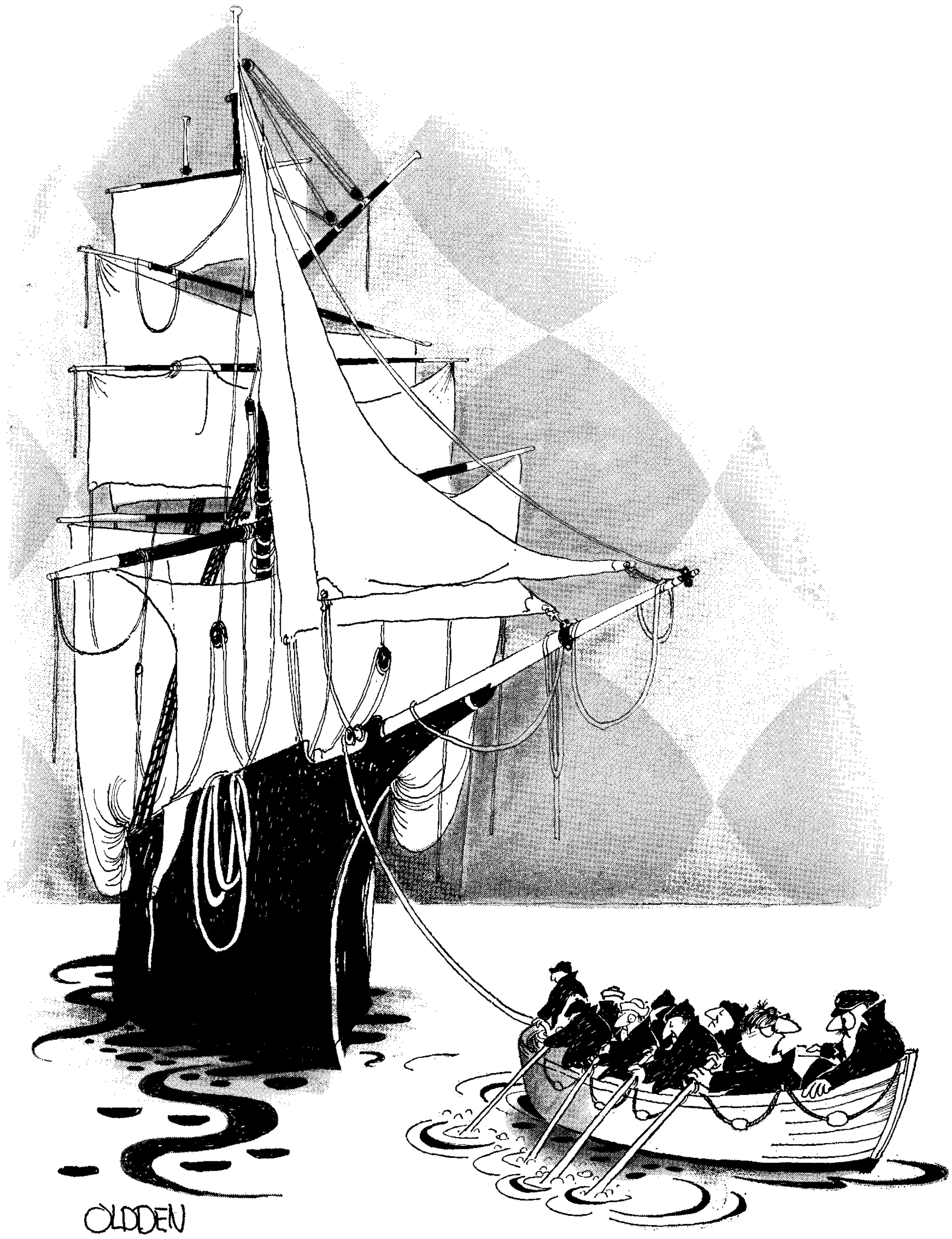
This is not 1948; LBJ is not Harry Truman; and Vietnam is not Korea.
—*From an editorial in the New Republic, September 30, 1967.*

SO say the liberal doves—or at least some among them who were adult and articulate in 1948 and 1950 and who must somehow square past and present. The younger dissidents need not trouble their minds or their consciences about what went on in the Dark Ages, but those over thirty-five or forty must in one way or another confront certain moral, political, and intellectual problems created for them by the views they held two decades ago. Consistency may be a mean virtue, but many people prize it highly and go to remarkable lengths to show others and themselves that they possess it.

It is always easier to deny than to establish the validity of any given historical analogy. If history really repeated itself, its study would be at once boring and terrifying. But analogy can have a limited validity and can, like metaphor, yield and enrich insights. Moreover, where a denial is so flat and emphatic, it is advisable to take a close, hard look. Why should anyone insist that "this is not 1948"? People are capable of keeping track of the years without assistance. Why bring up 1948 instead of 1964 or 1952—or, for that matter, 1776? Why not say that Lyndon Johnson isn't Calvin Coolidge or the Shah of Iran, and that the war in Vietnam isn't the Mexican War or the Wars of the Roses? Clearly, the two years, the two men, and the two sets of events that are mentioned together have, or appear to have, something in common. There is, as it happens, one quite striking way in which Presidential politics today very much resembles the Presidential politics of 1948. Then, as now, many liberal Democrats wished very much to be rid of a liberal Democratic President. Though in the end most of them probably voted for Harry Truman against Thomas E. Dewey, a few supported that year's "peace" candidate—Henry A. Wallace, who had recently resigned the editorship of the *New Republic*—and others, early in the year, had made strenuous efforts to get the Democratic Party to dump Truman and name as its candidate the then Chief of Staff of the United States Army, Dwight D. Eisenhower. (Improbable as it sounds, General Eisenhower might be described as the Robert Kennedy of 1948. General Eisenhower declined to become involved, although it is said that when he was approached on this matter by some leaders of Americans for Democratic Action, his response was that he would consider accepting the Democratic nomination if he could get the Republican one as well.) True, the motives of the 1948 liberals were quite different from those that spur today's liberals into disowning Johnson and contemplating support for a conservative Republican, provided he is less of a hawk than the President. The dump-Truman people did not hate the then President, they merely scorned him and feared that the Democratic Party could not win with him; what the dump-Johnson people fear is precisely the opposite—a Democratic victory that would keep the despised incumbent in office. The dump-Truman people, like everyone else, believed the opinion polls, and they didn't want to be stuck with a loser; the dump-Johnson liberals, also with an eye on the polls, don't want to be stuck with a winner.

"LBJ is not Harry Truman." In many ways, the two men are as different as John F. Kennedy and William Howard Taft. Johnson is a consummate politician; Truman was only a persevering one. Truman was as artless as Johnson is artful. Truman was generally candid, and Johnson seems a compulsive dissembler. One could go on. Truman's foreign policy was widely admired and more often than not was successful, but in domestic policy he never got anywhere; Johnson has done quite well with domestic policy, but his foreign policy may lead us all to disaster. Still, Johnson in late 1967 has more in common with Truman in 1948 than the hostility of some of the same liberals. Both were once Democratic senators and Vice-Presidents. Each took office upon the death of a beloved predecessor. Johnson, like Truman, has never been a child of the Establishment. From the Eastern liberals' point of view, both came from the wrong, or South, side of the tracks. Both had meagre, or at least unfashionable, schooling. Both have rather coarse manners and offend by indelicacy of speech. (Liberals, I have no doubt, consider themselves large-minded people, concerned with principles, not personalities. Some are large-minded, others not. If Kennedy had lived, he might at some point have called a halt to the escalation he began. He might even have found a way to get us out of Vietnam altogether. If he had lived and, as seems to me entirely possible, found no better solution than Johnson's, then, of course, he would have faced today much the kind of opposition that Johnson faces. But I cannot help believing that it would have been somewhat less widespread and more restrained against a Commander-in-Chief who was a Harvard man with uncommon wit, intellectual poise, a passion for excellence, and gallantry of manner. Kennedy just might have managed to run a slightly more tasteful and elegant war.) But the relevant thing is that Johnson is, as Truman was, a liberal Democratic President of the United States in serious trouble on almost every front. Though Truman failed where Johnson has more or less succeeded, and vice versa, their policies are very similar, causing them to make the same enemies. Truman astonished everyone—including, I have always believed, himself—by winning in 1948, and the liberals, some of whom now seem to have forgotten that they ever opposed him, were gratified at being spared a Dewey Administration. A year and a half later, we were at war in Korea. There was some opposition to our intervention, but most of it came from isolationists, like Joseph P. Kennedy and Herbert Hoover. Little of it came from the liberals. Wayne Morse, J. William Fulbright, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and J. Kenneth Galbraith all had the public ear in those days, but none of these men were critical of our involvement—and neither, it may be well to say, was I, who now share with them a disapproval of our Vietnam policy. They were in varying degrees enthusiastic in their support of the Korean war, even when General MacArthur, with the full backing of his

American superiors and with a special mandate from the United Nations General Assembly, escalated the war by invading North Korea—a step that is held by most historians to have brought the Chinese into the war. (It was believed by some at the time that the real cause of the Chinese belligerence in Korea was our support of Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa. Before our armies went north, there had been quite explicit—though, of course, ignored—announcements of a Chinese intention of intervening.) There was, to be sure, severe criticism, largely led by liberals, of MacArthur's subsequent politicking for further escalation, but that came after, not before, Administration policy had led to a greatly widened war. MacArthur's original move north—surely analogous to an invasion of North Vietnam today—was regarded as an altogether legitimate pursuit of altogether legitimate war aims.



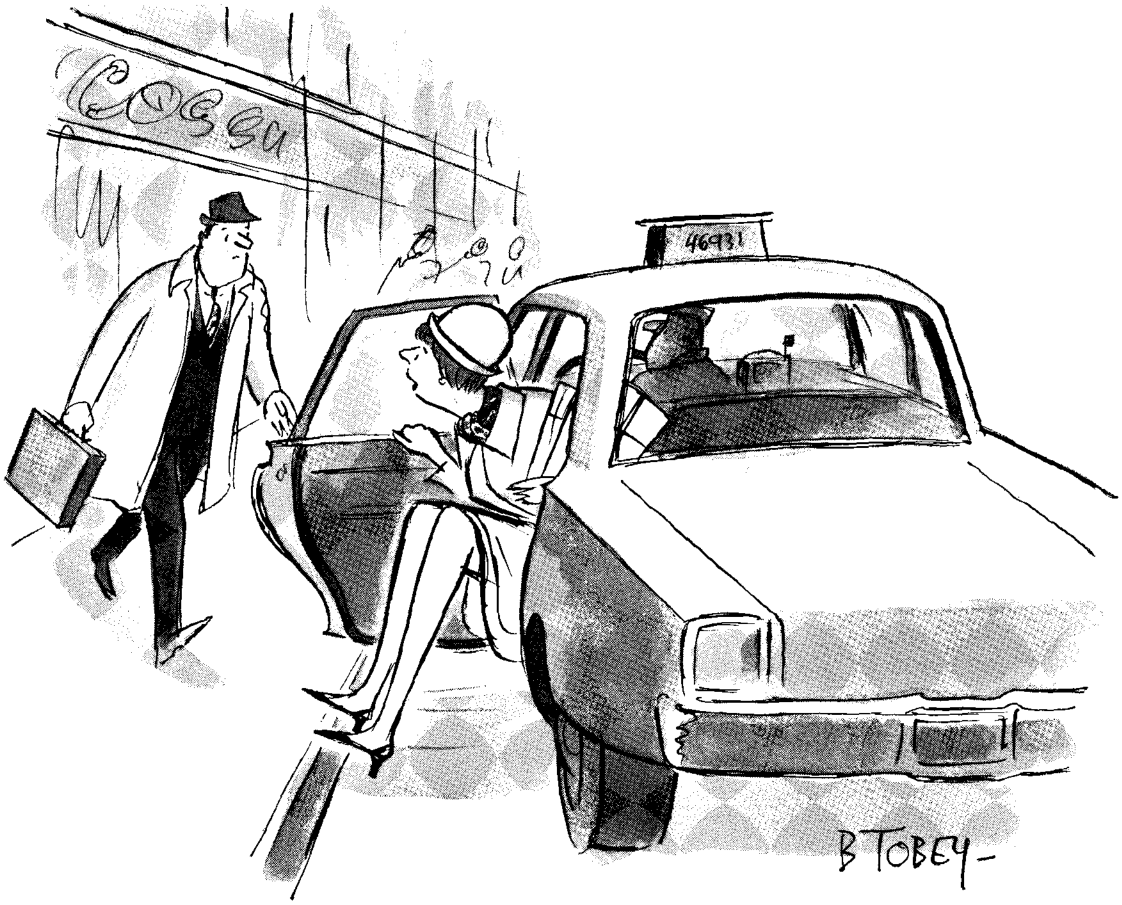
"For a windjammer, you sure picked a lemon."

"Vietnam is not Korea." They are two thousand miles apart and considerably different in climate, terrain, and demography. Both, however, are relatively small and underdeveloped Asian countries partitioned into a Communist North and a non-Communist South by international agreements in the making of which they had no voice. Both abut China, both are peninsular, and both have long histories of colonial occupation and oppression. Each has been the site of large-scale warfare, with the United States in each case intervening to assist the anti-Communist government of the Southern region, and with China assisting—on a very large scale in Korea and on what is still a small scale in Vietnam—the Communist regime in the North. There are other parallels and, of course, many divergencies. Of the latter, all but one—the very different relationships of Korea in 1950 and Vietnam today to Soviet and Chinese power—seem to me to bear only tangentially on the soundness of our present policy and the consistency of liberal thinking. In any consideration of these matters, we must, I think, begin with the incontrovertible fact that the two countries are on the same continent. In both cases, United States policy toward Asia has been at issue. This has been the key to the thinking of one American liberal, Walter Lippmann, who would have no difficulty in finding in the public record proof positive of his own consistency. Long before we became involved in the Korean war, Lippmann was arguing that this country had no business whatever deploying its troops on the mainland of Asia. At the time of Korea, he said that we should be involved, if at all, only as a sea and air power, and he has been saying the same thing about Vietnam for several years. In this, he is only invoking an established (though perhaps today disestablished) American doctrine, and, as a matter of fact, that doctrine was briefly in force even after President Truman and his advisers had committed us to the defense of South Korea on June 25, 1950. Though it tends to be forgotten now, those who—in Blair House, on that important date—agreed that we ought to intervene had in mind giving the South Koreans only such support as our Navy and Air Force could supply. And for three days that was all we gave. It was not until President Truman was personally assured that General MacArthur, who had been up to then a leading member of the Lippmann school (he had once said that anyone who advocated the use of our ground forces in Asia "ought to have his head examined"), had changed his mind that he assented to the historic shift in policy. In Vietnam we have again tested the wisdom of the doctrine abandoned seventeen years ago, and to some its continuing essential soundness has again been demonstrated. But a much larger question is whether we have any business entering any Asian wars with any kind of American power. It is difficult to see how anyone could maintain that it was morally right to enter the one Asian war in 1950 and is morally wrong to be in the other one today. A more valid argument can be offered on the ground that what makes the one intervention defensible and the other indefensible is that in the interval between the two wars what we once called "international Communism" has been shown to be nonexistent. What in 1950 appeared to be "monolithic" is now revealed as "polycentric." This is an enormously important and highly relevant development, but it does not really alter the basic question of what our role in Asia should be. Even if no Communist powers had been involved in either case, or if the ally of one Northern regime had been Communist and the ally of the other had been anti-Communist, it would still be necessary to decide how much responsibility this country should assume for a balance of power in Asia.

Do we, as a people, have any morally or politically legitimate concern with the political order in Asia? If we say no—or say perhaps, but not to the point of using force—then we simply have to ask ourselves what on earth we were doing in Korea seventeen years ago, and even what we were fighting the Japanese about twenty-five years ago. (It will not do to say that they attacked us at Pearl Harbor. That would not have happened if our foreign policy had not seemed a threat to theirs.) For, beyond all the talk about Fascism and imperialism and Communism and democracy and self-determination, the basic reality is that, for bad reasons or good, the United States has increasingly, through most of this century, been throwing its weight around in Asia to create or maintain a political order that several American governments have decided is best for the United States and possibly best for Asia. I happen to think we would all be far better off if this decision had never been taken by anyone, but it was taken—and not by Lyndon Johnson in late 1963 or early 1964. The balance of power—that is what our three Asian wars have been about, and we might as well state the rest of this proposition, which is that this is what all foreign policy is and almost always has been about. If we ask ourselves why we shouldn't leave the balance of power in Asia to the Asians, we might as well reopen the question of whether we have, or ever had, any business messing about with the balance of power in Europe or anywhere else in the world or the cosmos. I can think of several quite compelling arguments for having different European and Asian policies, but I cannot see how the war in Vietnam can be regarded as some new and lamentable departure from established policy. Rather, it appears to me an application of established policy that has miscarried so dreadfully that we must begin examining not just the case at hand but the whole works. If this is where our foreign policy lands us, then we had better settle among ourselves whether the policy is, or ever was, any good, and even whether we ought to have any foreign policy at all.

"A Margarita! Look, Mac, are you trying to start something?"

For most liberals, the real clincher is that, as they see it now, in Korea we opposed an act of clear and premeditated aggression carried out by an army crossing an international boundary and seeking to annex by force the territory on the other side, whereas in Vietnam we are interfering in what is essentially a civil war, with the forces we oppose consisting of indigenous rebels. There is something in this, but, in my view, very little, and nothing, certainly, to destroy the strength of the analogy. In Korea, it was plainly a matter of troops from the North marching into the South. The people in the Southern war zones seemed to feel very little sympathy for the invaders, whereas in Vietnam the Vietcong guerrillas and, possibly to a lesser extent, the regulars from the North have a good deal of



"Sorry. I'm getting in."

support. But this hardly demonstrates that one is a civil war and the other was not. Koreans fought Koreans in Korea, as Vietnamese are fighting Vietnamese in Vietnam. In each case, the issue was control of the Southern territory and unification of the country. In each case, the contested area has been part of the homeland of people with a more or less common history. Indeed, one can argue that the partition of Vietnam into Northern and Southern regions has greater historical justification than the similar partition of Korea. Many historians maintain that the cultural and political differences between North and South in Vietnam are large and ancient ones, difficult to resolve under one government. "By 1620," according to John T. McAlister, Jr., a Princeton authority on Southeast Asia, writing in *World Politics* for January, 1967, "the system had succumbed to regional pressures, and Vietnam had become divided into two warring states, literally separated by a wall built across the width of the country at the eighteenth parallel near the town of Dong Hoi, north of Hué." This seventeenth-century anti-infiltration barrier, McAlister goes on, was "constructed by the leaders of the southern faction, the Nguyen family, [and] rose to a height of eighteen feet. . . . [In] 1672 it proved strong enough to withstand a major military test by the northern faction under the generalship of the Trinh family." Korea had known partitions since 108 B.C. Nevertheless, Edwin O. Reischauer writes that it "is a more homogeneous national unit than are most of the countries of South Asia." As for the "boundary" at the Thirty-eighth Parallel in Korea, though it had been proposed as a line of demarcation between Russian and Japanese spheres of influence following the war in 1905, the State Department used to describe it as a "fortuitous line resulting from the exigencies of war." Secretary of State James Byrnes had in 1947 called it "a military convenience." In any event, Americans should be the last people to say that a civil war is not a civil war when it is primarily regional in character or can more or less accurately be described as a War Between the States.

In his forthcoming "Memoirs: 1925-1950," George F. Kennan, who was director of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff until late in 1949, writes of Korea, "This was, finally, a civil conflict, not an international one; and the term 'aggression' in the usual international sense was as misplaced here as it was to be later in the case of Vietnam." Kennan nevertheless approved our intervention—indeed, thought it an inescapable duty. Until the end of the war, Korea had been a Japanese colony. We accepted the Japanese surrender in the Southern zone. But in 1950, he says, "There was as yet no peace treaty with Japan to define [Korea's] future status. We had accepted the responsibilities of military occupation in South Korea, and the fact that we had withdrawn our own combat forces did not mean, in the continued absence of a Japanese peace treaty, that these responsibilities were terminated. We had a perfect right to intervene, on the basis of our position as occupying power, to assure the preservation of order in this territory." Here is a distinction between the two wars that is also an important difference. Kennan—who, incidentally, opposed the bombing of North Korea, as today he opposes the bombing of North Vietnam—felt that we should have gone ahead in Korea without bringing in the United Nations, whose involvement, as he saw it, itself became a cause of heightened tensions. Most of today's older doves, however, maintain that the backing of the U.N. gave the earlier war the legitimacy that the present one lacks. Few things about the situation in which we now find ourselves should give us more concern than the fact that today we clearly do not enjoy the good opinion of much of mankind. But if the truth is to be told, we didn't enjoy it in the early fifties, either. The U.N. support was largely illusory and came about through dumb luck. The Russians had absentmindedly—and providentially, from our point of view—boycotted the U.N. Security Council, and were thus unable to veto the resolution of support. Had there been a Russian veto, the United States would have gone ahead without U.N. support. We were already in the war. Furthermore, the Security Council resolution was something less than an unequivocal call to arms. It called for a cease-fire and asked U.N. members to "render every assistance" in bring*ing one to pass. In a book on the war* published in 1951 (originally issued as "The General and the President" and reissued in 1965 as "The MacArthur Controversy"), Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and I wrote, "By putting the broadest possible construction on this, the President was able to say that his decision was in furtherance of United Nations policy. This claim gave rise *to a wrangle that still goes on in law* schools." Though Dean Rusk is no doubt right in saying that "the proportion of non-United States forces in South Vietnam is greater than [that of] non-United States forces in Korea," we did have a good deal more approval in 1950 than we have in 1967. But most of it came in the form of talk. Even those nations, like England, that gave us some military assistance were scared stiff that we might lead them into a world war, and kept beseeching us to get out of Korea on the best terms we could—which, in the end, was what we did. The Communist nations and the radical parties everywhere accused us, as they do today, of conducting an imperialist crusade. If the war in Vietnam is in some sense "imperialist," as so many Americans have come to believe, so was the war in Korea. In any event, the ultimate soundness of a policy is *not to be determined by who* supports it and who does not. This is particularly the case when, as in the U.N., the count is of nation states. The fact that a majority of General Assembly members has regularly opposed the admission of mainland China does not lend any moral or political force to the wisdom of mainland China's exclusion. The fact that the Organization of American States voted overwhelming support, *ex post facto*, of the American intervention in the Dominican Republic in 1965 has never been regarded as an acceptable sanction for the dispatch of troops.

"Why, thank you for the compliment, Donald, but I think that will be enough of that."

In Korea, as in Vietnam, our intervention was undertaken on the President's initiative. War was never declared by Congress. Truman lacked even as questionable a mandate as the one that Congress gave Johnson in the 1964 Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. Dean Rusk can lecture congressmen today about our obligations under the SEATO treaty, but the treaty had not even been thought of in Dean Acheson's day. Yet I pick up an anti-war manifesto signed by many people who to my *certain knowledge favored the* Korean intervention and find them saying that because "Congress has not declared a war, as required by the Constitution," the war in Vietnam is "un-Constitutional and illegal." For my part, I would be happy if the Supreme Court ruled the war un-Constitutional next Monday morning. But I cannot imagine a theory of the war or of the Constitution that would hold our pres-

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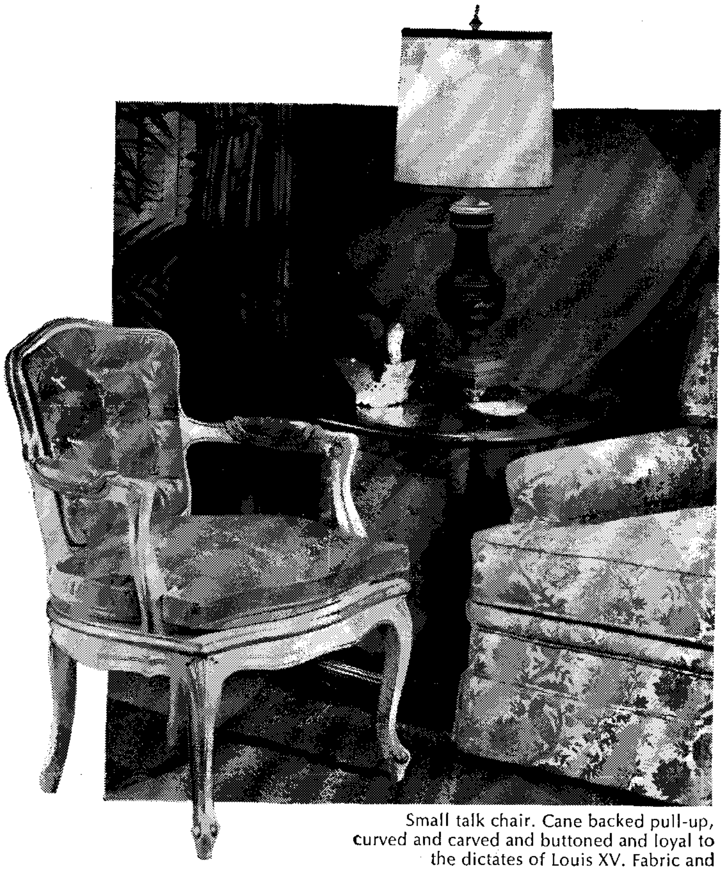

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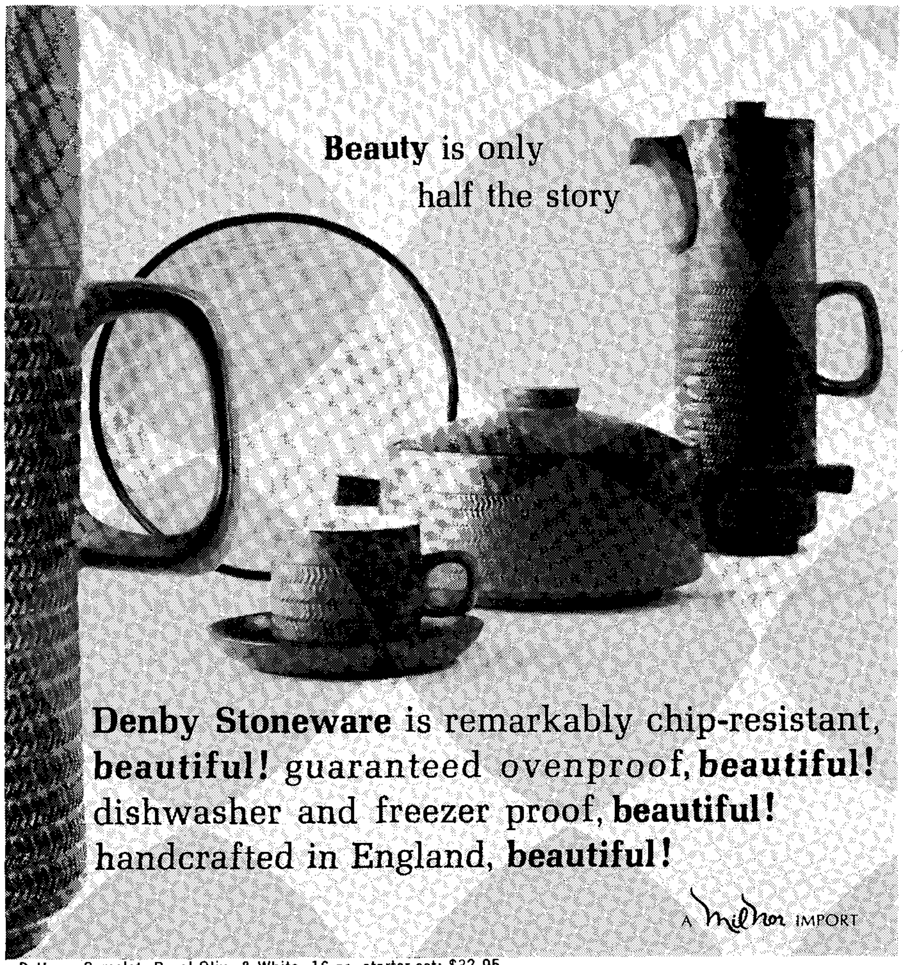
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ence in Vietnam to be in violation of our fundamental law and would not require the same judgment on our earlier presence in Korea. Nor can I see that it would make much difference if Congress did declare the existence of a state of war or if the Supreme Court certified the carnage as Constitutional. Can any legislature turn an unjust cause into a just one by an observance of due process? Slavery was "Constitutional" until it was smashed in a war of dubious Constitutionality. The signers of this anti-war manifesto were brought together by, they say, a common desire to assist young men in avoiding conscription. A worthy purpose it may well be, but the draft is legal; the Selective Service Act has been in force for twenty-seven years, and the Supreme Court has yet to strike it down. Such sticklers for law might consider turning themselves in for sedition and conspiracy. I find the names of some of them also attached to an appeal calling upon other citizens to join them and Henry David Thoreau—part of whose "Civil Disobedience" is used as the manifesto for this particular group—in withholding from the Internal Revenue Service that part of their taxes which, by their calculations, "is being used to finance the war." The income-tax laws are at least as legal and Constitutional as Selective Service. Thoreau didn't want to help pay for the Mexican War, which may have been, as he passionately believed it was, immoral, but it was certainly not illegal or un-Constitutional. Anyway, a "legal" war is a legal fiction.

The rhetoric of politics is always opportunistic. But war, which debases all discourse, makes it worse. The opportunism of the doves is no more to be censured than that of anyone else. If I could stop the war by talking, I would not mind talking nonsense or telling a few lies. I have brought up the whole question of the Korea-Vietnam analogy because I think it is important for all of us to see that there have been some profound changes in *us* as well as in the world in the last two decades. To begin with, I think, the mere passage of time has had its effect. In 1950, with a great war only five years behind us, we had, as a people, the zeal and energy of crusaders. There was then little dissent—and, compared with today, little cause for dissent—from the proposition that militarized Communism threatened the peace and stability of the world and that it was up to us, newly emerged as a superpower, to turn back its sorties with whatever force was called for. We did so, and

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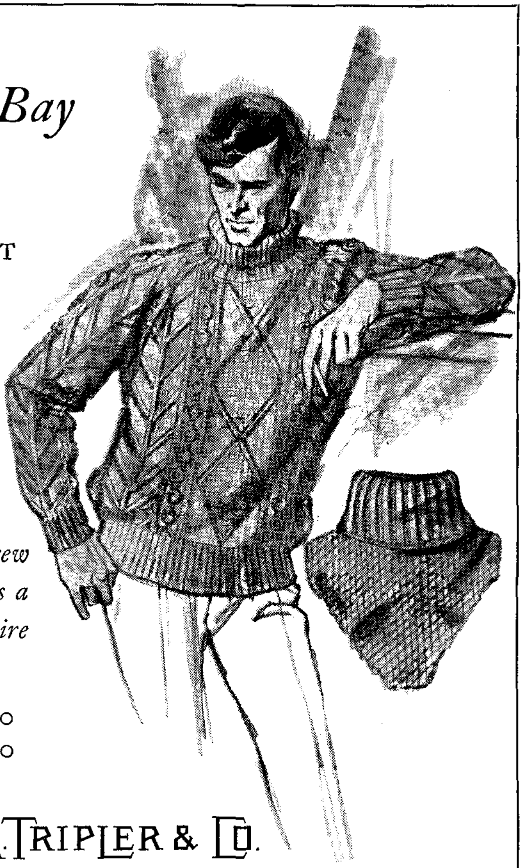

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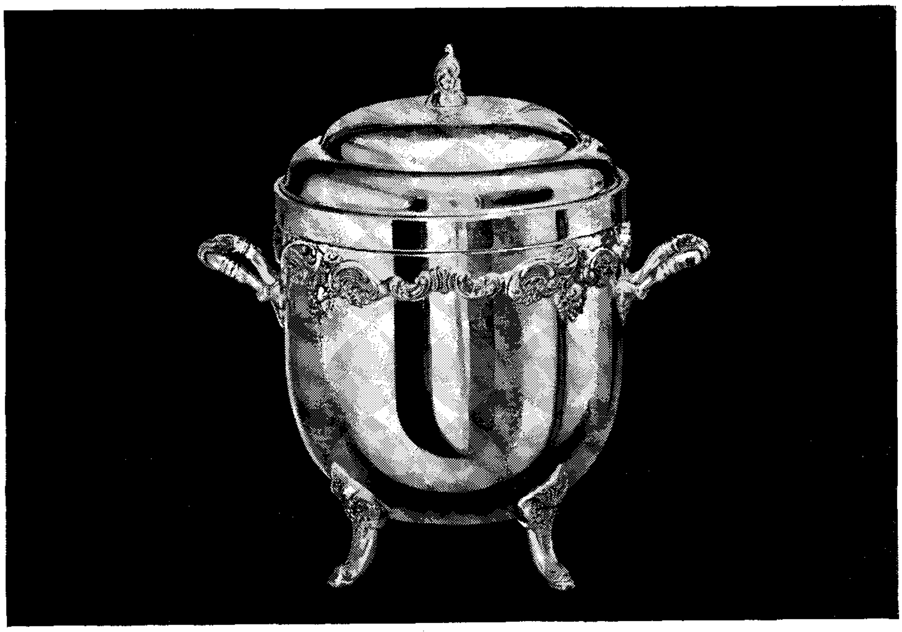

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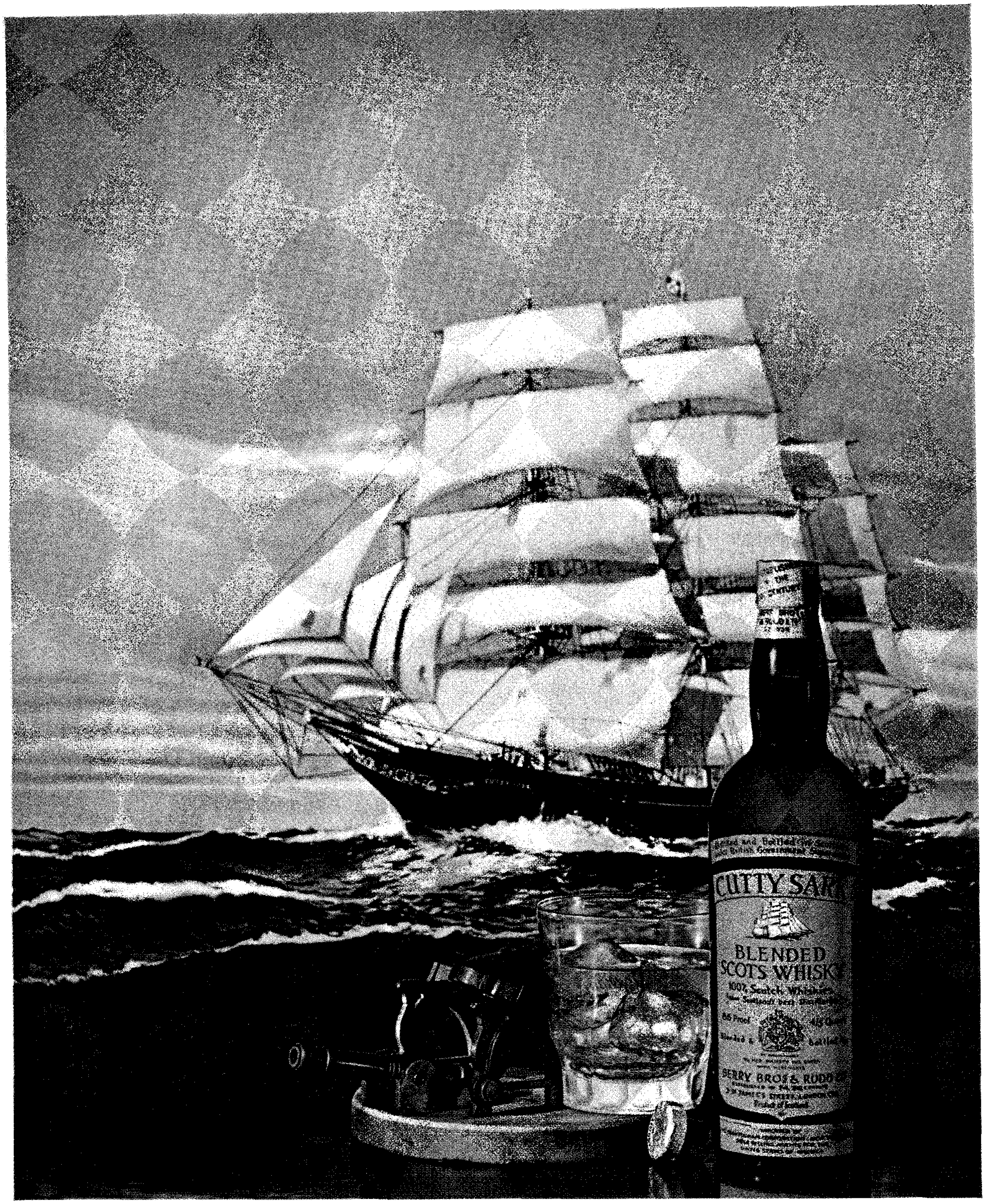
I have no doubt that if the circumstances that had obtained in the late forties or early fifties were to obtain at present in Vietnam, most of today's doves would support our role in Vietnam with at least as much vigor as they supported our role in Korea. But the *New Republic* is in a way profoundly right in insisting that things aren't the same. Much has happened in the Communist world that requires us to rethink our positions, but even if this were not so we could not look upon Vietnam today as we once looked upon Korea. Our crusading zeal has ebbed; affluence, much of it spent on education, has been accompanied by a heightened sophistication about the world and its affairs, a spreading skepticism and disenchantment, and, in the middle class, a new and rather strange hedonism that particularly and peculiarly affects the young. We are not, I think, a more attractive people than we were—rather, the contrary—but we are in many ways less self-righteous. Both the best and the worst spirits among us are turning inward more than they were before, given more to seeking individual grace and salvation—the consequences being, on the one hand, an admirable willingness to work and sacrifice on behalf of the disadvantaged and, on the other hand, a less admirable self-indulgence that increases the demand for everything from drugs to yachts and sports cars, from unrestricted sexual license to the right to behave as obnoxiously and irresponsibly as one's underdeveloped conscience may dictate. The difference between the two periods was well stated by Richard F. Babcock, a Chicago attorney, in a letter written early last year to an influential newspaper columnist. After describing what seemed to him the parallels between Korea and Vietnam, he wrote:

> There is, then, little difference, morally, strategically, or politically, between Korea in 1950 and Vietnam in 1966. Yet the first was and still is regarded as a demonstration of American moral stamina at its best, the latter as a moral and strategic aberration.
>
> The difference, I suspect, is that we are at 1966 and not 1950. There is, for example, a temporal relation between the domestic civil-rights struggle and Vietnam. The student who protests both racial discrimination and Vietnam is not irresponsible in his motivations—he is consistent. We are in an era of incredible affluence and, consequently, of sensitive national conscience in matters not only domestic but foreign. We are a generation away from World War II. Korea had no Watts. Korea was, however, only five years from Nuremberg and at the doorstep of McCarthy.
>
> This historical setting, it seems to me, is the key. And if so, it suggests that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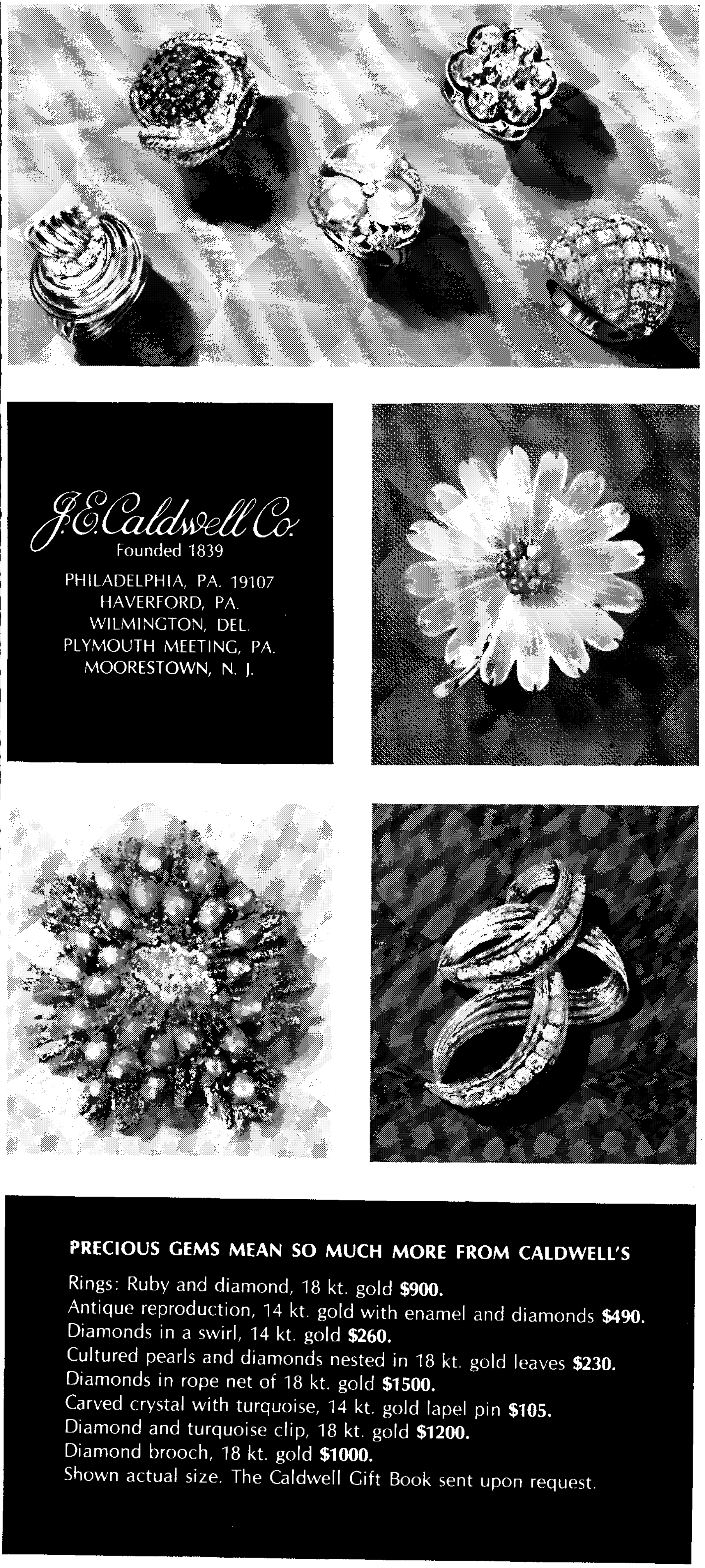
responsible critics do a disservice to the country when they fail to point out that Vietnam suffers not from a failure to come up to a moral or strategic imperative but that it takes place at a time when America is in a period of self-appraisal absent in 1950.

It is often said that the prevalence of television has done much to change us, particularly in our ways of responding to such phenomena as war, racial injustice, and violence, and to the personalities of public men. It would be surprising if this were not to some extent so. The war in Vietnam is close to the center of the national consciousness because of the ease with which we can "follow" it—"live," or almost. Because of television, it is impossible to be unaware of, and hence indifferent to, the war, as the people of the European colonial powers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were largely unaware of the prolonged and costly campaigns—many of them much like the war in Vietnam—being carried on by their armies and navies in distant parts of the world. I also think it likely that, as some people believe, the daily cocktail-time spectacle of death and atrocity (I sat down to dinner a few evenings ago just as C.B.S. was showing some American troops cutting the ears off Vietcong corpses as souvenirs of the combat) has contributed to the spreading revulsion and to anti-war sentiment. To argue this case, however, it would seem necessary to explain how it happens that a people with an enormous appetite for violence on television, in movies, and in highbrow as much as in low- and middlebrow literature may be repelled by a few minutes a day of the real thing, which is very often less sickening than the simulated variety. This would be no problem for Norman Mailer or H. Rap Brown, each of whom tells us that we are and always have been a violent people and that the televised war in Vietnam satisfies our lust for violence and serves as a graduate school in murder for our young men. I reject this view. Despite our lynchings, gang wars, race riots, and casual military undertakings, I do not think our people are particularly given to violence. They are human beings and have their share of human weaknesses, of which a lust for violence has always been one. If violence is as American as apple pie, it is also as French as *quiche Lorraine*. There have been as many attempts on the life of Charles de Gaulle as on the lives of all the American Presidents put together. It may be that our assassins are better shots or that the French Sûreté is smarter than our Secret Service. In any case, I have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been in many parts of the world where violence, organized and unorganized, is far more easily provoked than as a rule it is here, and far more a part of everyday existence.

I do not know why our popular culture is so hung up on violence and sadism. I think it may have less to do with the need for violence than with the third-rateness of the culture and with the kind of talent that turns out all this awful stuff. That is to say, a partial explanation may be that violence, like sentimentality, lends itself to easy exploitation. A stupid or lazy dramatist can save himself a lot of hard work by writing scenes in which the action consists of people maiming one another. An exchange of gunfire can be more easily and convincingly dramatized than a clash of human wills. And, of course, people go for it—but not just Americans. Ours is a culture largely manufactured for export, and the very worst of it is a smash hit all over the world. But just as the carnality of our popular culture does not prove that we are more libidinous than others, its emphasis on violence does not prove that we are more brutish than others. Furthermore, there is to be observed an almost complete disjuncture between the violence of Vietnam and the violence of our cinematic and electronic fantasies. Although war movies like "The Dirty Dozen" are big at the box office, the most topical of wars, Vietnam, has yet to be the subject of a motion picture. This, we are told, on excellent authority, is not because the producers are reluctant to exploit it. The subject has been deliberately avoided, it seems, for reasons rather like those behind the avoidance—at least, until recently—of the subjects of sodomy and miscegenation. It would offend the audience, or a good part of it, and in acknowledgment of this fact—presumably established by the usual surveys of the market—the major producers have agreed among themselves to lay off. Even as heady a matching of star and subject as John Wayne and the Army Special Forces has had difficulty attracting the capital needed for a picture to be called "The Green Berets." If, à la Norman Mailer, President Johnson is only John Wayne in the White House, he may be more vulnerable than we know.

As a nation among nations, as a force in the world, we may be behaving more chauvinistically today than we have ever behaved in the past. This almost has to be true, because our power is so immense that any ugly display of it makes an impression commensurate with its magnitude. But among us, as a

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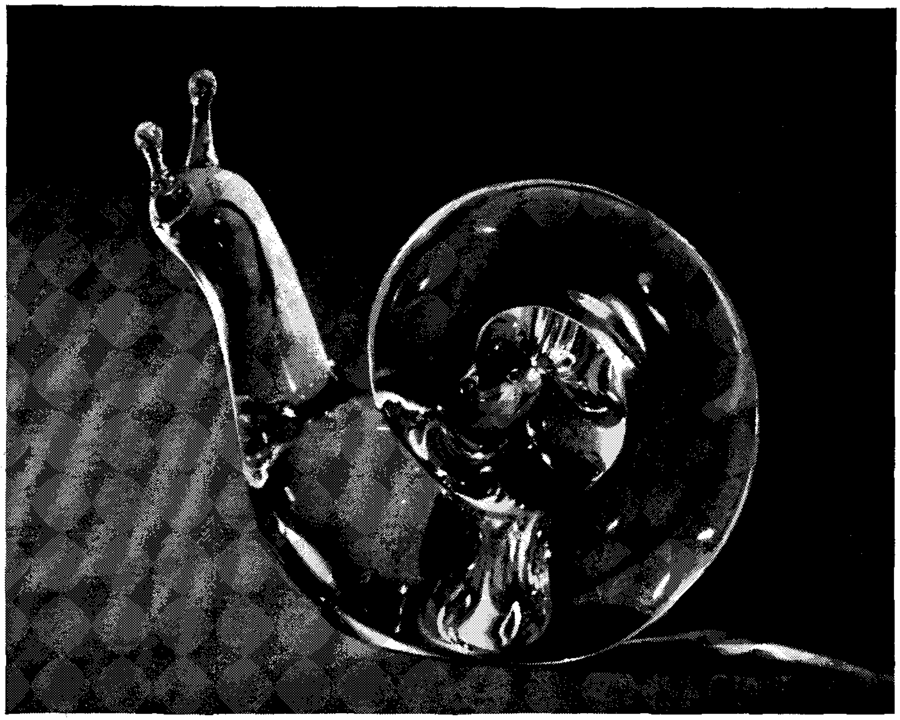
people, chauvinism and jingoism have been declining steadily since the First World War. Although Hitler's Germany was more detestable than Kaiser Wilhelm's, there was less Hun-hating in the Second World War than in the First. What was "liberty cabbage" in 1918 was sauerkraut in 1945. There was not much flag-waving in the Second World War, and still less in the Korean war. But now we seem to have made a really radical break with the past. This is the first war of the century of which it is true that opposition to it is not only widespread but fashionable. It is the first in connection with which it seems in downright bad taste to invoke patriotism; while the Korean war was still in progress, theatres were showing such movies about it as "A Yank in Korea," "Korea Patrol," "Glory Brigade," "Battle Circus," and "Mission Over Korea." In the two wars before this one, there was a conspicuous shortage of martial airs; and now, for the first time, popular songs of bitter protest, such as Joan Baez's "Saigon Bride" and Pete Seeger's "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy," are part of the popular culture.

If we could gauge a nation's penchant for violence by its official rhetoric and its popular culture, China would stand first in both categories. In the rhetoric department, we would rank far down the list and in popular culture perhaps second or third, though it is not to be forgotten that many others consume our product exactly as we do. Some Chinese are behaving very strangely these days, but I do not for a moment believe they are an abnormally violent people, and I am not so sure their leaders are more violent than ours. They just talk rougher and beat more people up. The medium is not the message. The message I get from my eyes and ears is that, because of this war and certain attendant miseries, kookiness of every sort is alarmingly on the rise. At the same time, if it's a sign of one's sanity to be against the war, and a sign of relative sanity to prefer a limited war to the world's last great shoot-out, we are in better shape than many of us know. Consider the extraordinary extent of the opposition to this war—over forty per cent of the American people now, with the number increasing each month—and, perhaps equally notable, the distaste for it among those who do not oppose it. Nothing like this has been known in this century. Ordinarily, in this and most other modern states, opposition to war evaporates once the decision to wage it has been taken, once the killing



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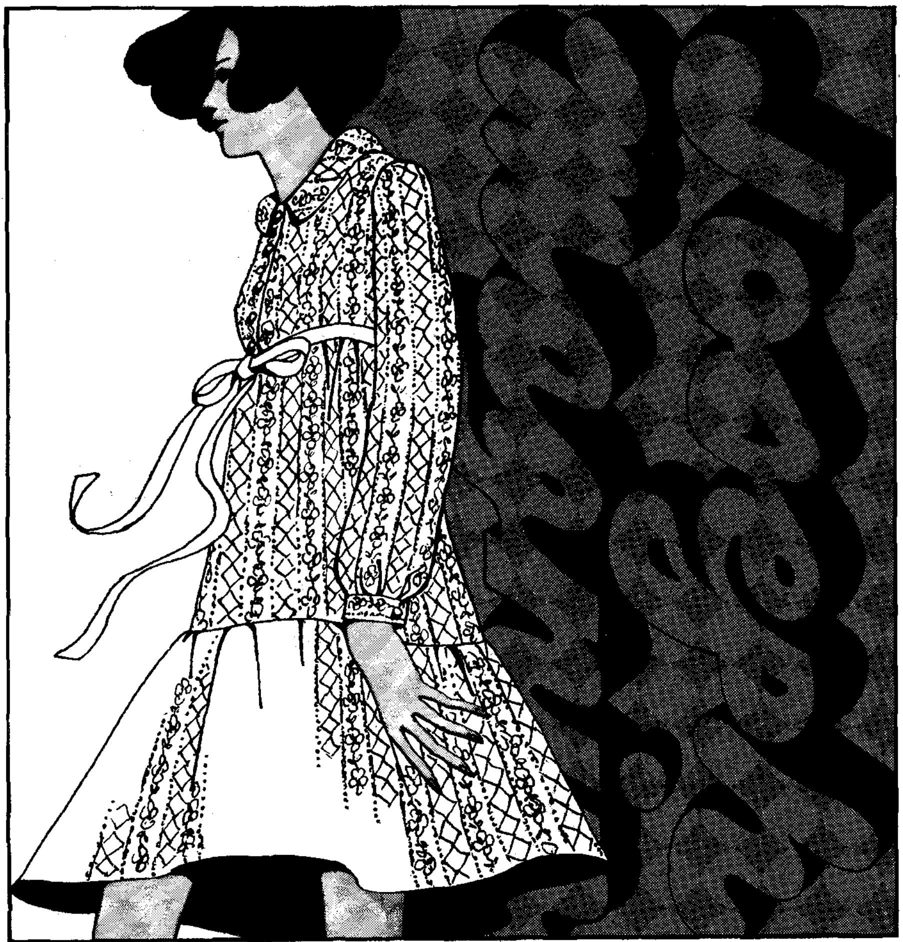

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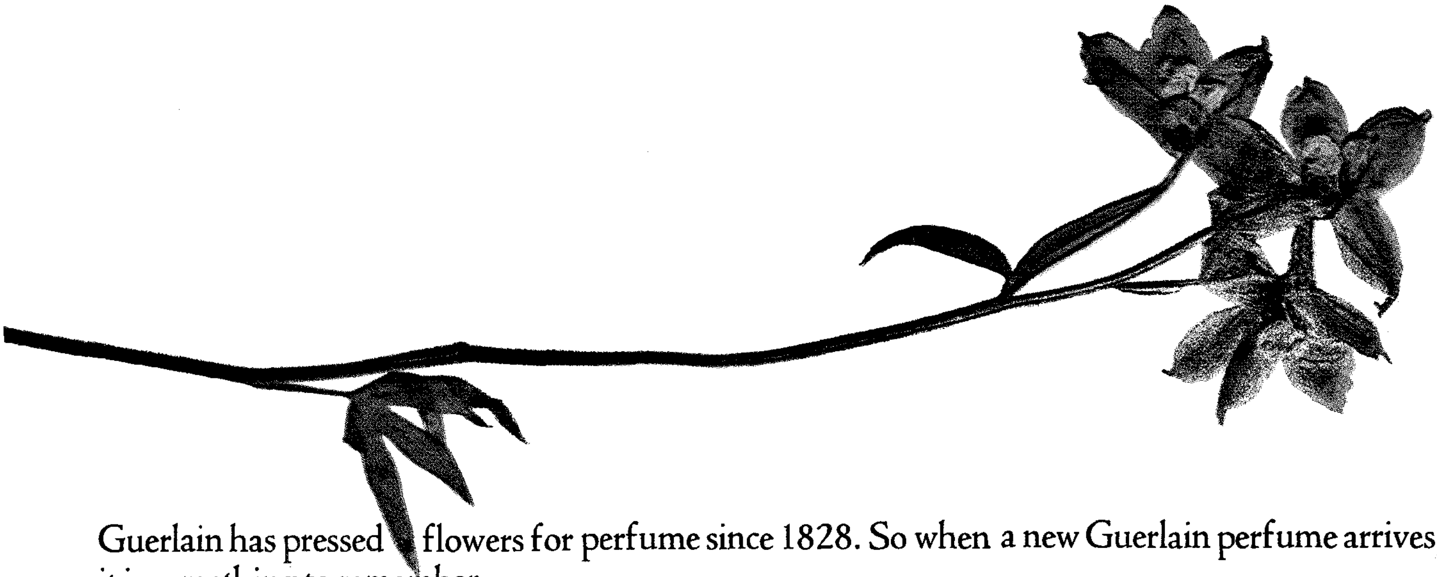

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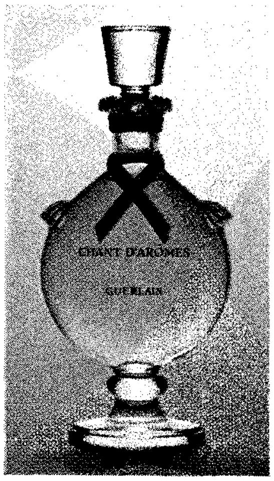

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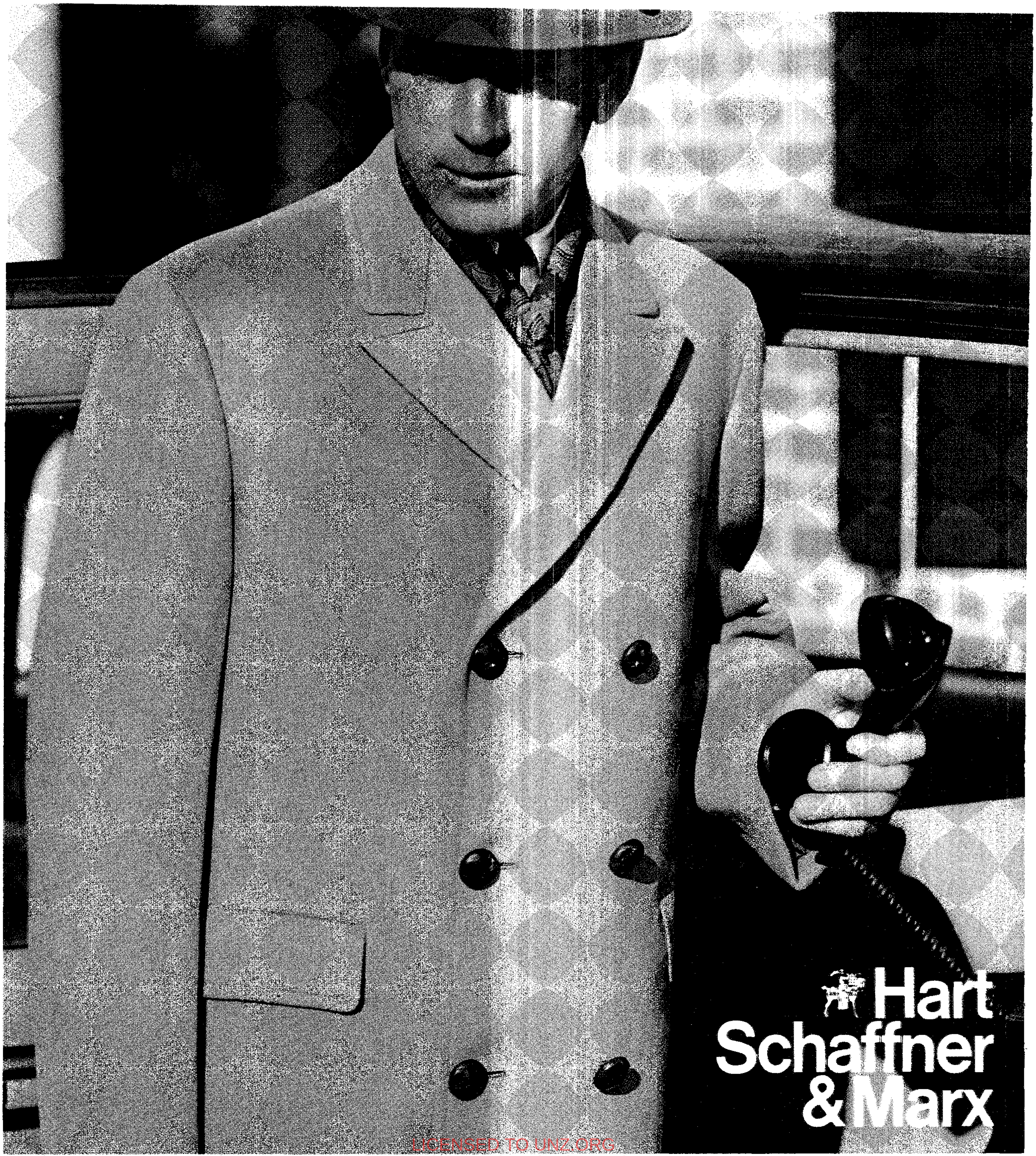

has begun. When the bugles sound and the colors are unfurled, almost everyone becomes a patriot of the Stephen Decatur, or my-country-right-or-wrong, persuasion. Such patriots seem very scarce today, and they speak softly, if at all. In the Senate there are a handful of screaming eagles, but mostly there are old-school politicians—like Senator Russell, of Georgia—who explain in patient, weary voices that we have to get on with the war because, regardless of the merits of the enterprise, we are in it and have committed our troops and our honor to it. Here is a terse description of the extraordinary state of affairs in the United States Senate today—a summary, by C.B.S., of a mid-October survey it conducted:

> On Vietnam, the U.S. Senate is advising more and consenting less. In the C.B.S. News survey, nearly half the senators responding said they disapproved the conduct of the war. Open support for the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution dropped dramatically. Eighteen senators wanted the bombing of North Vietnam completely stopped.
>
> We talked with 95 senators. Eight of them refused to participate, 87 responding to the questions on the conduct of the war. Three years ago, President Johnson took a survey of his own. It was called the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, supporting his authority to do anything necessary in Southeast Asia. Eighty-eight approved then, two did not. Today, only 34 are prepared to publicly support a Tonkin Resolution without reservation or change. Fifteen refused to comment, and where two voted against it in 1964, 20 would now vote no.
>
> On Vietnam today, 42 senators disapprove the Administration's conduct of the war. Thirty-two approve. Eleven would not commit themselves, including the Senate's Minority Leader, Everett Dirksen. His "no comment" follows strong defense of the President on the floor. Disapproval takes two directions. Fifteen are dissatisfied because they want more military action to end the war. Twenty-seven want less, in the form of bombing pauses or de-escalations.
>
> Most senators feel their constituents think as they do, 46 reporting the folks at home disapprove the handling of the war, 22 reporting constituent approval. They notice a recent change in their public's opinion, too. Thirty-three of the senators say their people have shifted, and 28 of them say it is in the direction of wanting less military action.
>
> On bombing policy, the Senate goes in all directions. Eighteen want bombing of the North completely stopped. Twenty-one say it should be increased, to include more lucrative targets. Twenty-four go along with whatever the President or the military want to do, and 12 suggest less bombing or a pause.
>
> The sleeper question of the survey turned out to be the last one, asking if the senators favored direct negotiations with the Vietcong. There was more agreement on this than anything else. Forty-

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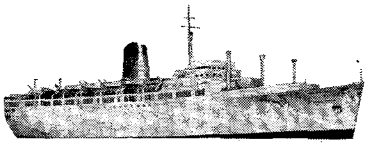

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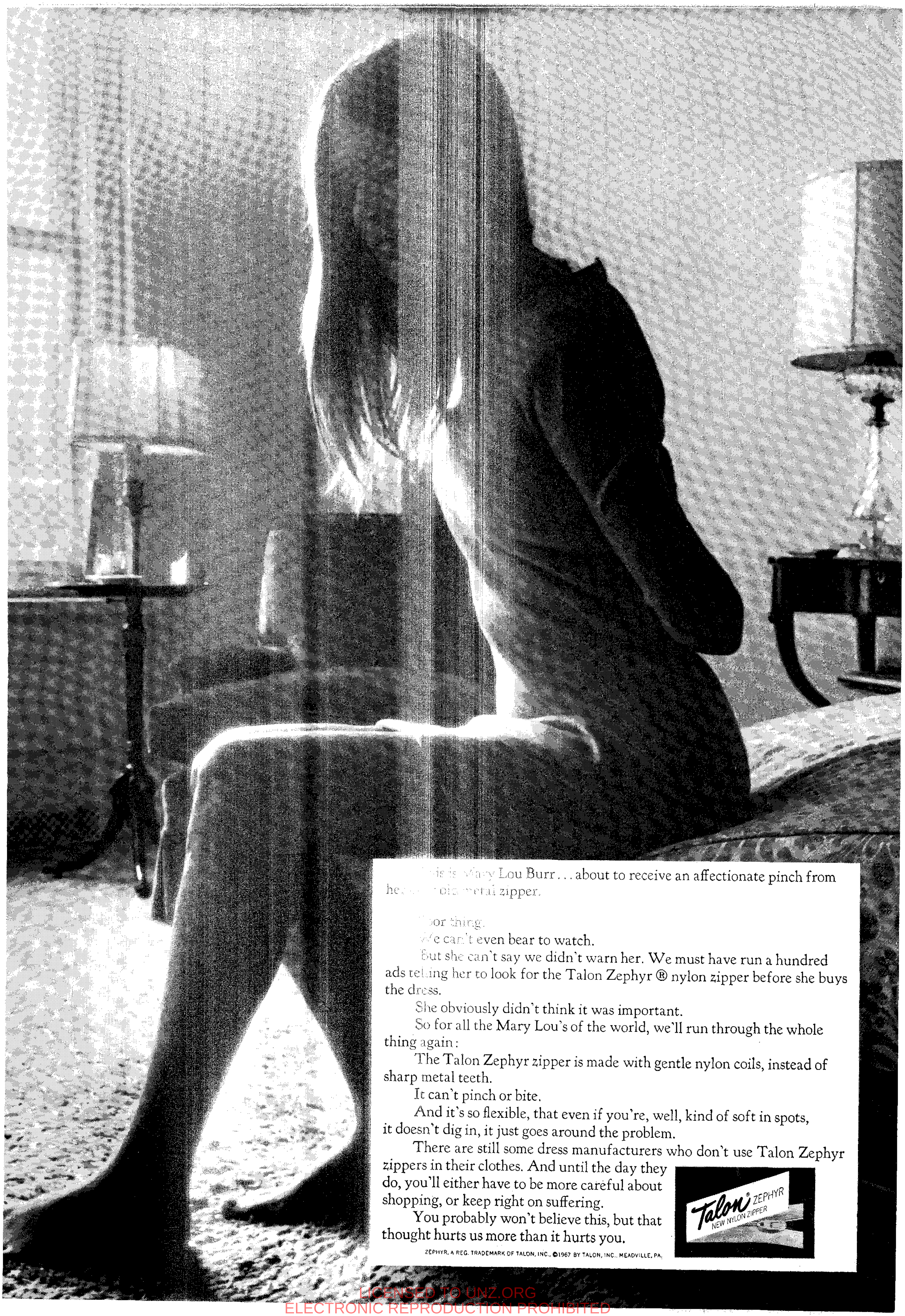
six senators said yes. Sixteen said no to direct talks with the guerrilla front. One of them wanted a military victory so complete as to have no Vietcong left to negotiate with.

Many answers to the C.B.S. News survey were qualified, justifying the opinion of several senators that polls never really satisfy with a full measurement of attitudes, but three things do emerge: a crumbling of the solid front support given three years ago with the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, an infectious restlessness in the Senate and among its constituents with the progress of the war, and a growing impatience with a long twilight struggle where victories do not decide, and the end cannot be seen.

Whether or not they mean it, the leaders of the Administration miss no opportunity to wring their hands and insist that it is peace, and not victory, they seek, and that they are ready at any time to sit down with anyone anywhere, and so on. ("I would depart today for any mutually convenient spot," Rusk said, "if I could meet a representative of North Vietnam with whom I could discuss peace in Southeast Asia.") *Do* they mean it? Who knows? If they don't mean it, why are they saying it? If they didn't talk so much, the credibility gap might narrow. But they go on. Week after week, the Secretary of Defense, the master of the greatest war machine in history, seems to be trying to signal to us, his countrymen, that the damned thing isn't working, that the bombing is pointless, that it should be stopped. Does he speak for the President? Evidently not, but he still has the job. As for the President, speaking of mankind's behavior in this century, he said earlier this month, in Williamsburg, Virginia, "We can take no pride in the fact that we have fought each other like animals." He added that it "is really an insult to the animals, who live together in more harmony than human beings seem to be able to do." After some generalizations on other failures of statesmanship, he said, "Shame on the world and shame *on its leaders*." Those who support the war, like those who oppose it, appeal not to the patriotic heart but to the bleeding one. This is without precedent.

Consider, also, the attitudes toward civilian deaths, and casualties, and the general human suffering brought by the war to the Vietnamese, North and South. These, too, are without known precedent. Whether this war is like or unlike any earlier one, it resembles all modern wars in that noncombatants are killed, the innocent suffer greatly, and there is much cruel and needless destruction. In Korea, we bombed and shelled villages, killed countless women and chil-



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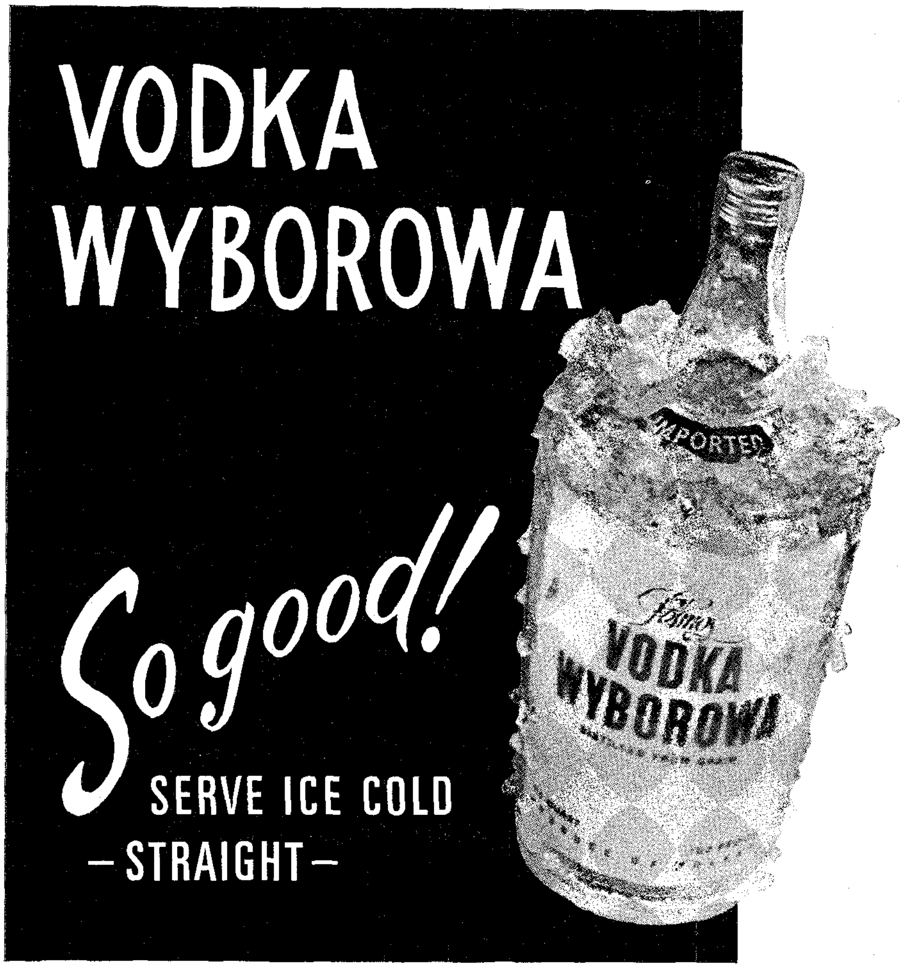
dren. No Senate committees pestered the generals to learn how many civilians had been killed or what steps were being taken to avoid the slaughter of the innocents. *C'est la guerre.* We killed a great many civilians in the Second World War. If they were Germans or Japanese, it served them right. (Hiroshima produced some immediate revulsion, but it was the newness and hideousness of the weapon employed that affected us, who had been little moved by wider killing with mere TNT.) If they were Italians or Frenchmen, we thought of their deaths as gallant sacrifices they made happily for the liberation of their soil. To be sure, civilized people have always felt that noncombatants should be spared to the greatest extent consistent with military needs, but until now there was no doubt in anyone's mind that the military needs—provided, of course, they were our own—should be the first consideration. Any sense of outrage over atrocities and dead civilians was directed at the enemy. Now, for the first time, the conscience of a large part of the nation has been aroused by agonies for which our own forces are responsible.

All wars are brutalizing, and perhaps in the random violence of the past few years (not merely the riots—not even so much the riots as the murders and assassinations) we are paying part of the price for sanctioned murder in the name of anti-Communism, self-determination, and democracy. But what seems already clear—from the size of the anti-war movements, from the muting of the eagles, from the outrage over atrocities and civilian losses—is that there is building up in this country a powerful sentiment not simply against the war in Vietnam but against war itself, not simply against bombing in Vietnam but against bombing anywhere at any time for any reason, not simply against the slaughter of innocents in an unjust conflict but also against the slaughter of those who may be far from innocent in a just conflict. The youthful protesters would probably acknowledge this without hesitation, only asking themselves why anyone should labor the point so heavily. (Some would no doubt go further, and say that they oppose not only the wars this government runs but everything else it does.) Their elders, thinking of a past they find it necessary to be true to, cannot turn pacifist overnight. They must distinguish between this war and the wars they have supported in the past—up to and including the war in the Middle East a few months ago. But in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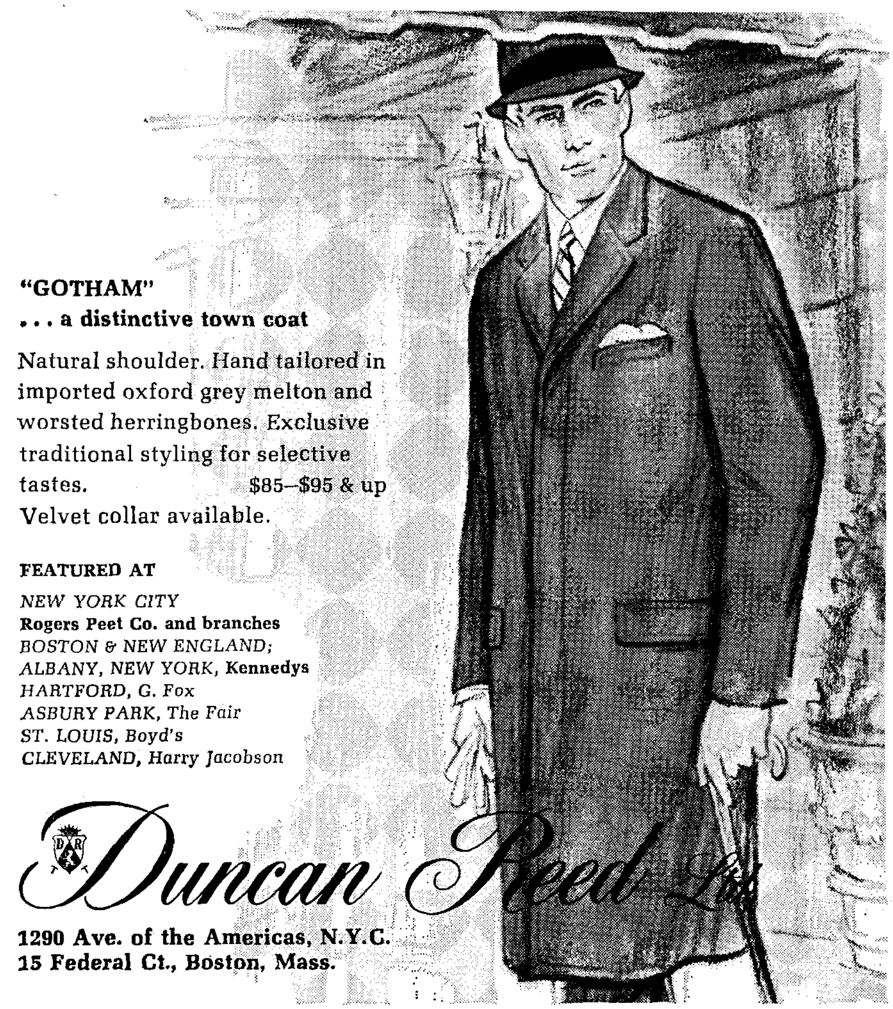
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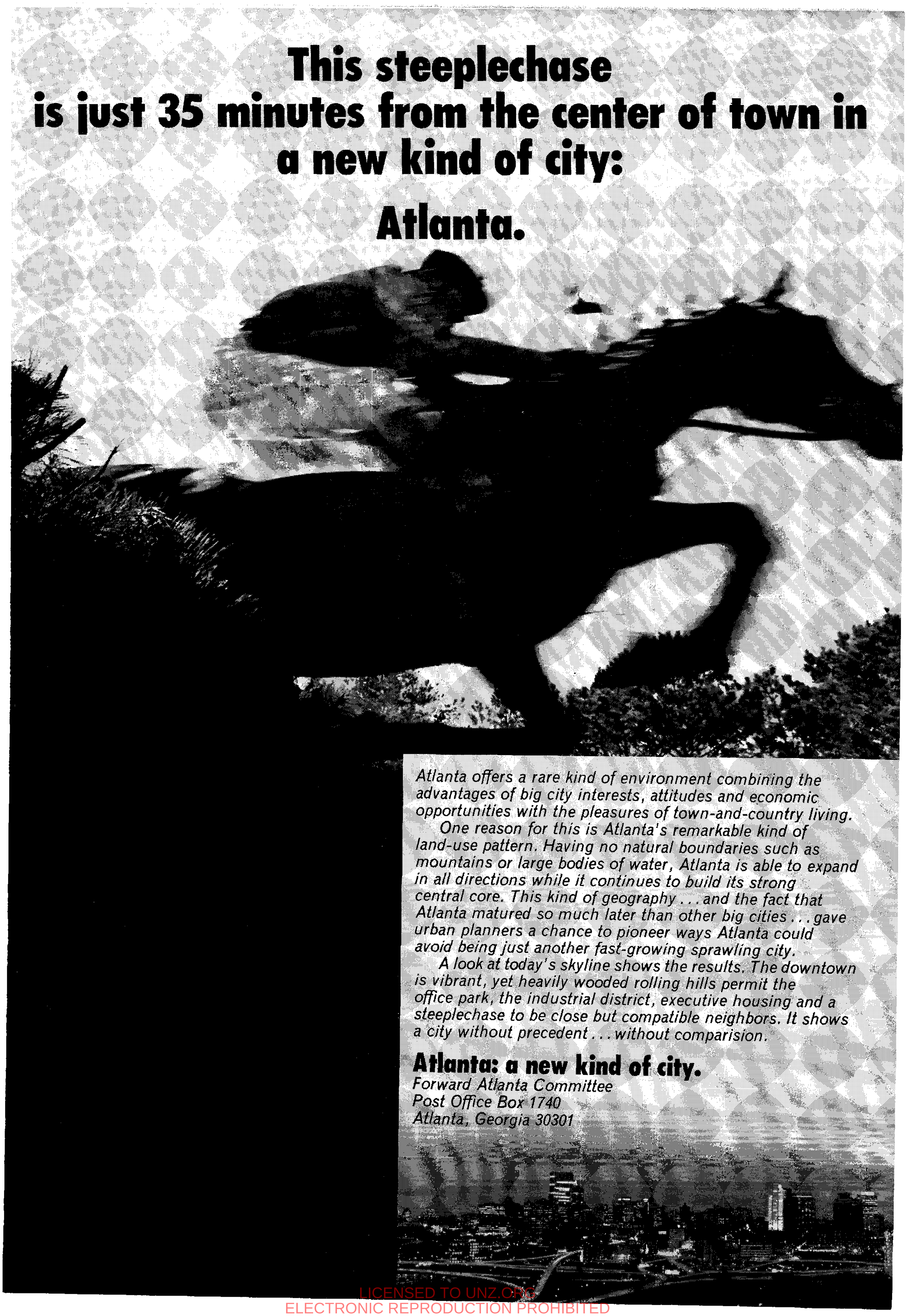

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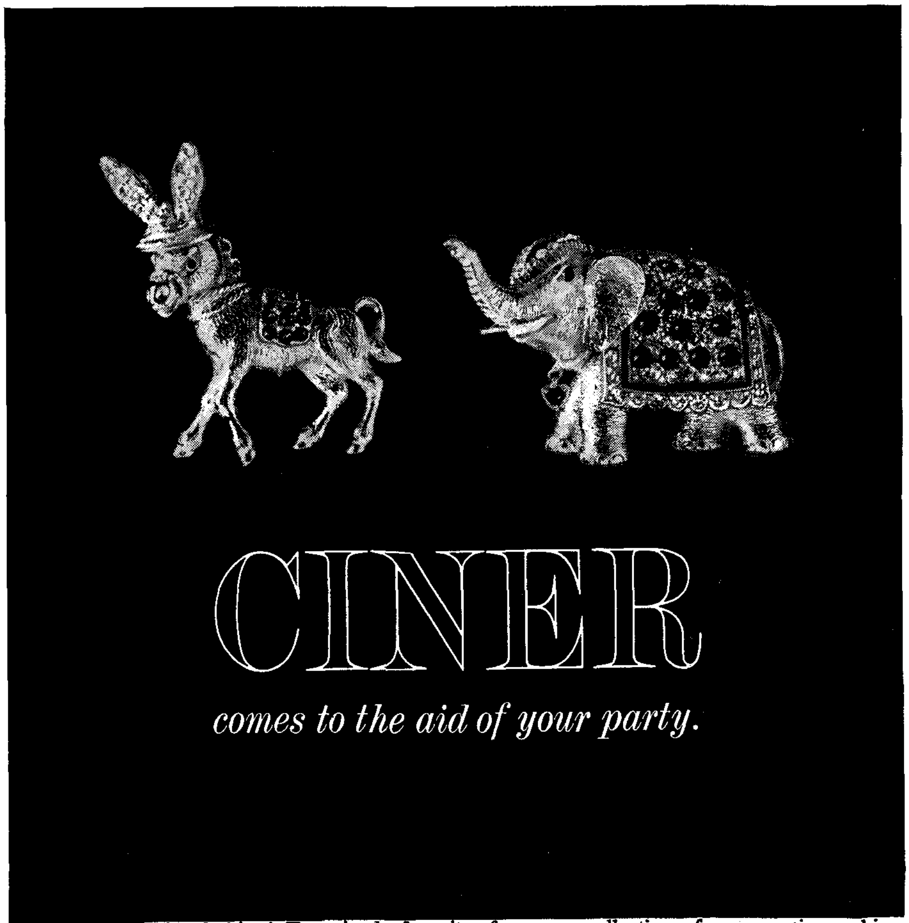

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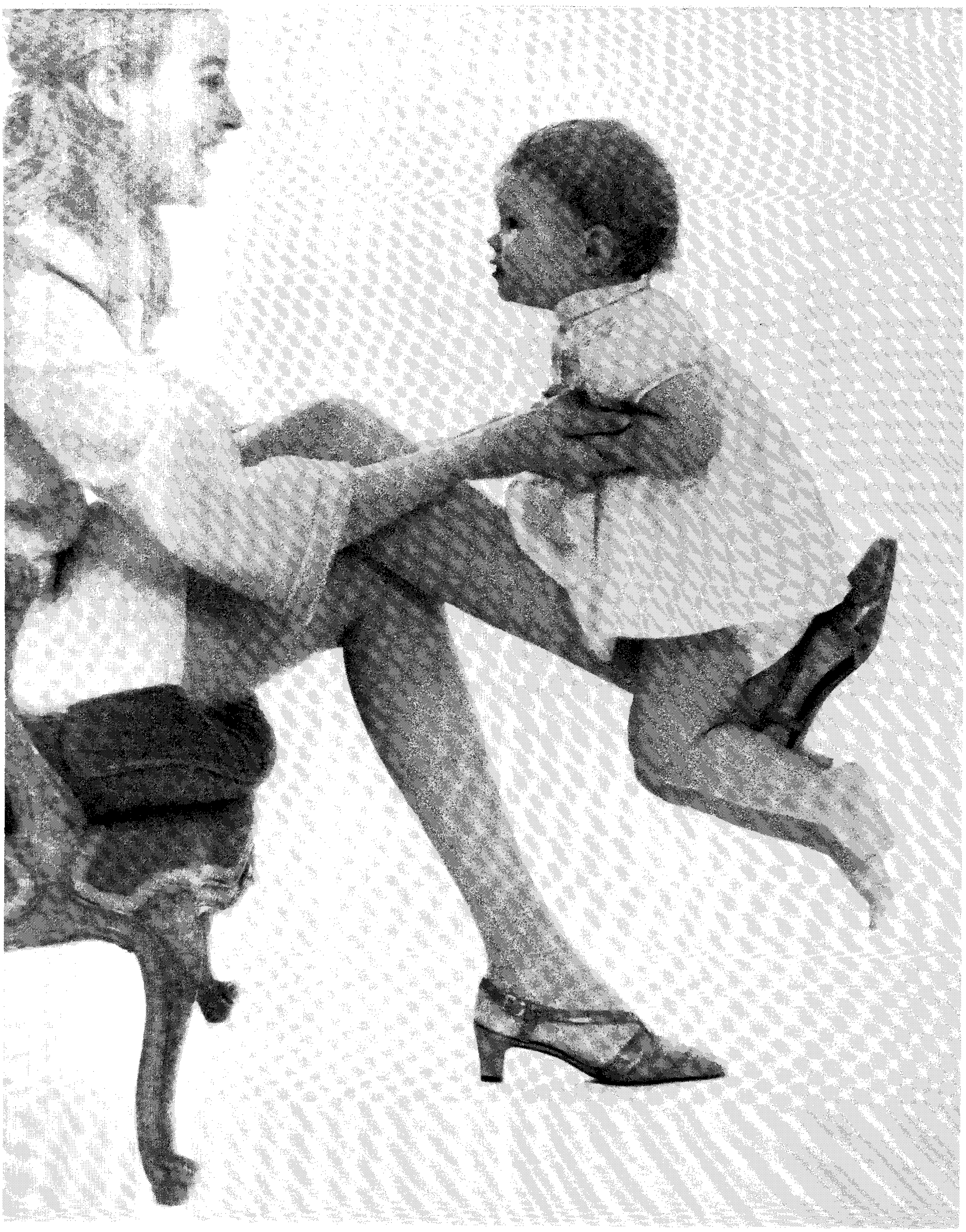
fact our present war is different mainly in that it seems endless and hopeless.

IS it possible for us to come through this experience, if we come through at all, as a pacifist nation? I suppose not. "Pacifist nation" seems a contradiction in terms. If all of us, or most of us, were pacifists, we would have little reason to be a nation. Defense is the fundamental raison d'être for the modern state. And if a pacifist nation didn't come apart at the seams, some non-pacifist nation would tear it apart. It seems to me, though, that if the war goes on and if opposition to it continues to increase at the present rate, there will in time be a testing of this whole proposition. No government that is not totalitarian can go on indefinitely fighting a hard war that its people hate. Something has to give. Either the government yields to the popular will or it becomes oppressive and stifles the protest by terror. Thus far, there is no sign that our government has faced the question. With very few exceptions, as far as the anti-war movement is concerned, police power has been used sparingly and in the interests of domestic tranquillity. Few other governments, even when they were not at war, would be as restrained as this one has been in dealing with protest movements, including violent ones. It seems to me that this is in part because we are waging the Vietnam war with an essentially professional military force. Its morale is said to be high and not to be much affected by what is going on here. This state of affairs cannot last indefinitely. Morale will be affected, and then the test will be made. I cannot figure the odds on the outcome. On the one hand, repression is the safest, surest, cheapest course for any government to take. I can imagine the coming to power of an American de Gaulle, or even of someone a lot more authoritarian than de Gaulle. Much of the troublemaking in the months and years ahead will be the work of Negroes, and I can even imagine the imposition of a kind of American apartheid—at least in the North, where Negroes live in ghettos that are easily sealed off. If there should be the will to do it, it could be done quite "legally" and "Constitutionally." There are enough smart lawyers around to figure out how. On the other hand, there is unprecedented opposition to the war inside the odious "power structure" itself. There is much opposition in Congress and in every department of the federal government. The governors of large states and the mayors of great cities—among them



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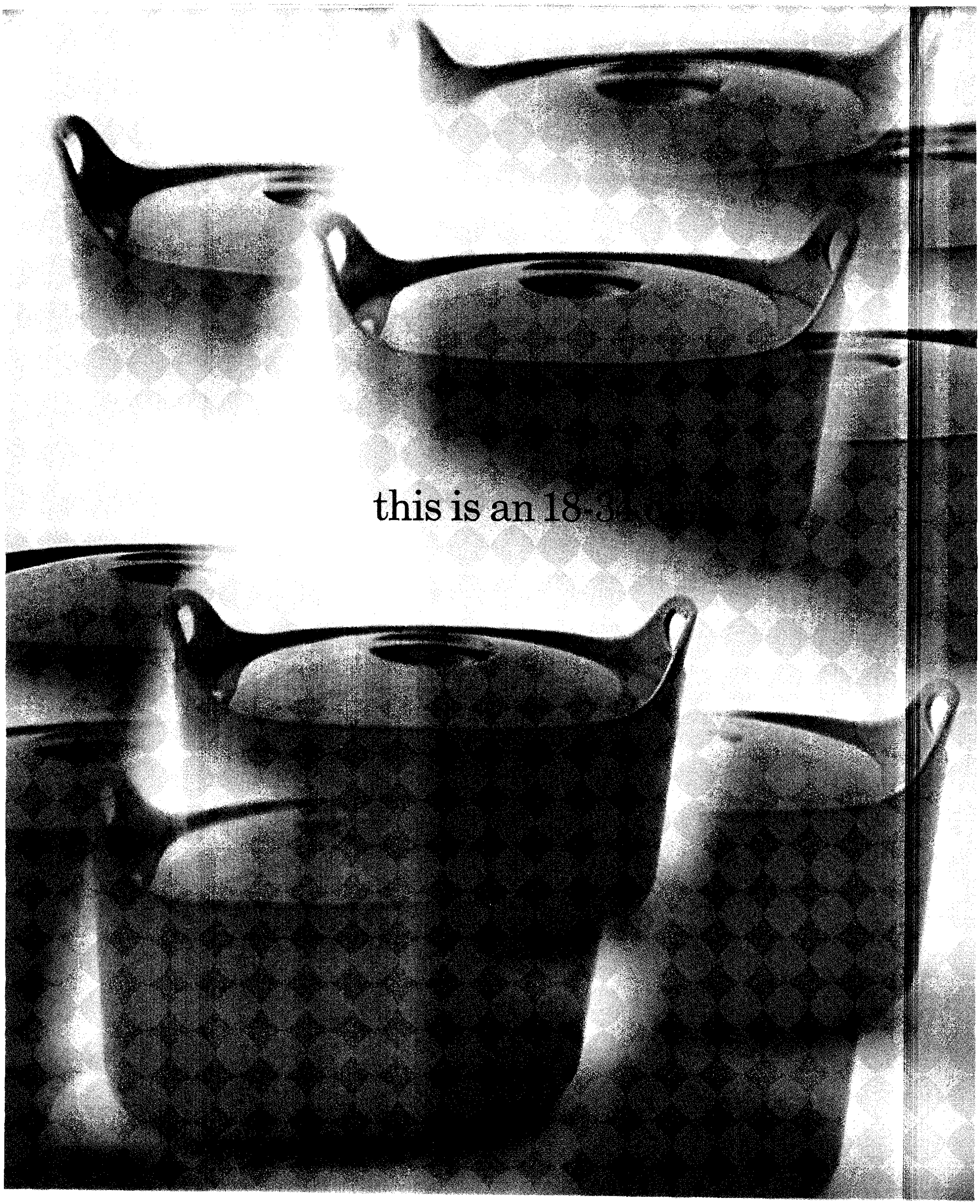
the Mayor of New York—are opposed to the war. The Supreme Court, which was such a bastion of liberty in the McCarthy years, would make things as hard as possible for all the smart lawyers. The government could, of course, ignore, or even abolish, the Supreme Court. But the Court is not the only American institution that has proved quite resilient in periods of stress. The churches, the press, the universities—all are centers of dissent. It could prove to be crucial that the American middle class—as despicable as the Establishment in the minds of the young and alienated—is also a center of dissent. The proletariat may not be willing to call off strikes or accept pay cuts because of the war, but it offers little support to the protest movements. If we are now undertaking, or are about to undertake, a radical alteration in values, support for it will come not from the workers but from an unproclaimed, and even unwanted, alliance between relatively affluent whites, of whom I happen to be one, and what Daniel P. Moynihan calls the "underclass," consisting mainly of unemployed Negroes, many of whom want to kill me.

I want American democracy to survive. It is in many ways a fraud. It is not keeping its promises to the American Negroes. It has abused them and many other people. It has very little aesthetic or intellectual appeal. But under it there is at least a hope of redemption. Things do get done here that don't get done under other systems. But it now seems clear to me that if American democracy does survive it will be something quite different from what we have known. I find it hard at this stage to see how a victory for democracy will not also be a victory for pacifism. Those who will lead the struggle are, whether they acknowledge it or not, renouncing war as an instrument of policy. They may insist that of course they would fight the enemy at the gates, or perhaps take arms against a new Hitler if one should arise. But the wars of the future—at least, those that would have any ideological content—are not going to be like the wars of the past. India and Pakistan or India and China may fight over bits and pieces of territory, but the Soviet Union and the United States are agreed on the need for common efforts to cool it when such disputes get hot. Most future wars are apt to be like the war in Vietnam—wars that will be called by their instigators "wars of national liberation." The Soviet Union, as Nikita Khrushchev long ago



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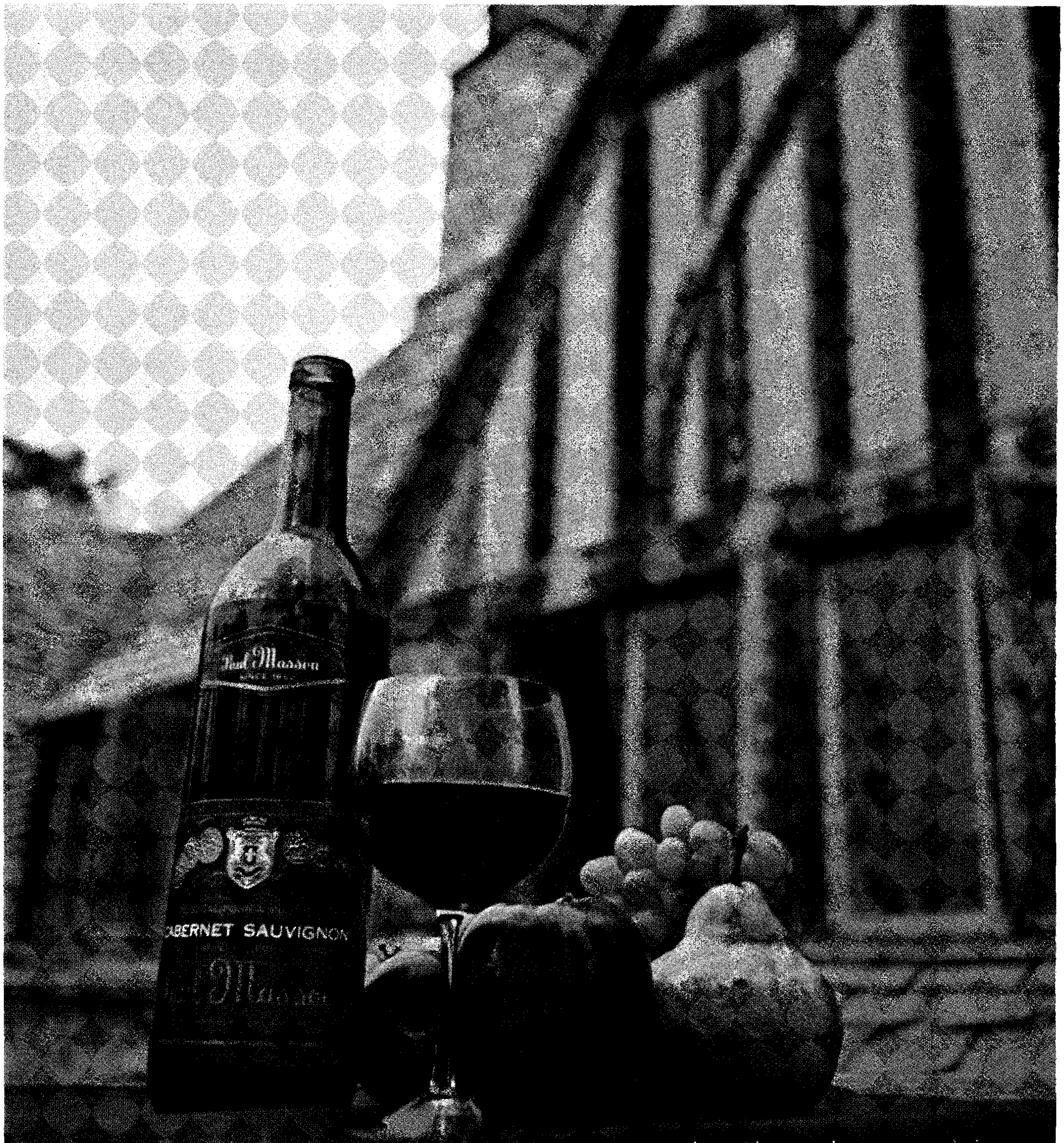

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informed us, will support them. From its point of view, they are irresistible. They cost next to nothing and drive us Americans out of our minds. But if we survive as anything like a free society, we will not be entering them. I simply cannot imagine this country, under any President chosen in a free election, taking on another Vietnam. If this is so, it may be good news. But it means that we won't have much in the way of a foreign policy. We will draw back from all difficult situations. We will leave the field to those who have not renounced war.

I HOLD a kind of Tolstoyan view of history, and believe that it is hardly ever possible to determine the real truth about how and why we got from here to there. Since I find it extremely difficult to uncover my own motives, I hesitate to deal with those of other people, and I positively despair at the thought of ever being really sure about what has moved whole nations and whole generations of mankind. No explanation of the causes and origins of any war—of any large happening in history—can ever be for me much more than a plausible one, a reasonable hypothesis. But if we cannot answer the "how" and "why" questions with anything like certitude, we can answer a good many of the "what" ones, and this sometimes enables us to eliminate at least some of the suggested "how"s and "why"s. In regard to Vietnam, I feel confident in isolating certain non-causes and non-origins. We did not go into Vietnam spoiling for a war. It was not the American attitude at the Geneva Conference in 1954 that made what everyone now speaks of as the "Geneva agreements" unworkable. A far more likely thesis is that they proved unworkable because the Russians gave the French (and the South Vietnamese) better terms than they needed to, in the expectation that the French would on this account decide not to enter the proposed European Defense Community. However that may be, those so-called agreements were *not* a diplomatic settlement of any kind but simply a document setting forth the terms of a cease-fire. To quote John McAlister again:

> There were only three documents signed at Geneva, and only four signatories were involved: France, the royal governments of Laos and Cambodia, and the Vietminh. [The Vietminh was an army, not a government. What we think of as the South Vietnamese, or anti-Communist Vietnamese, were never consulted.] These agreements were not treaties and they were not formally rati-

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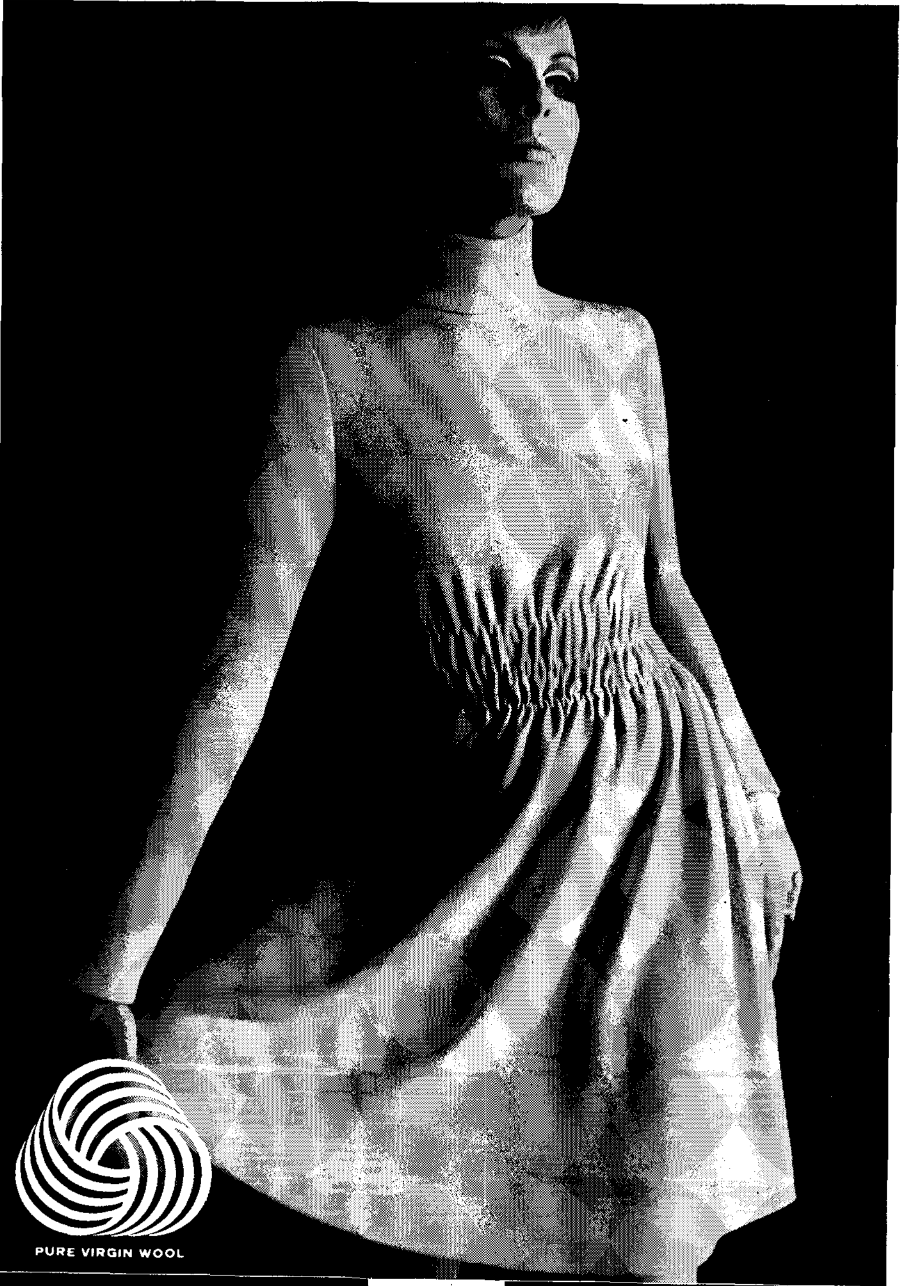

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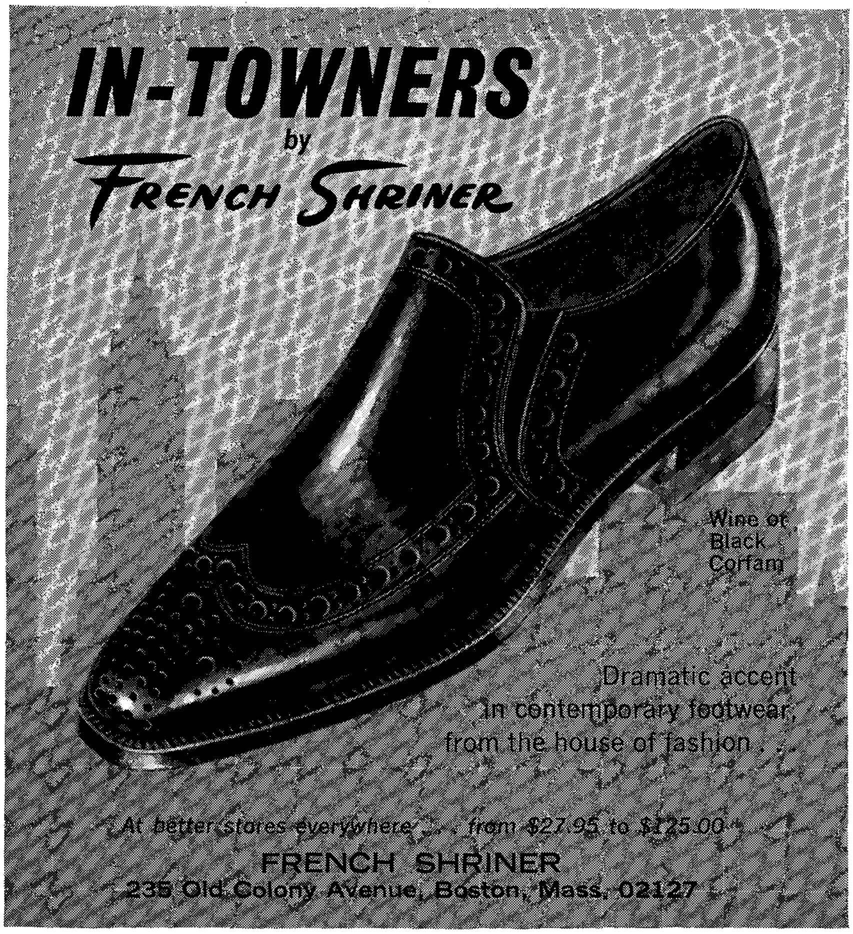
fied by any government by any process They were simply agreements between the opposing military commands to stop the fighting in Indo-China and to take measures to prevent the fighting from being resumed. Some confusion has resulted because the "Final Declaration of the Geneva Conference," which "noted" the key provisions of the various cease-fire agreements, seemed to emanate from all nine conference participants. However, this "Final Declaration" was not signed by *any* of the participants. It was yet another cold-war device to mask the lack of consensus among the major powers—an "unsigned treaty."

We have sinned greatly and frequently since 1954, but not always in the ways that we think we have. We did not go into Vietnam hoping for a war; after all, we had just passed up a splendid opportunity to join the fighting with our then friends the French at our side. But we were not taken altogether by surprise at discovering that nothing really had been settled by Geneva. Two-fifths of our aid in the early days was military, but something beyond this figure persuades me that we were after something a bit more decent than the opening of a new firing range. The non-Communist state that came into being as a consequence of the Geneva Conference looked to our foreign-aid people as if it might actually work, as if it might turn out to be a nice, prosperous, well-behaved little democracy. In the bright light of hindsight, this seems a ridiculous dream. And what may have been ridiculous about it was not that people like the Emperor Bao Dai and Ngo Dinh Diem would never let it happen but, rather, that Ho Chi Minh would never let it happen. We are always being told what awful people we have supported in Saigon while all along there has existed the alternative of supporting the Vietnamese Thomas Jefferson, Ho Chi Minh, and having him on our side. Ho sounds a lot more attractive than most of the types we have lately been dealing with, and it might have been very smart of us back before 1950, say, to try to strike up some sort of deal with him. And Ho could not have been much interested in us in the early fifties (and anyway think of what McCarthy would have said), and Diem then did not have, or was concealing, his cloven hoof. Diem never seemed a Thomas Jefferson, or even a Lyndon Johnson, but he looked no worse than our man in Korea, Syngman Rhee. And one can at least advance the hypothesis that our troubles have grown not out of Diem's "failure" and ours to create a good society in South Vietnam but out of a certain amount of early success, or, if not that, out of Ho's fear that we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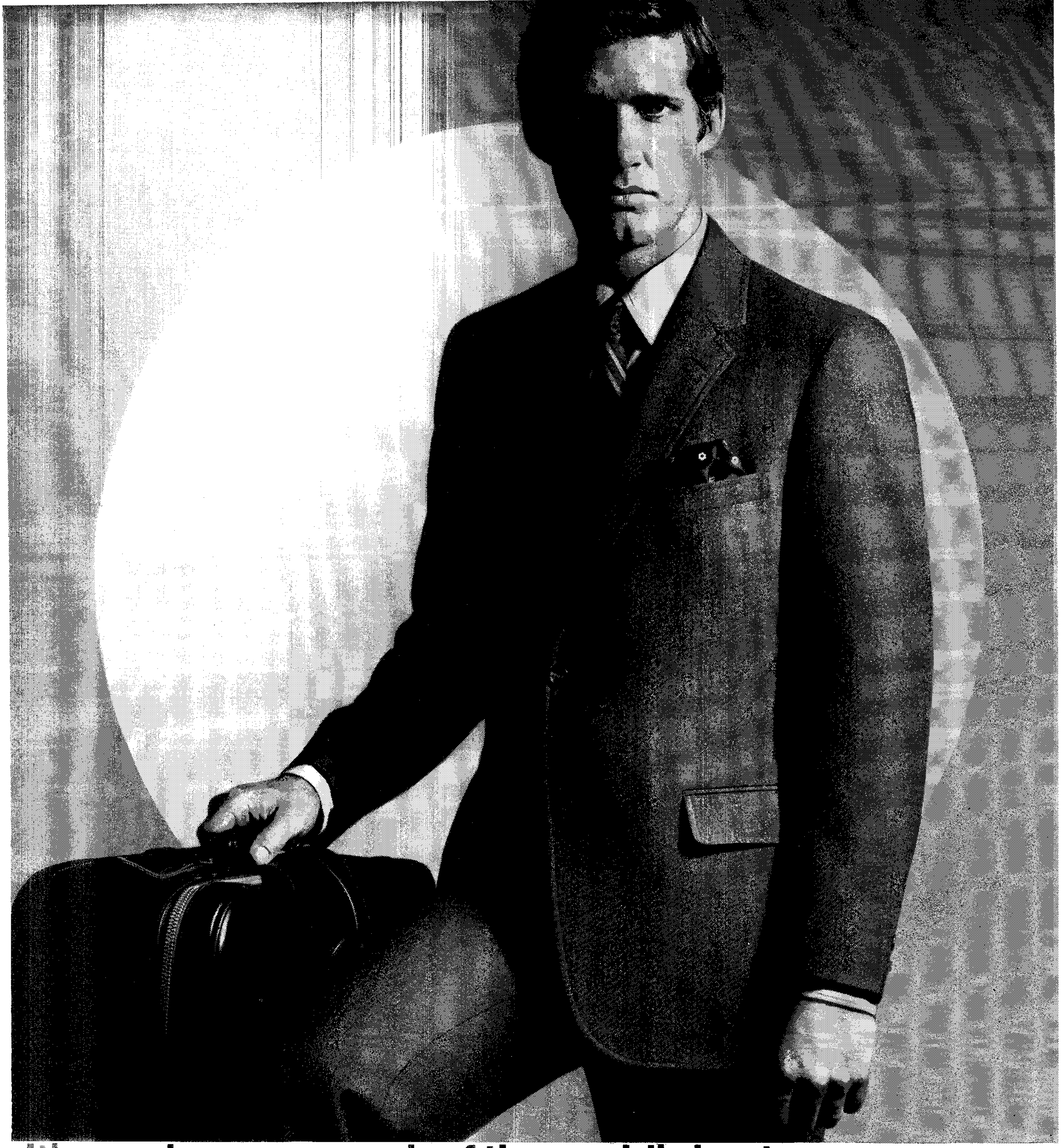

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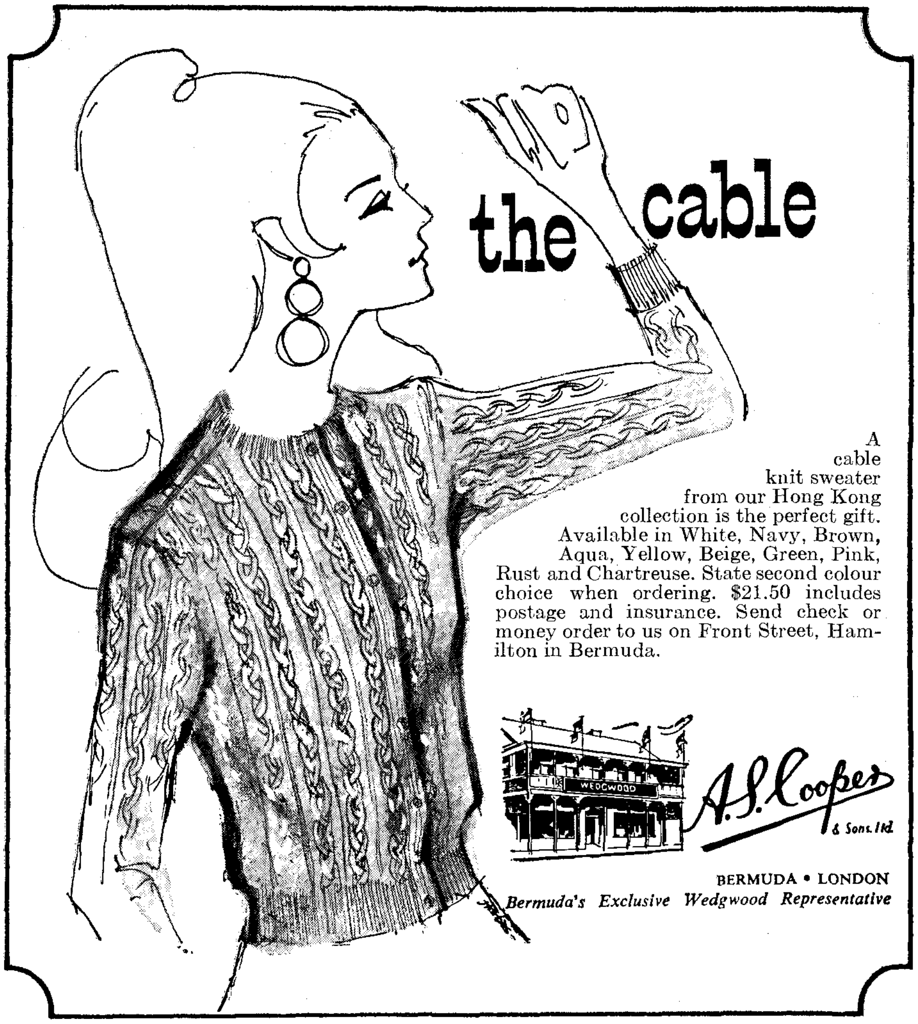
might somehow succeed someday. It could also be that he was not unmindful of the possibilities for looting. The Americans had put a good many desirable things—including a lot of expensive and well-made weaponry—in South Vietnam, and if he could knock over the government without too much difficulty they would all be his.

Senator Fulbright has been saying for years that foreign aid is dangerous, because it can lead to war. I think he is right. We invest money and, more important, hope in a country, and when some thugs threaten to wreck the country and dash its hopes and ours we are tempted to police the place. Some of the most promising governments in Africa are likely to go to pieces because the leaders of less hopeful neighboring states either can't stand the thought that the people across the way are going to make it or feel that neighbors ought to share and share alike. In the late fifties and early sixties, many Americans who had no appetite for war and no thought that there would be one urged that we give Saigon enough military assistance to put down the Vietcong and enable the government at least to stand on its feet and have enough time and energy to make something of itself. They should have known better. But there was no reason then to think of the difficulties with the Vietcong as having much to do with the balance of power in Asia. Indeed—and here, perhaps, is another important difference between this war and Korea—it seems to have been *our* intervention on a large scale that gave the war a real balance-of-power meaning. In the early sixties, when Laos was a more troublesome place than Vietnam, the Russians were looking the other way. In that period, too, the "domino theory" was generally discredited. There may then have been a chance for a President to reappraise—agonizingly, of course—the whole affair and order a phase-out. Vietnam was still an obscure place, and with us no longer involved it would have been still more obscure. I speak of a time when Kennedy was alive. He could probably have de-escalated, but instead he escalated. If he had lived, and if he had beaten Goldwater or some other Republican in 1964, he might have altered his strategy at some later point. But he died, and Johnson pursued his policy with a vengeance, thereby, in my view, giving the domino theory a strange validity it had earlier lacked: *The dominoes might fall in a certain way because we set them up that way.* If we had got out of Vietnam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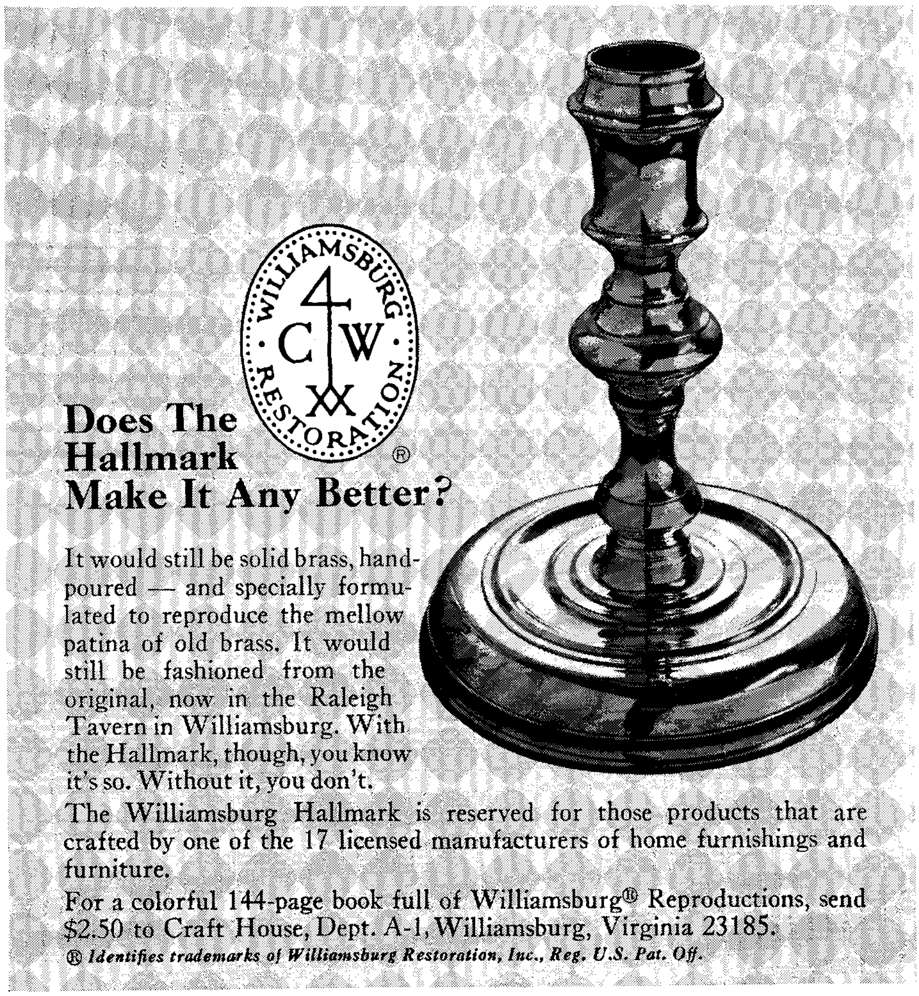
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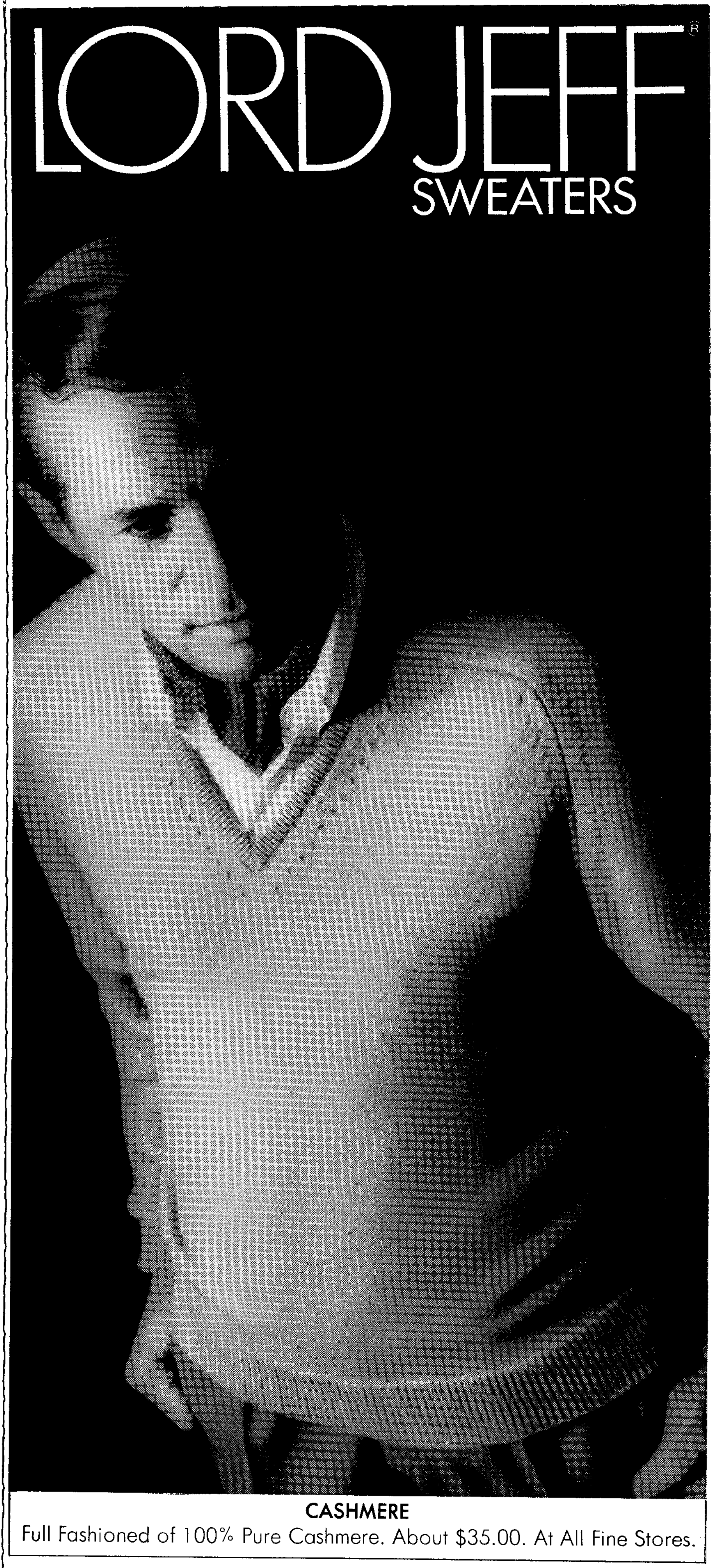
five years ago, the balance of power in Asia might have been affected only insignificantly and imperceptibly. If we got out tomorrow, the consequences might be very serious indeed. We have painted ourselves in.

Until early in 1965, I felt that our role in Vietnam was defensible. The rulers of the country seemed an untrustworthy lot, but that did not appear a good reason for turning the place over to the Vietcong. Knowing that a developing nation cannot possibly manage war and reform at the same time without assistance, I felt that our assistance in putting down an insurgency was helpful. The fact that the insurgents were natives did not bother me; so were their antagonists, and I have never believed that civil wars are somehow more virtuous and rational than wars of any other kind. From my point of view, the operations of the Vietcong were, and still are, every bit as irrational as I now believe ours are. They don't seem to mind destroying their country any more than we do. I can understand why some Americans should be indifferent to the fate of Vietnam—to a certain degree, and to my own dismay, I am coming to feel that way myself—but I cannot understand why any Vietnamese should be indifferent to it. I wish Johnson would swallow his pride, whatever the consequences, but it seems to me it is positively idiotic for Ho Chi Minh not to take Johnson and Rusk at their word and, if what they are saying is all a bluff, call it. Why not set a place and a date, and see whether Rusk shows up? Everybody knows that unless American forces stay in Vietnam for the rest of history the Vietcong are going to have their triumphs anyway; if they negotiated us out of there tomorrow on any terms at all, the country would be theirs before long. (Tran Van Dinh, a former South Vietnamese diplomat, at odds with the Saigon regime, has speculated that this very knowledge may be a reason for Ho's not negotiating. Our departure would create a vacuum that would for a time be filled by the Vietcong but would ultimately be vulnerable to Chinese pressure. Tran Van Dinh believes that one of the last things Ho really wants is a complete American pullout.) If the Vietcong can remain as strong as they seem to be with all the Americans chasing them around the country, they should have no trouble at all seizing power after they sat down and told us enough lies about the future to make it impossible for us not to agree to get out. The



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American people love to be lied to at peace conferences, and if that happened in this instance the guerrilla could put away his shooting irons, turn respectable, run for office, and run the country. General Ky could get a job with Pan American World Airways or just loll about on the Riviera, where he would be an authentic part of the scene and would find a lot of his old friends as well as many new ones.

Nothing so agreeable is going to happen. It is up to us to make the first move. Until recently, I felt that the best first move would be a relatively small one—small but visible: not necessarily putting an end to the bombing but announcing a plan for scaling it down. I know Air Force officers who wouldn't object to this. Why, it may be asked, should they, since the targets are mostly gone anyway? But many other Air Force people would not object to something of the sort being done for political reasons even if they had strategic reservations. I did not think such a move would be of the least help in "bringing Hanoi to the conference table," but I thought that almost any de-escalation would put an end to our scaring everyone else about our intentions, particularly toward the Chinese, and would help prepare us for the inevitable. In time, Johnson or some other President may begin a phased withdrawal in that way. But I now fear that it will soon be too late—by which I mean too late to undo the damage to us. And it is we ourselves in this moment of history that we must think of before we think of anyone or anything else. This is a terrible thing to feel compelled to say. Edwin Reischauer, in his "Beyond Vietnam: The United States and Asia," argues that of the three options he thinks we have—escalation and a likely war with China, complete withdrawal as soon as possible, and plodding along on our present bloody and repugnant course—the last is the least disastrous and hence the most acceptable. Reischauer, who was until recently our Ambassador in Japan, is a fine scholar and humanist who has great respect and affection for the people of Asia, among whom he lived and studied for many years before John F. Kennedy persuaded him to leave scholarship for diplomacy. He is no hawk, no imperialist, no warrior of any kind. He thinks we were crazy ever to get into this and crazy to have let it reach this point. But what he fears most of all is that if we abandon this undertaking now, we will tell ourselves that Asia is impossible, that we should never again have anything to do with it, and will

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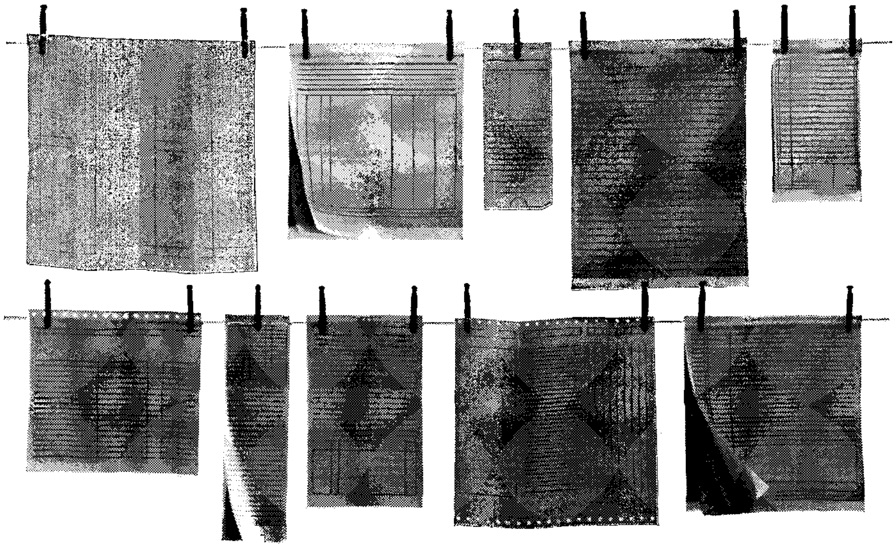

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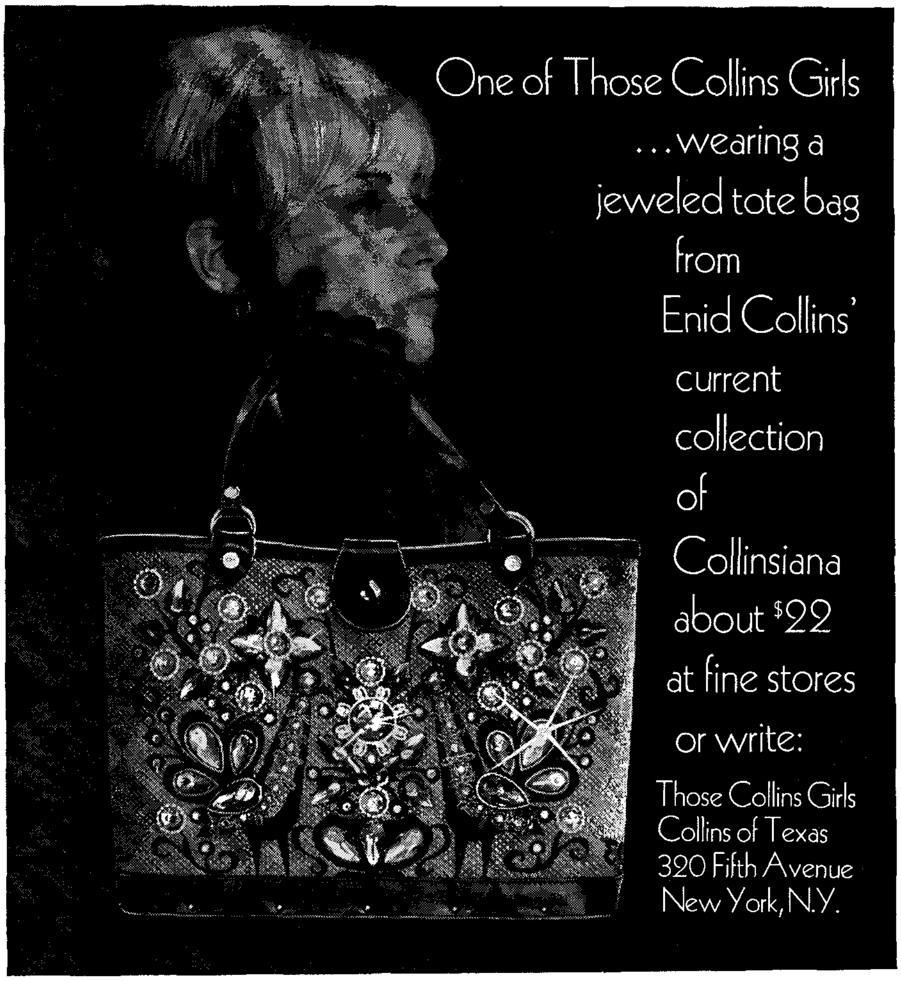

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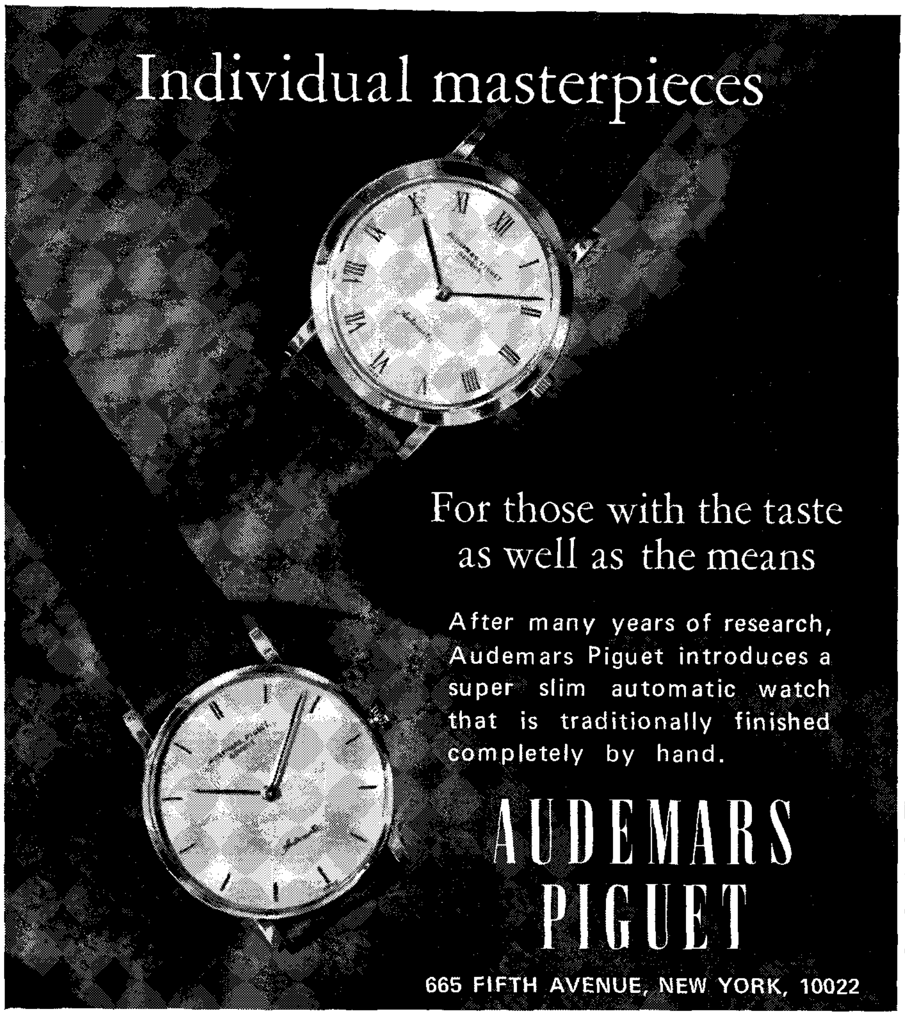
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abandon not only Vietnam but all of Asia, with the likely exception of Japan. I share his fear. We might treat Asia as we treated Europe after 1918. We must ask ourselves right now whether that wouldn't be a pretty good idea. From some points of view, it might be an excellent idea. If our foreign policy in Asia produces such a monstrosity as the Vietnam war, why not get out? But, as Reischauer sees it, and as I would like to see it, our foreign policy in Asia is more than just the war in Vietnam. Most of Asia needs our help desperately, and we can perhaps use a good deal of Asian help in growing up. I want to go on having an American presence in Asia, because I don't want people to starve to death if we can prevent it, and I don't want Asians to despise my children and grandchildren and plot to destroy them.

Anyway, the thing wouldn't work. In recent years, a good many people have urged the dismantling of NATO, on the ground that it is no longer needed and that what is sometimes called "the European system" can work on its own. Whenever such proposals were brought to the attention of George Ball, the former Under-Secretary of State and a dedicated Europeanist, he would ask their sponsors if they remembered what had happened to "the European system" in 1914 and in 1939. Things may have changed in Europe lately, but there has never been anything anyone could call "the Asian system," capable of settling what diplomats call "regional" problems—usually meaning wars. Even if China managed to contain itself, which doesn't seem very likely, there would still be a good deal of unpleasantness between India and Pakistan. Making their own nuclear weapons might seem more important to them than it does now. And there would be unpleasantness elsewhere in Southeast Asia. And who knows whether some of Japan's long-range planners might not start casting a speculative eye on the "power vacuums" we would be creating?

Until very recently, these considerations put me in substantial agreement with Reischauer that perhaps Johnson's way offers fewer dangers than any of the others. But now I think we have reached—or are just about to reach—a point at which the argument no longer holds water. For one thing, if we continue much longer we may pull out of Asia whether we win, lose, or draw in Vietnam. It happens to be the view of our people that they don't want their kids to be killed so that Asians can go on eating. Most of them would see no logic in saying there is a

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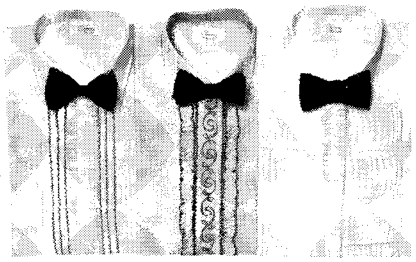
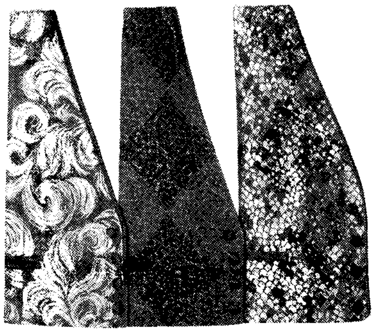


For instance, the uninhibited shirt above (center) is perfect for letting your hair down with the "Frug" or the "Boogaloo." Or the "Limbo", if you happen to be on a torchlit beach in Jamaica. The plush shirt on the right is for very formal affairs. Dinner at the White House, for example. The shirt on the left is for more romantic occasions. Like dancing until 3, at her place.



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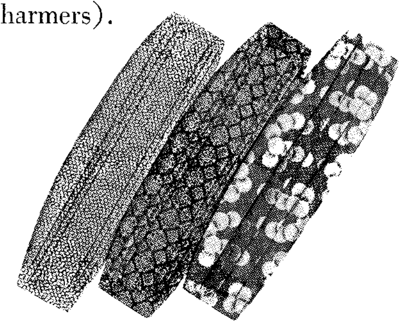

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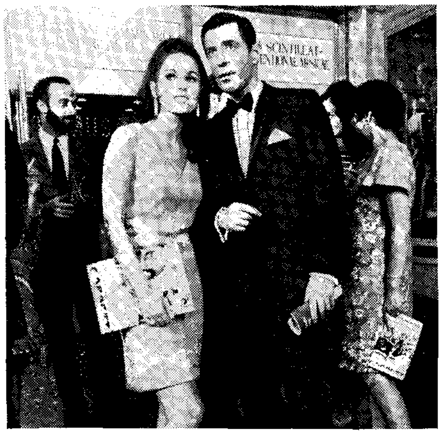

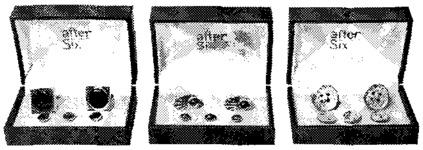

It's always good to have 4 or 5 bow ties on hand. They're small, but they can really change the look. There are the fat ones, 3 inches wide, for the rat-pack look. Thin ones for that sly lady-killer look. And droopy ones for that I've-been-around-a-lot look.

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necessary connection between starvation in India and Americans getting shot in Vietnam, but even if the logic were self-evident they would reject it. Beyond all that, however, we seem as incapable as the South Vietnamese of running a war—or, at any rate, *this* war—and doing anything worthwhile at the same time. Congress insists on cutting our decent programs elsewhere in the world—to say nothing of those in this country—almost to the point of absurdity. In a literal sense, it is finding a way to make the wretched of the earth foot the bill for Vietnam. This isn't its intention, and as a nation we are still more generous than most, yet not only are innocent people dying in Vietnam but, because of the dollars-and-cents cost of the war, they are dying in Africa.

The war in Vietnam is heading too many of us for the loony bin. People who could once talk sensibly about politics are becoming unhinged and disoriented by it. Some are really thinking seriously of running Ronald Reagan for President. A young man who used to be a provocative analyst now screwily and oracularly proclaims that "morality, like politics, starts at the barrel of a gun." This is printed in a local highbrow journal, and it takes a professor from California to remind this well-educated ex-humanist, now evidently en route to some kind of New Left Fascism, that politics *ends* at the barrel of a gun. Not long ago, a highly intelligent and attractive young Negro spokesman for a radical organization said that he couldn't see any reason anyone should write a book about poverty—he was talking of Michael Harrington's "The Other America"—because anyone who was really poor and had lived in a ghetto knew all there was to know about it anyway. He said he himself could tell it like it is, but thought a book about it was a waste of anyone's time. The land is filling up with cranks and zanies—some well intentioned, some vicious. It can be contended that Vietnam is not the only cause of goofing off, of alienation. Of course it isn't. But it provides the occasion, and it heightens the degree. And so it seems to me that if we stay on in Vietnam we will render ourselves incapable of being of much help to Asians or anyone else. We will need all the help we can get ourselves. If Ronald Reagan became President, I'd say by all means let's not have a foreign policy.

I WANT us to get out, and then try to recover our sanity, so that we may face the consequences. Some of them cause me almost no concern.

The spread of Communism bothers me very little. It may be bad in some places and not so bad in others, but we can live with it just about anywhere—even ninety miles from Key West. Once, it was, or seemed to be, a world movement, and it was surely a brutally expansionist one. But its adventures in expansionism blunted its threat as a world movement. By 1948, when Tito broke with Stalin, it should have been clear that ideology was no match for nationalism—at least in Europe. When China broke with Russia, it was obvious that the same thing went for Asia. Perhaps if we had borne in mind the history of earlier religious movements we could have seen all this fifty years ago. But we didn't see it, and neither, of course, did they. At any rate, we now know that the mere circumstance that a piece of real estate falls under Communist control doesn't constitute a threat to our existence, and doesn't even mean there is no more hope for the people involved. Nor, with things as they are, can my first concern be with the indisputable fact that by pulling out we would be breaking our pledge not only to the Vietnamese but to the Thais and others to whom what would follow might be quite painful. We are going to get out sooner or later anyway, and when we do we will not go back in, so, no matter what happens in the near future, they are going to have to work out their relations with China without much support from us. But some of the consequences of withdrawal disturb me greatly. By and large, I think that most of American foreign policy for the last thirty years has been admirable. I want us to continue to be part of the world and to use our considerable talents for the benefit of all mankind. I suspect that if we get out of Vietnam we won't have much left in the way of a foreign policy. And, most of all, I fear what will happen right here if we withdraw. Theodore C. Sorensen writes that since Khrushchev could admit a mistake in the missile crisis five years ago, and Kennedy could acknowledge one at the Bay of Pigs a year before that, Lyndon Johnson ought to be able to do the same thing now. Here are two analogies that do not work at all. The missile crisis was over in a few days, the Bay of Pigs in a few hours. No Russian soldiers died in the missile crisis, no American ones at the Bay of Pigs. It would take greater magnanimity and a greater dedication to the truth than we have any right to expect of any politician on earth for Lyndon John-

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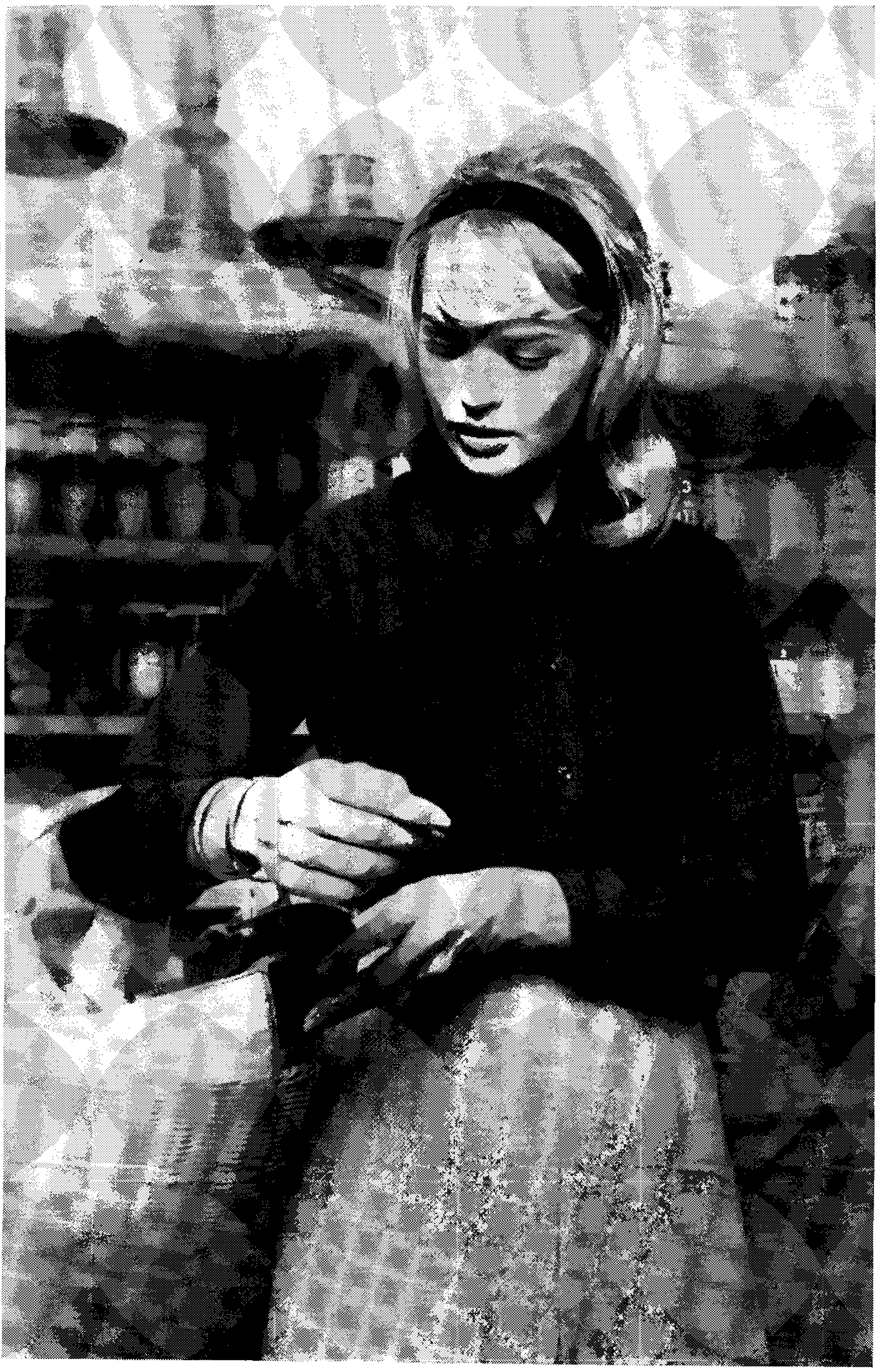

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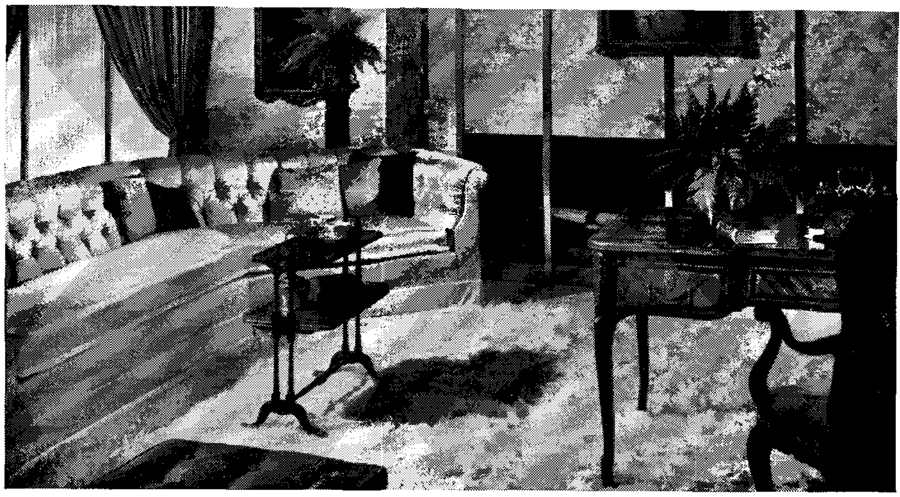

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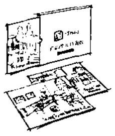

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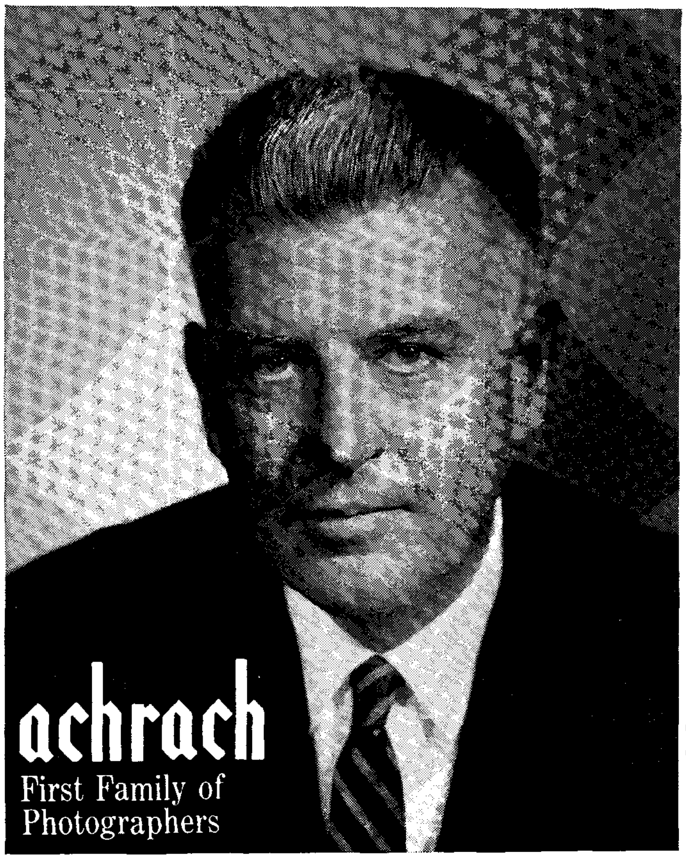

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son to say that this whole bloody business is a mistake, and was from the start. He just cannot and will not do it. If he did, he would throw this country into worse turmoil than it has known at any time since the Civil War. Could he pull out and either say nothing or tell some lies? Could he possibly use Senator Aiken's ploy and announce that we had achieved our ends in Vietnam and were withdrawing? Perhaps, but there would still be turmoil. There will be turmoil whether we stay or go, and I dread it. But, between the two, I have less fear of the consequences of withdrawal than of those of perseverance.

This war is intolerable. What does it mean to say that? Not much—talk is cheap. I haven't a clue as to how we can get out, and I have never much liked the idea of proposing without knowing of a means of disposing. I don't think we can write our way out, and I doubt very much if we can demonstrate our way out. But out is where I want us to be, and I don't know what a man can do except say what he thinks and feels. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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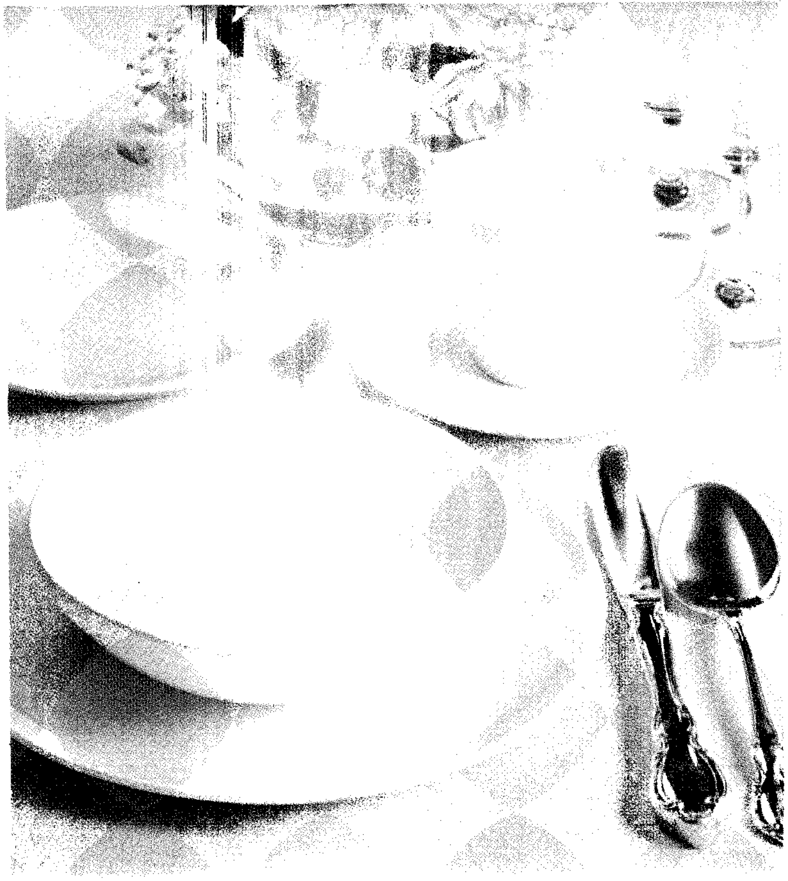
(AFTER EDWARD HOPPER)

The yellow frame lodge of the Indians—
Chequaga Tribe 19 of the Improved
Order of Red Men—wears the morning
on
Its false front like a tan. My braves, so
long
Lie all the west-cast shadows of light
poles
And fireplugs that they snap and run
right up
The walls of your wood tepee while you
sleep
Off ritual and revel (which is which?)
In the lace shadow of the yellowish-
Gray curtains up above the barbershop—
Whose pole still turns on Sunday—or on
top
Of Paradiso's Restaurant (Businessmen's
Lunch .95 and Up), or in the flat
Over the Green Star Souvenirs. Red
Men,
The sun that penetrates the frosted glass
Of your wigwam's front door and strikes
the dark
Staircase below the pendent mystery—
Gilt type and tassels on a blue sunburst—
Now beams alone upon the lazy motes
That hang above the happy hunting
ground
Of a lost brotherhood of warriors
In tribal ties and J. C. Penney suits.
—L. E. SISSMAN



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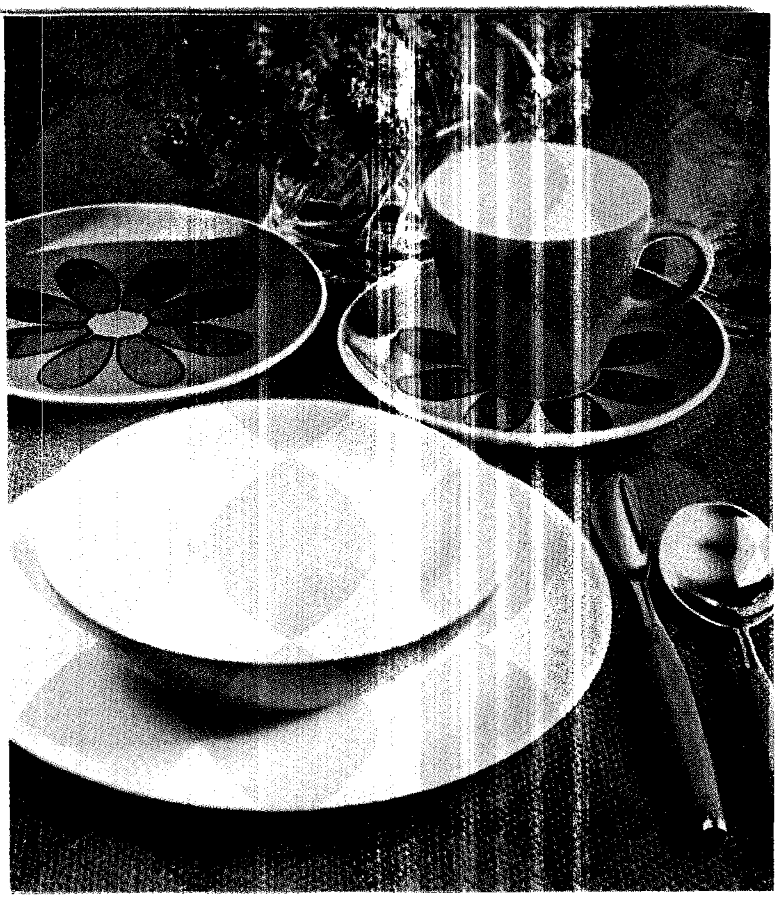

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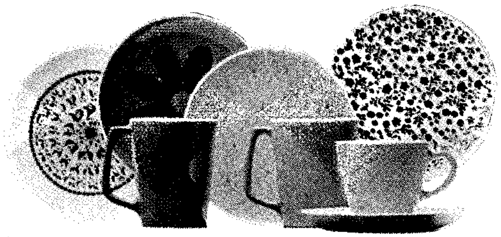

*Corning promises to replace any piece of CENTURA Tableware if it breaks, chips, cracks, crazes, or its decoration wears off in three years of normal household use. Pieces bearing ✲ will be replaced if ever broken from temperature extremes. Just return the broken pieces to a Centura Tableware Dealer. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.

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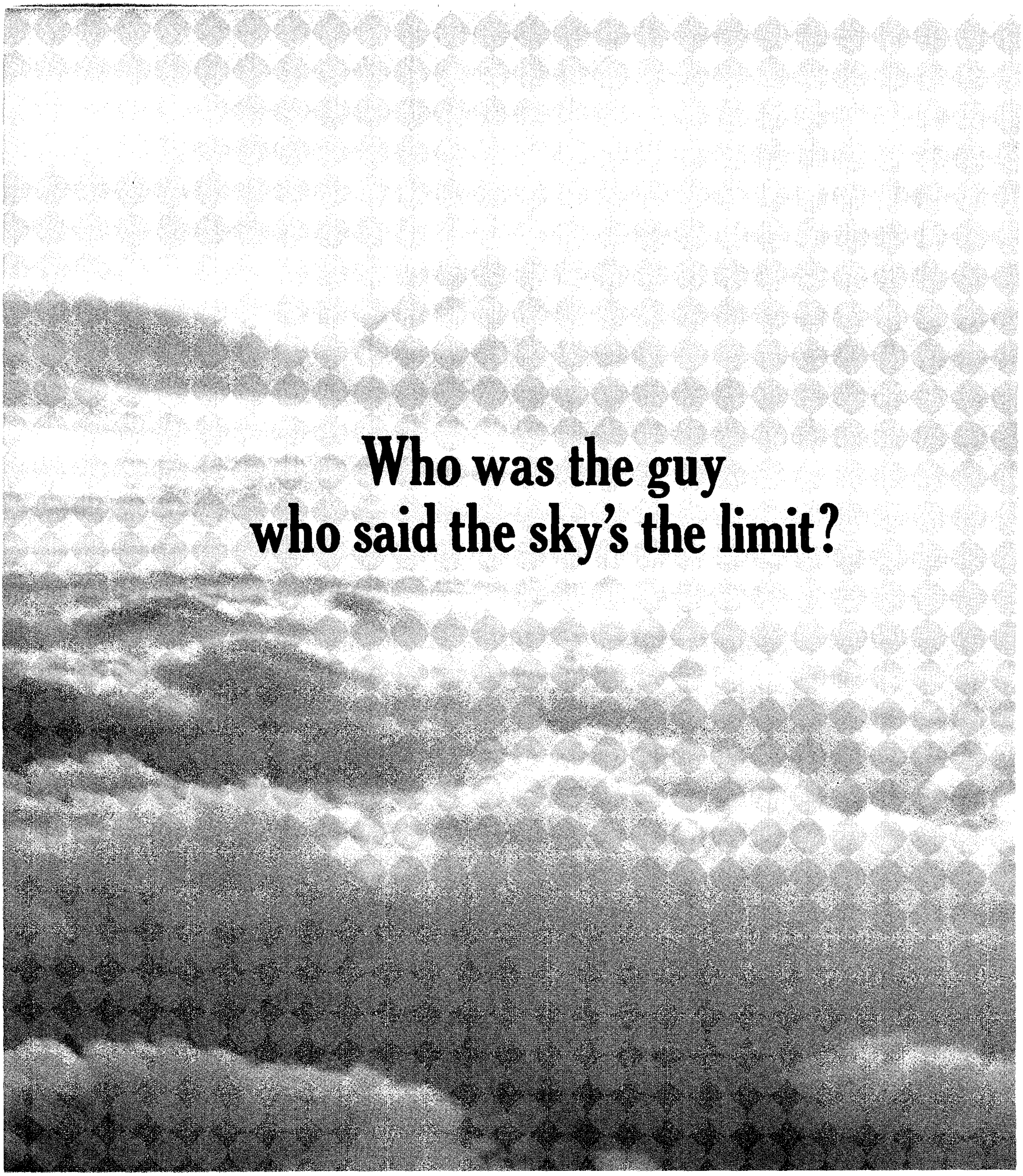

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Whoever he was, he just hasn't been anywhere lately. Not with us, he hasn't.

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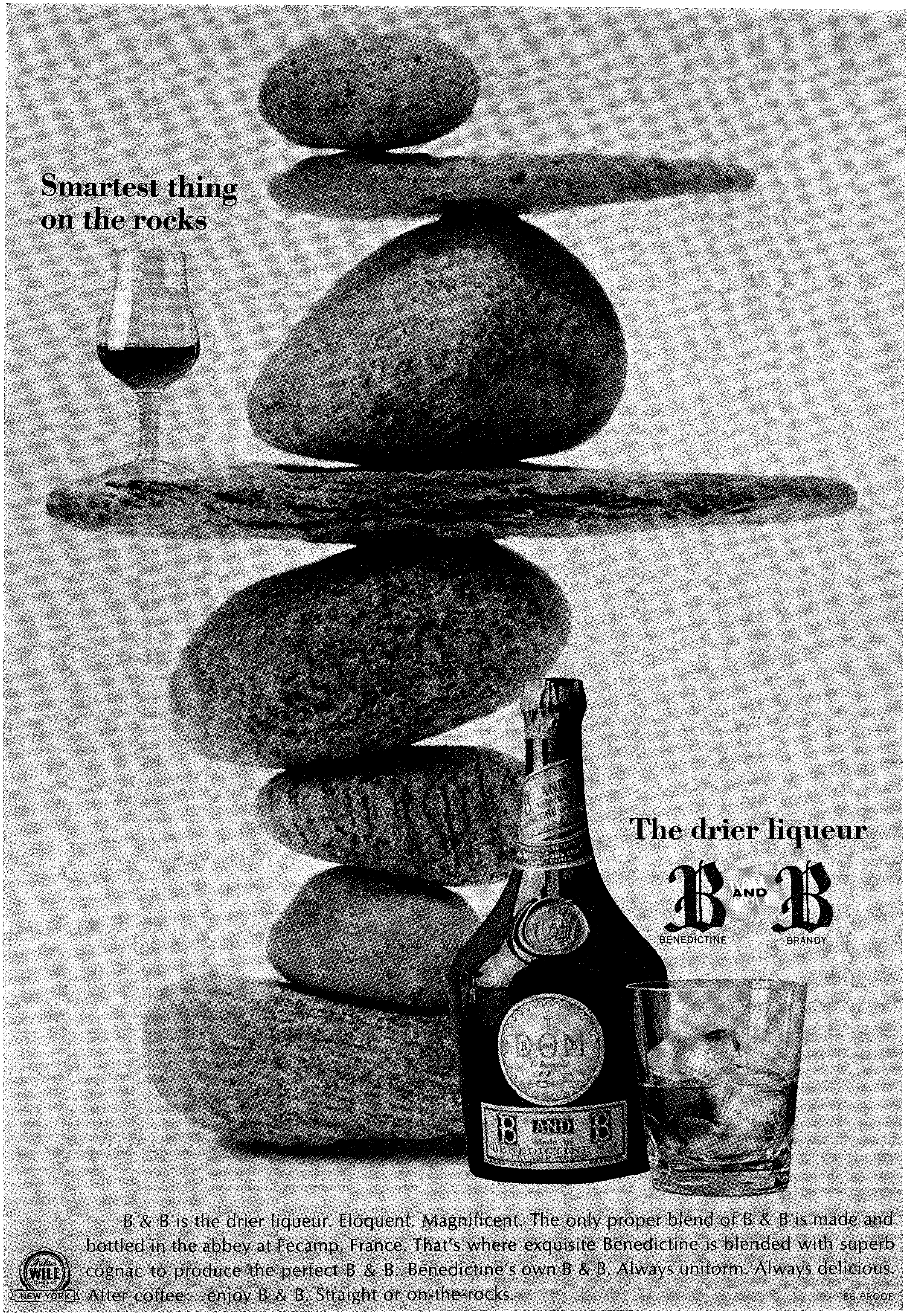
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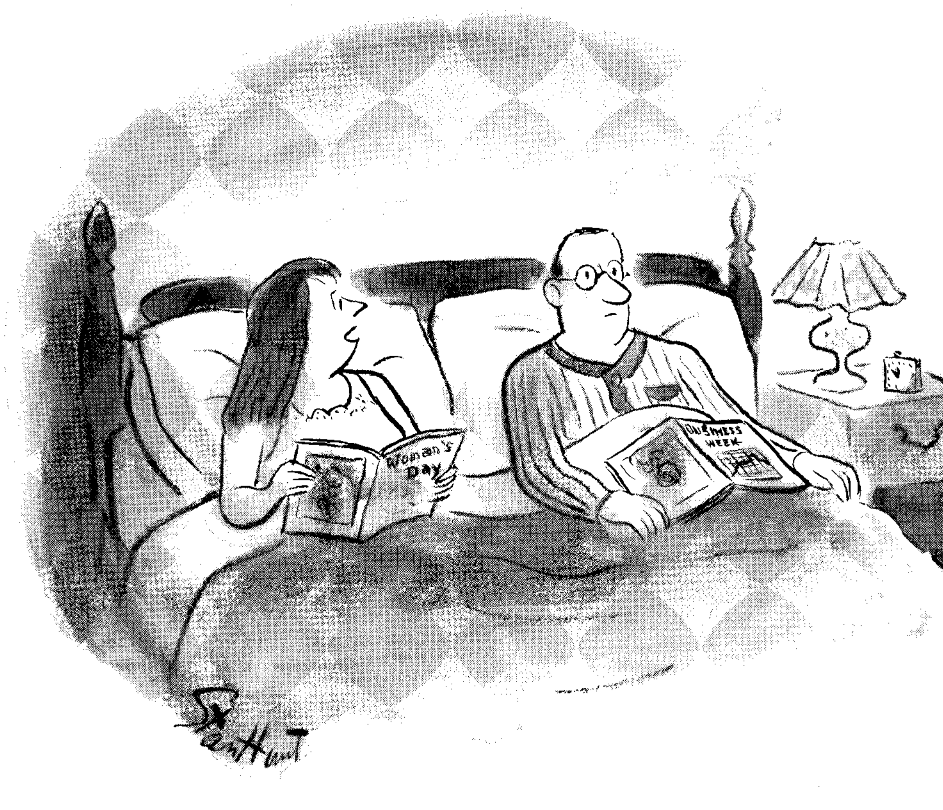
THE THEATRE

THE OUTSIDERS

TWO of Shakespeare's least memorable characters are the heroes of "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," at the Alvin, but however boring they may be as incidental noises in the tragedy of "Hamlet," they are wonderfully comic and ruefully appealing in this interpretation of their lives and times by Tom Stoppard. As Mr. Stoppard would have it, these school chums of the Prince of Denmark never quite understand what all the commotion is about in the Castle of Elsinore, to which Hamlet's uncle, the King, has summoned them in order to help him find out why his nephew is acting so peculiarly. It is evident even before they get to Elsinore that Mr. Stoppard's Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are not the brightest young men in the world, since they not only keep forgetting what their mission is supposed to be but also tend to confuse their identities—sometimes Rosencrantz thinks he's Guildenstern, and at other times it's the other way around. To while away the hours, they toss coins, and Rosencrantz, calling "heads" more than ninety times, wins again and again, provoking Guildenstern into a dissertation on the law of probability, and on into a series of the syllogisms, conundrums, and paradoxes that used to be so prevalent in Elizabethan dramas. But the two men do not just ape bygone intellectual spoofing; they also create a theatrical atmosphere as contemporary as Beckett and Ionesco, since they are compulsively engaged in endeavors whose aim, meaning, or conclusion is never clear to them. As part of the ingenious scheme of his drama, Mr. Stoppard has his principals meet, on their way to Elsinore, a troupe of actors, who are, of course, later on to perform in the play designed to catch the conscience of the King. The business of serving as an audience of two for these knockabout tragedians takes a lot out of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, particularly since one of the performers is a transvestite and the others are themselves pretty far out. But eventually the troupe moves on, and our chaps find themselves in Elsinore, where Hamlet, looking as frantic as Charles Bickford in a Jack London movie epic, wanders in and out, saying little and certainly indulging in no audible soliloquies, while R. and G. wonder what in hell is going on between him and his mother and stepfather. Presently, since Hamlet is plainly not going to give them any clues to what is troubling him, they determine to question him directly. Great ones for question-and-answer games, they first hold a practice session, with Guildenstern playing Hamlet and Rosencrantz acting as interrogator. Says Rosencrantz, at one point, "To sum up: Your father, whom you love, dies, you are his heir, you come back to find that hardly was the corpse cold before his young brother popped onto his throne and into his sheets, thereby offending both legal and natural practice. Now, why exactly are you behaving in this extraordinary manner?" Mr. Stoppard is skilled at this anticlimactic dialogue, and he is also ready with anachronistic Yiddish jokes: "Two early Christians chanced to meet in Heaven," says Rosencrantz at another point, trying to cheer up a gloomy Guildenstern. " 'Saul of Tarsus yet!' cried one. 'What are *you* doing here?' 'Tarsus-Schmarsus,' replied the other, 'I'm Paul already.' " This kind of freewheeling is amusing, and yet when Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are sent off to England with Hamlet—who eventually returns to Denmark, as you know, for a rendezvous with doom—they sense that before the voyage is over, they, who were never really participants in any high-style doings, are nevertheless going to die, and Mr. Stoppard makes their demise a sad little affair. All the actors in "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" are commendable, and Brian Murray as Rosencrantz, John Wood as Guildenstern, and Paul Hecht as the leader of the players are outstanding. Derek Goldby's direction is notable, and so are the scenery and costumes, by Desmond Heeley, and the lighting, by Richard Pilbrow.

WHILE Mr. Murray and Mr. Wood were turning in witty and trenchant performances under Mr. Goldby's direction, a couple of young ladies—Sandy Dennis and Barbara Ferris, who figure, respectively, in "Daphne in Cottage D," at the Longacre, and "There's a Girl in My Soup," at the Music Box—were being given their pretty heads by *their* directors, and both of them became rather tiresome before they had completed their stints in what are, Lord knows, a pair of offerings of no consequence. In "Daphne in Cottage D," Miss Dennis



"What do you care what's going on in Haight-Ashbury tonight?"

chews up enough scenery to fill Caine's warehouse, and in "There's a Girl in My Soup" Miss Ferris shows a similar predilection. Miss Dennis is involved in a two-character drama by Stephen Levi that has to do with a movie star's widow who is so fond of booze that she has been declared incompetent to function as the custodian of her small son, and with a doctor who has taken to roaming about footlessly since he accidentally ran over *his* child—another little boy. These two confront each other in the living room of a cottage at a resort hotel in New England, and go in for a good deal of soapy palaver before the play is done. Although Miss Dennis's affectations are annoying, her partner in the exercise, William Daniels, is low-keyed and appealing. I guess no merit badge is due Martin Fried for his direction.

Miss Ferris, the other young lady who gave me no pleasure last week, is caught up in a comedy by Terence Frisby that describes the plight of a womanizer in his forties when thrown in with a nineteen-year-old swinger who thinks he's practically as old as God. Miss Ferris hops around at a hell of a rate, and the double-entendres flow in a deadly stream. But Gig Young, as the alleged ancient—a very eminent food connoisseur, according to the script—bears up well in the circumstances. The director of this one is Robert Chetwyn.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Mayor Joseph Beehan said there were numerous resolutions, but the one the city delegates particularly supported suggested the doing away of persons with fixed incomes, such as pensioners.—*Peterborough (Ont.) Examiner.*

Should have been done years ago.

•

Flea beatle is the name given to a large group of small beatles belonging to the family Chrysomelidae.—*San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal.*

Surely you remember the Chrysomelidae boys—John, Paul, George, and Ringo?

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DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*Letter from the Citizen Exchange Corps, New York*]

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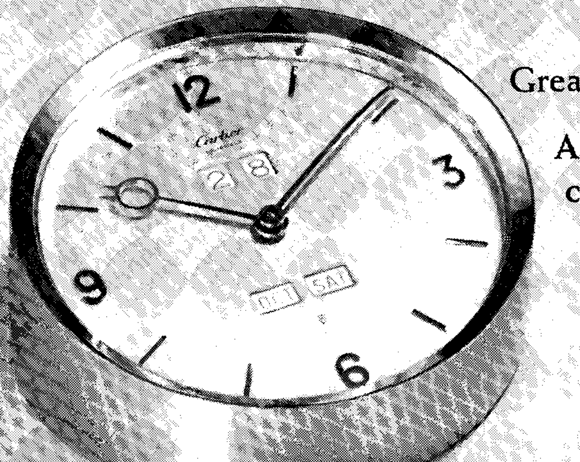

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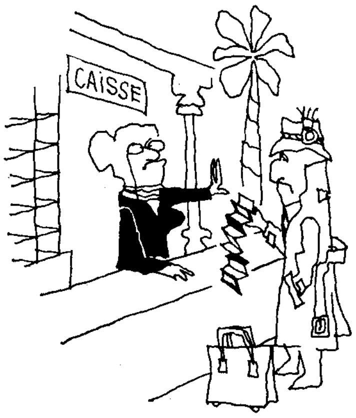

Whenever Harry travels, he favors the good hotels, the best restaurants. And he carries the usual credit cards. He likes their convenience, he says, and they are so much cleaner than cash—safer too.

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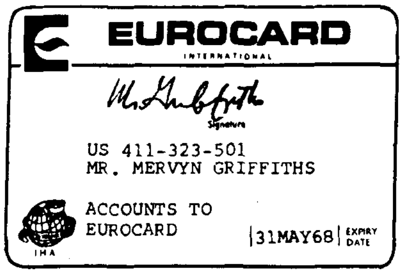

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MUSICAL EVENTS

All Stops Out

THE most hoity-toity event of last week was unquestionably the appearance in Carnegie Hall, on Wednesday night, of Herbert von Karajan and the orchestra and chorus of La Scala—along with a hand-picked group of soloists—in a performance of the Verdi Requiem. Tickets were at a top of forty dollars, and many white ties were to be seen. So were many famous singers, many recording people and managers, and many of those people who work in the background of the musical scene and whose function is generally to make famous people even more famous. Thus, this was to a large extent an audience of professionals, assembled for what was to be one of the great evenings of the season. Mr. von Karajan, a conductor with true charisma when he is at his best, was in fine form. The soloists were Leontyne Price, soprano; Fiorenza Cossotto, mezzo-soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; and Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass—a group that it would be hard to excel in quality anywhere today.

The Verdi Requiem is, as has been remarked many times, a rather operatic religious piece, and it can make an effect that almost overwhelms the audience for reasons other than religious fervor. This is the sort of effect it made the other night. Mr. von Karajan controlled the long lines of the score admirably, and the performance had enormous sweep. Parts of it—the "Tuba Mirum," with its thumping bass drum, for example—seemed to me overdramatized. At times, the rafters of Carnegie Hall seemed to rattle with the sheer volume of sound. Obviously, the lung power of the Scala chorus is exceptional, and the brass of the orchestra, doubled in several places, is capable of a tremendous din. As you may gather, I did not find this the most subtle performance of the Verdi work. But one must give credit to Mr. von Karajan for the enthusiasm and muscular effort he was able to extract from the participants. Not many conductors nowadays are capable of making a chorus and orchestra outdo

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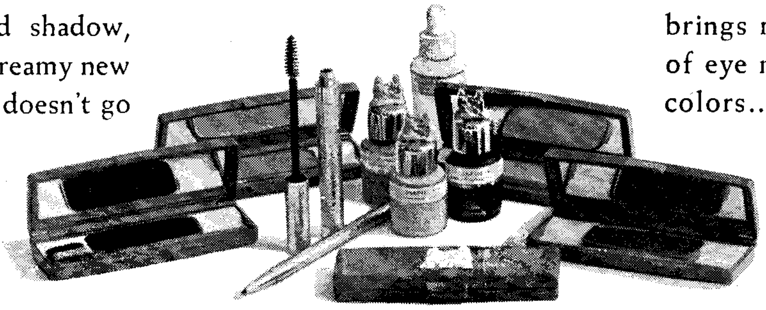

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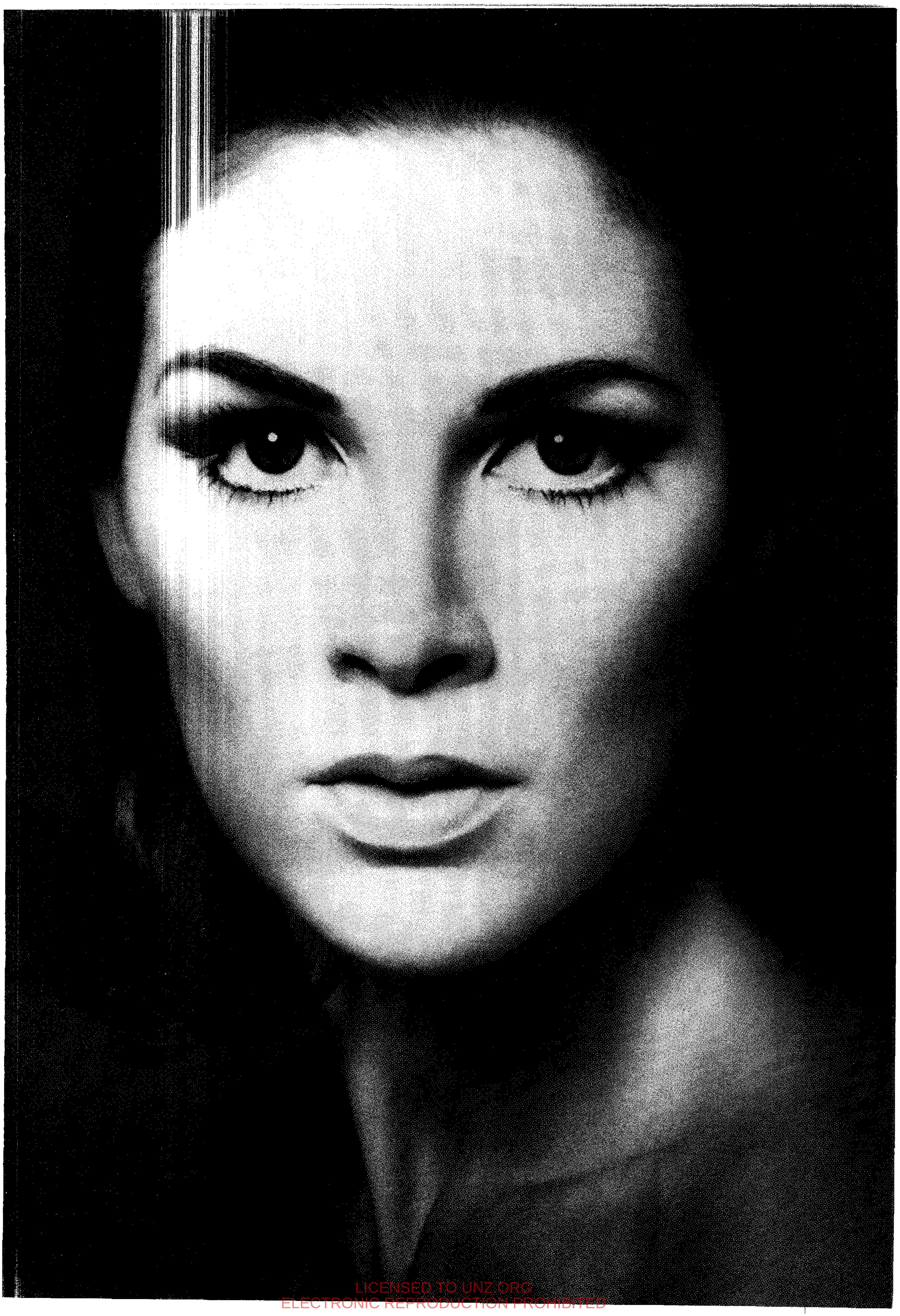

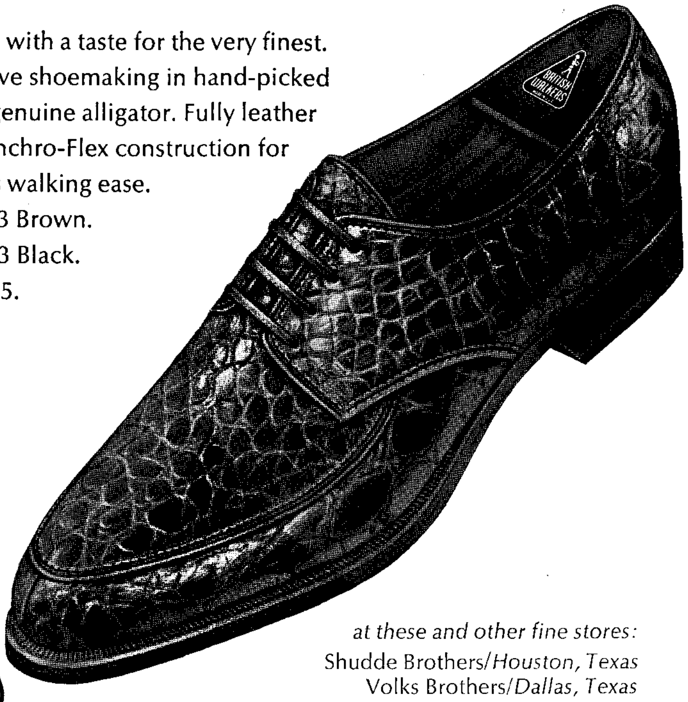

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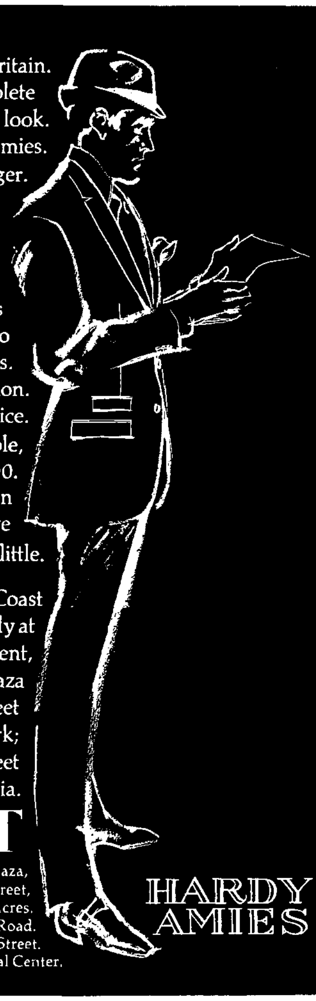

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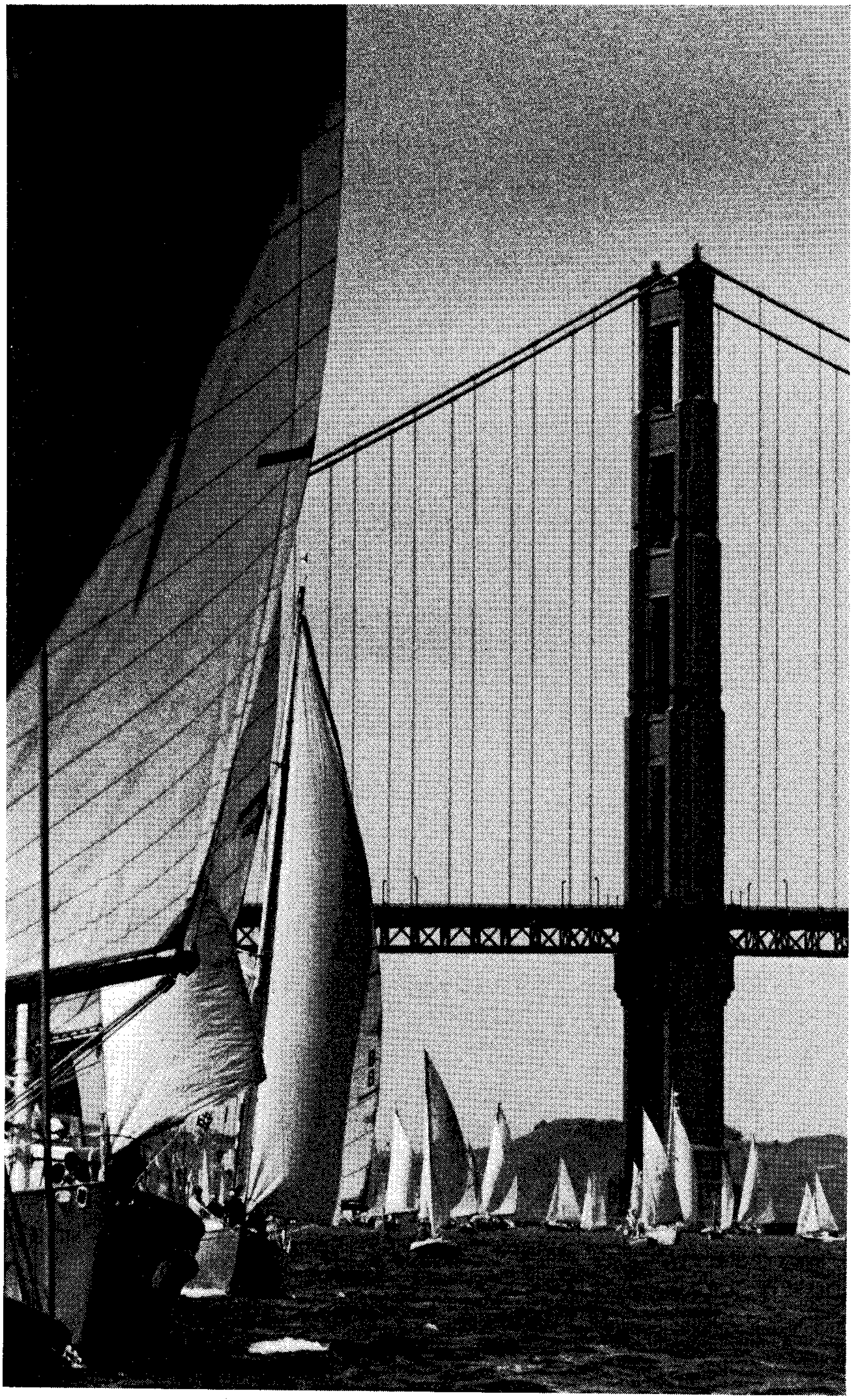
themselves, with every singer and player striving to the utmost for a grand result. Probably, in terms of effort involved, the like of this concert had not been heard since the days of Toscanini. From the artistic point of view, however, it was a couple of notches below what Toscanini would have produced. It was an extrovert "Requiem," with everything on the surface. The mystery of death, with which its text is concerned, never made itself felt, and one left the hall with the feeling of having been through a theatrical but not a religious experience.

Naturally, a great deal of the evening's attention was focussed on the soloists. It would not be easy to imagine a finer soprano for this work than Miss Price. The warmth of her singing was affecting, and she was totally accurate in all those difficult high notes and broad leaps that Verdi wrote for this part. I had never heard Miss Cossotto before. She is a small, dark woman with a huge mezzo voice and a degree of authority in matters of style that is immediately impressive. Her lower range is extraordinary in its power, assurance, and intonation. She knows how to phrase so that every note and every accent are given their just due, and she also knows when to give her voice full play and when to restrain it. Altogether, I found hers one of the memorable new vocal performances of recent seasons. Mr. Bergonzi is, of course, familiar. He is the most cultivated and refined of contemporary Italian tenors. He sang beautifully, though as the evening progressed his voice began to sound slightly tired. Mr. Ghiaurov, almost equally familiar, is a rather high *basso cantante*, with a voice of character—not, perhaps, the purest of bassos, but an exceedingly dramatic one, and one well suited to this work.

TUESDAY night of last week brought the Philadelphia Orchestra to Philharmonic Hall, where it performed a program that was half conventional, half fairly new. The conventional items were the overture to Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" and the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, with a Soviet violinist named Nelli Shkolnikova in the solo part. The Mozart overture was done with the inimitable lightness that the Philadelphians have under Mr. Ormandy. Miss Shkolnikova turned out to be a capable though not a terribly exciting violinist. Perhaps she was nervous. A few lapses in intonation, and a lack of regard for subtle phrasing in the beginning, suggested this. Her best movement was the finale, which was done with exemplary brilliance. The part of the program that was fairly new—to my ears, at any rate—was devoted to Mahler's Tenth Symphony in the performing version devised by the English musicologist Deryck Cooke. It has been presented here before, by Mr. Ormandy and others, but not frequently enough to make it a familiar item. Mr. Cooke has done his work conscientiously, and the symphony—whose third, fourth, and fifth movements were left incomplete at the time of Mahler's death—has all the idiomatic Mahler flavor. If anything, the Mahlerisms are more exaggerated here than in some of the previous symphonies—a fact that may derive from Mahler's profound gloom when he wrote it. In some ways, it is the freest of all the Mahler symphonies—that is, in daring structure and concentration of mood. Whether Mahler would have rewritten it if he had lived is an unanswerable question. But Mahler often rewrote, and what we have here is a huge work, intense and majestic in some places but rather diffuse in others.

MAHLER'S Fifth, which formed the main part of the program by the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday evening, under Leonard Bernstein, is much more coherent Mahler, and it is one of the Mahler symphonies in which Mr. Bernstein is particularly eloquent. His interpretation of it is one in which every element is pulled apart and clarified before being put together again, and the result is a remarkable lucidity of detail. I can remember more soul-searching performances—under Bruno Walter, for instance—but Mr. Bernstein has his own way with the work, which is vigorous, sensitive to Mahler's peculiar idiom, and certainly not to be disparaged. The earlier part of this program was given over to the first New York performance of something called "Inscape," by Aaron Copland. It is a twelve-tone composition, faultless in construction and interesting in its succession of orchestral effects. It shows what Mr. Copland, our most distinctive contemporary composer, can do. It is, in short, a demonstration of a composer's virtuosity. But aside from this it has no meaning for me whatever, and I suspect that it had even less meaning for the audience, which applauded perfunctorily. What impels composers to write this kind of thing is beyond me. The method is fifty years old. The work makes no statement of any sort, except that Mr. Copland can turn out



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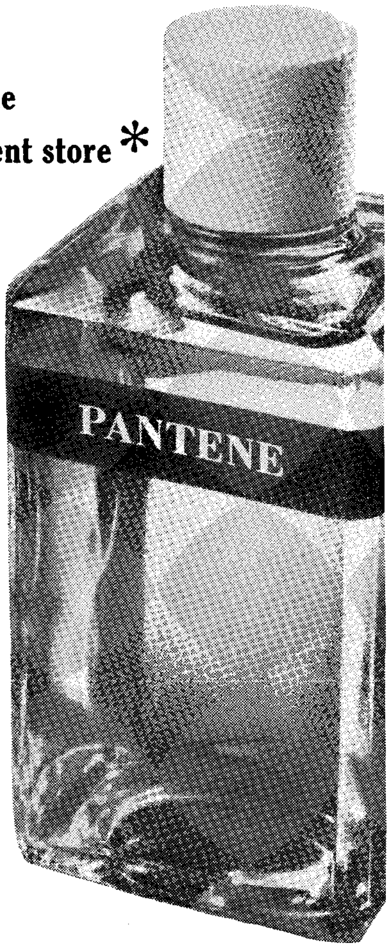

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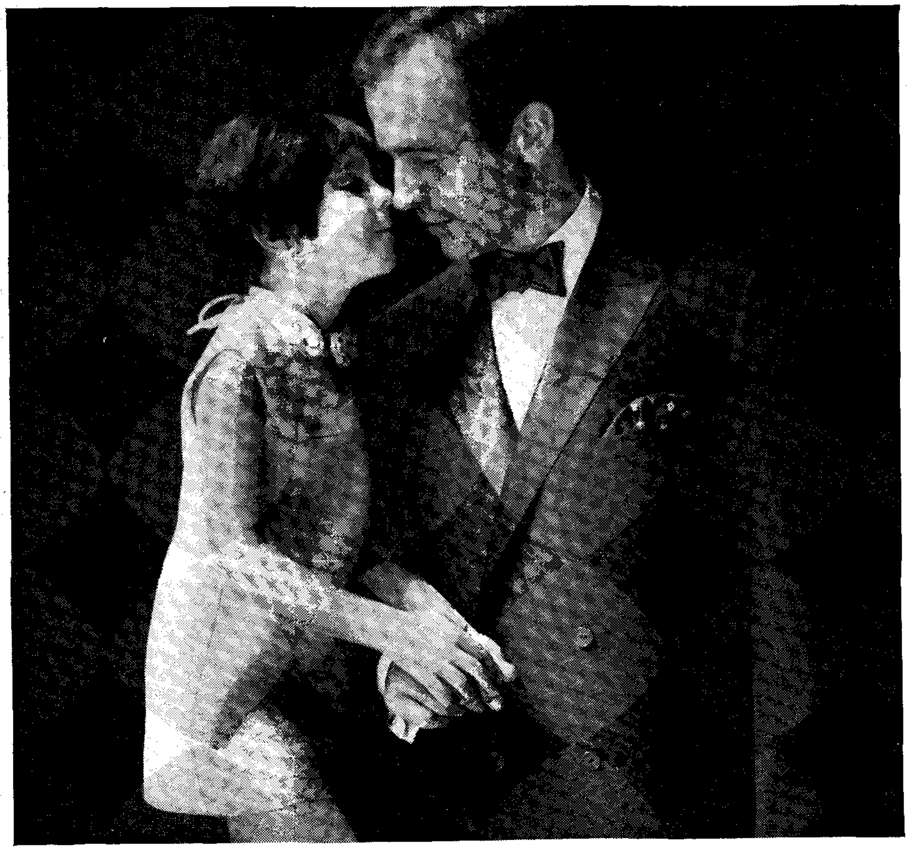

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twenty minutes or so of twelve-tone composition with the greatest skill.

FRIDAY night's concert by the Boston Symphony in Philharmonic Hall, under Erich Leinsdorf, induced in me similar reflections. Arnold Schoenberg's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 42, made up most of the first part of the program. It is, like Copland's "Inscape," a twelve-tone composition, but it was written forty-five years previously, at a time when people thought that twelve-tone composition constituted an important innovation. The solo part was played—accurately, I am sure—by a young Greek pianist named Rita Bouboulidi. The program notes were thick with references to "inversions," "retrograde" motion, and so on, all characteristic of what is written about Schoenberg's music, and all technical. But what, if anything, lies beyond this technical machinery—machinery that should be merely a means to some end or other? What great statement is being made by Schoenberg? Why is it deemed worthwhile for an audience of three thousand busy people to sit still for this half hour? To listen to a demonstration of technique? Nobody but composers and musicologists is that interested in technique, or should be. I have found a few composers who *can* express something within the straitjacket of the twelve-tone system—Alberto Ginastera, Luigi Dallapiccola, Luigi Nono, and Alban Berg. Curiously, Schoenberg, the inventor of the system, is not among them. Mr. Leinsdorf preceded the work with an eminently clear performance of the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," and followed it with an eminently clear performance of Schubert's great C-Major Symphony.

CORRECTION: A couple of weeks ago, in commenting on the American National Opera's production of "Tosca," I referred to the Angelotti of Bruce Yarnell, and went on to describe a tenor voice. Mr. Yarnell is, of course, a baritone. The voice I was describing was that of Ray Arbizu, who sang Cavaradossi.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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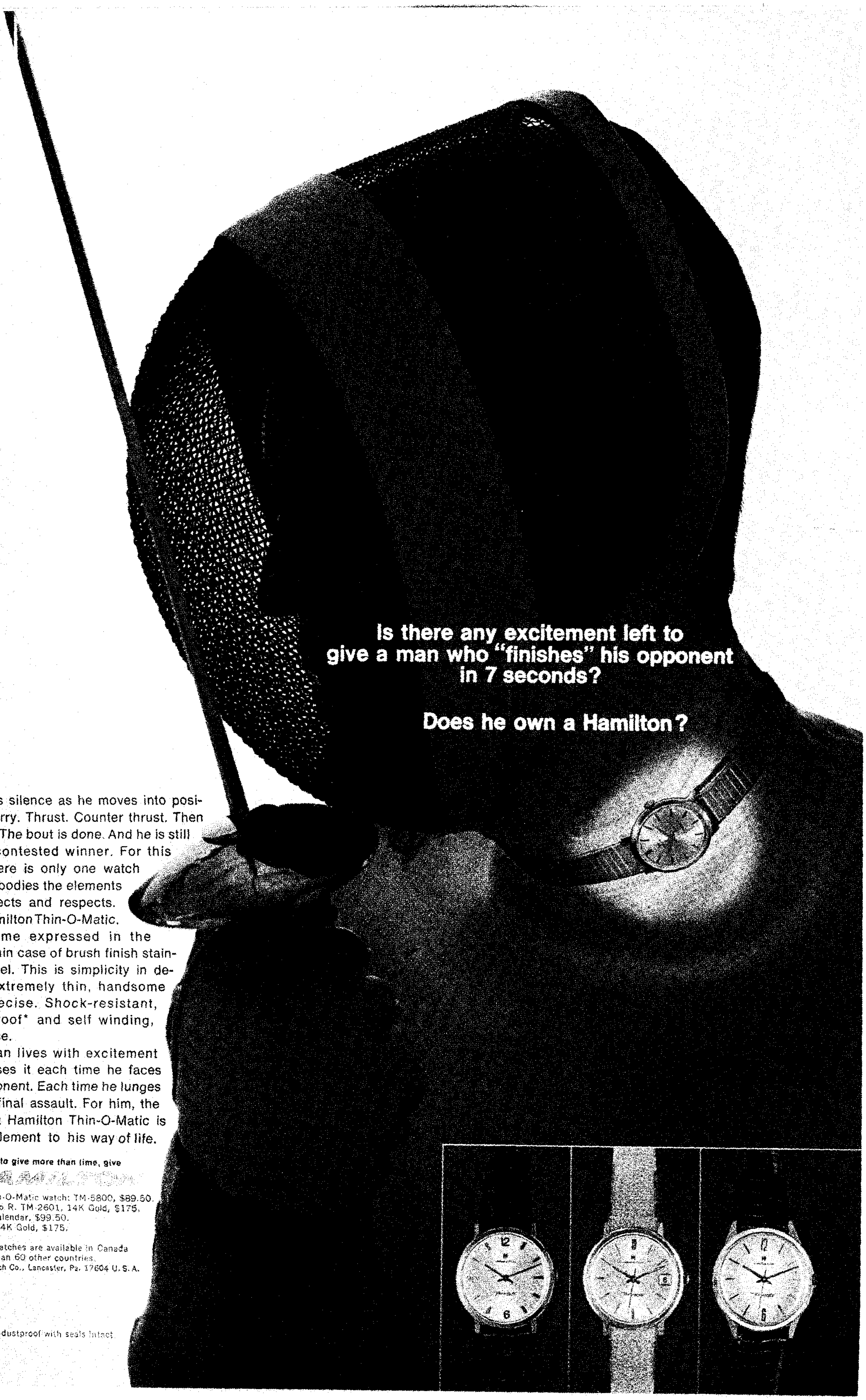
> In a U.N. policy speech. The average temperature was 58 degrees. Last year's reading average for the same date was 48 degrees. Seasonal normal is 59 degrees.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Wait till the admission of Red China comes up!



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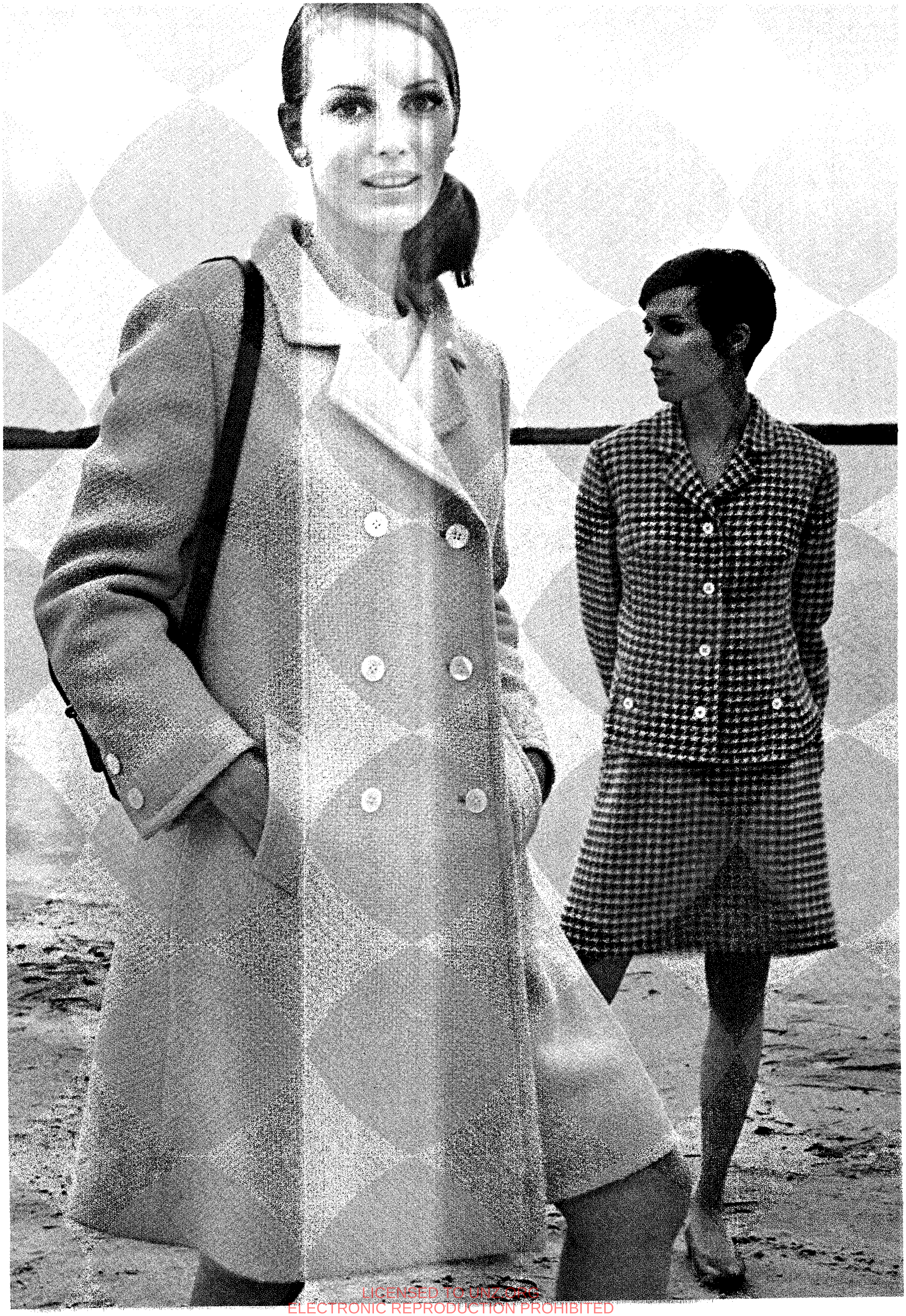

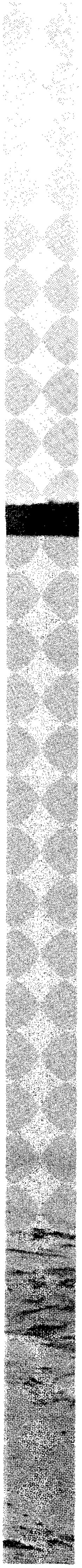

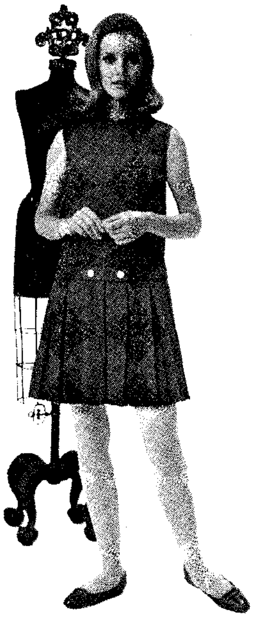

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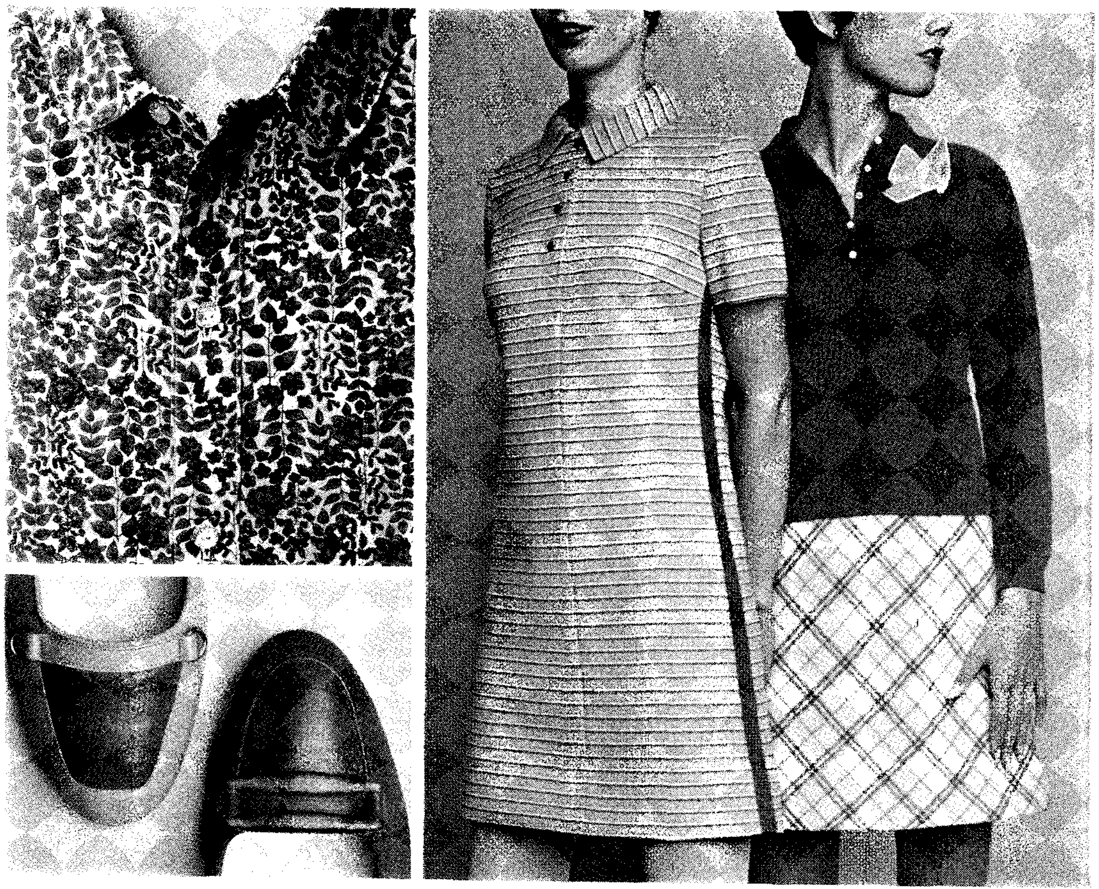

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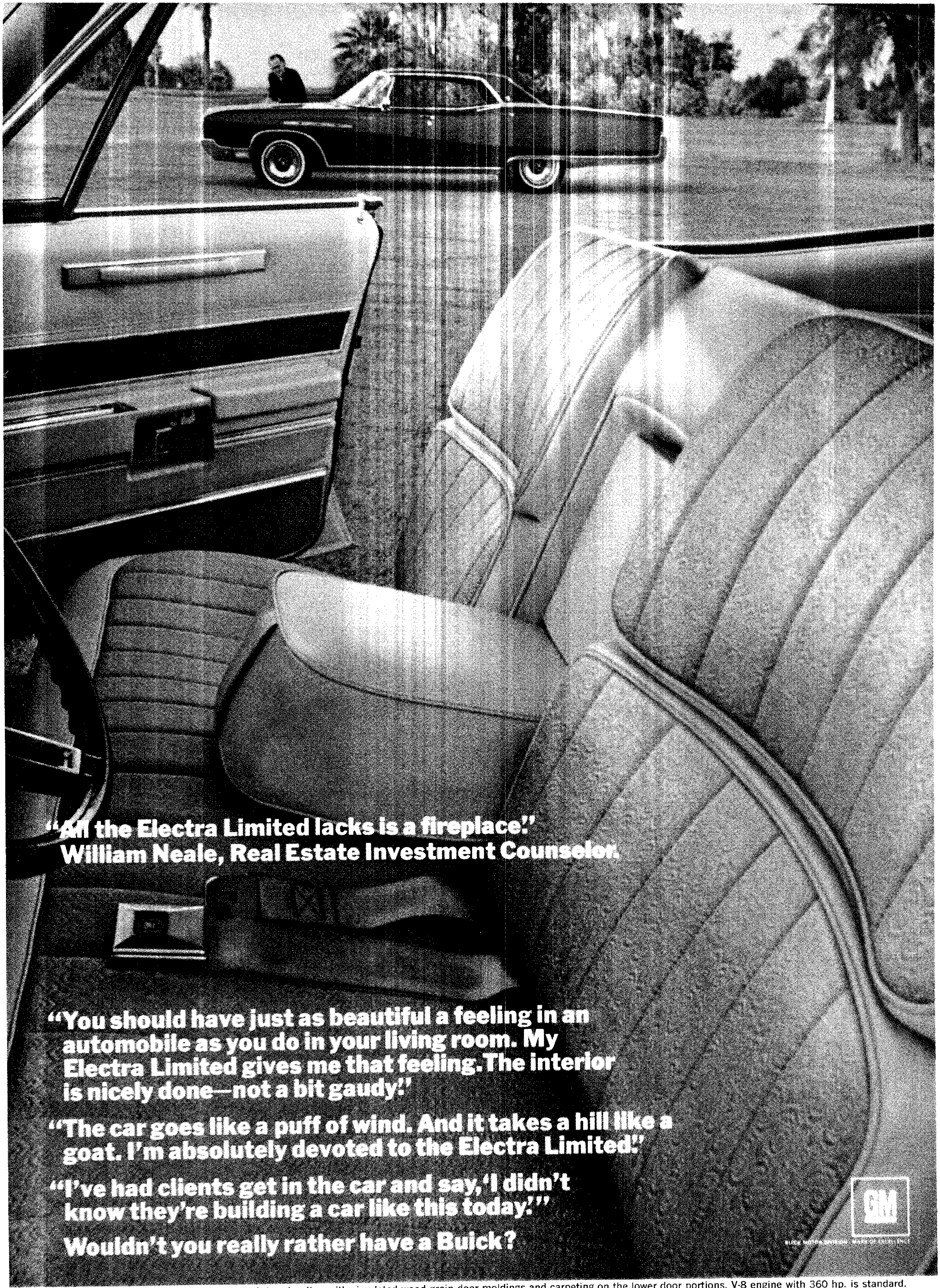

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FOOTBALL

Even Stephen

UP in Ithaca, where the major event of last weekend was taking place (Harvard vs. Cornell), it was irresistible force vs. immovable object, and, as often happens in a situation of the sort, fortuity rather than might was what decided who would win. The count was Harvard 14, Cornell 12, but it could just as well have been Harvard 14, Cornell 14, or Cornell 16, Harvard 14. And it was taking little chances that made the difference. In the first quarter, Harvard took a chance at its own end of the field, deciding to pitch out to Gatto on fourth down instead of punting. Gatto gained all of two feet around his left end, but Harvard got its first down and, a couple of minutes later, its first touchdown. It was now up to Cornell to be bold, so, four plays later, Robertson, from his five-yard line, threw into the left flat—but straight into the hands of Emery, a Harvard speed boy, who racked up another touchdown. Robertson, heavily encumbered by as good a Harvard defense as any of us are ever likely to see, finally cleared his gunsights in the second half and brought about two literally stunning Cornell touchdowns. Taking chances again, he chose once to toss the ball to a teammate for a sprint around his right end for the two points after touchdown, and once to throw an end-zone pass for the two points. Both maneuvers failed. Many other Robertson maneuvers misfired, too. Williamson, a Harvard defense back who reminds one of Army's Steele, batted down two of his tosses and gobbled up three more, and so it went. Robertson still is, and will continue to be, a hard man to deny. The beanbag shuttle passes he worked with Huling and Heeps must be termed brilliant—though no more brilliant than the Zimmerman-to-Gatto-to-Stargel beanbag operation that netted the first Harvard touchdown. Harvard and Dartmouth meet in Boston this Saturday, and more of the same tough, quick-witted football should ensue.

ARMY's Steele is four inches taller (six feet five) than Harvard's Williamson, which presumably made it

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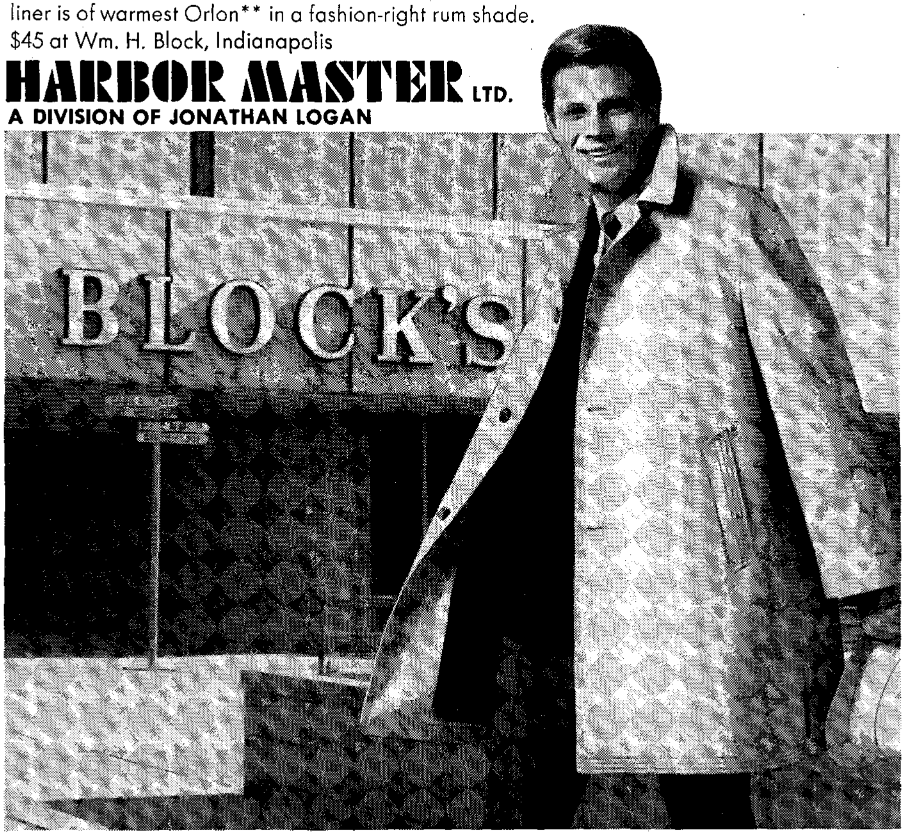

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all the easier for him to do that balloon ascent in the midst of three Rutgers harriers last Saturday for what may have been the most astonishing catch of the weekend. Army was sluggish (who wouldn't be after a Friday night against S.M.U. the week before?) but capable—Army 14, Rutgers 3. Some of Army's difficulty may derive from its having, because of banged-up quarterbacks, to change pilots so often; some of it certainly derives from its inclination to fracture a rule or two on touchdown plays. (It has lost four touchdowns this year on that account.) Mitchell, a Rutgers scatback whom this observer always likes to watch, was pretty much held down, because Army spread its defense to shut off his end runs, leaving its middle open, but not open enough for him to go very far there, either, and Rutgers' best quarterback (this is the year for quarterback trouble) is carrying on with an immobile left arm. . . . Dowling, Yale's prize quarterback, who had been inactive since early last fall, helped considerably in Yale's putting down of Columbia by the count of 21–7, but it was noticeable that he did not once exercise his famous throwing arm. Princeton put down Colgate, 28–0, without the services of Schoene, its principal quarterback, who was damaged in the match with Cornell. Dartmouth put down Brown by the count of 41–6, partly because Ryzewicz, its prize quarterback, had sufficiently recovered from earlier wounds to see some action. By now, it is clear that Brown needs to do more than change coaches, and it could be that Wormith, its principal fullback, wishes that he were teamed with his fellow-Canadian Bracken, who, despite a recalcitrant finger injury, is doing rather better in the Princeton backfield.

The rulemakers rule, the coaches decide. The new regulation restraining the linemen from going downfield so fast under a punt (the idea was to produce "more spectacular" runbacks) has been thwarted in many a game. The punters have been instructed to get their kicks off more slowly, or to punt for the sidelines, or else to try (often from absurd distances) placement kicks into the end zone in the hope that one of them just might be high and true enough for a field goal. Sometimes, too, a surreptitious quick kick on third down is tried. Bracken did this a few weeks ago against Columbia, and one of his ends, Biros, downed the ball only a foot short of the Columbia goal. —J.W.L.

A Fish Story.

One morning Lloyd T. Bethune loaded $950 worth of rods, reels, creels, nets, boots, lures and other gear into his station wagon and headed for the stream, his headlights boring through the 4 a.m. fog.

Arriving at the water's edge after a scramble through two miles of dripping forest, he crawled into his rubber waders, laced on his hob-nailed boots, strait-jacketed himself into his canvas vest, strapped on his net and creel and started hiking upstream just as the rains came.

Four miles later he had made sixty-three casts, slapped at 146 midges and black flies, almost lost an eye on an overhanging limb, slipped twice into icy water up to his ears and disentangled his line from brambles seven times.

When he returned home, he had two weary arms, two sore legs, innumerable bites and scratches, the start of a bad chest cold and one fish of questionable legality.

Why do fishermen fish?

For the same reason football fans sit on a plank and holler themselves hoarse, while half-freezing to death. Or tennis fans broil in the sun, swiveling head and eyeballs like some Rube Goldberg invention. Or golfers drag themselves out of bed in the small hours so they can finally drag themselves around on five miles of wet grass, brush and sand (ah, that sand!).

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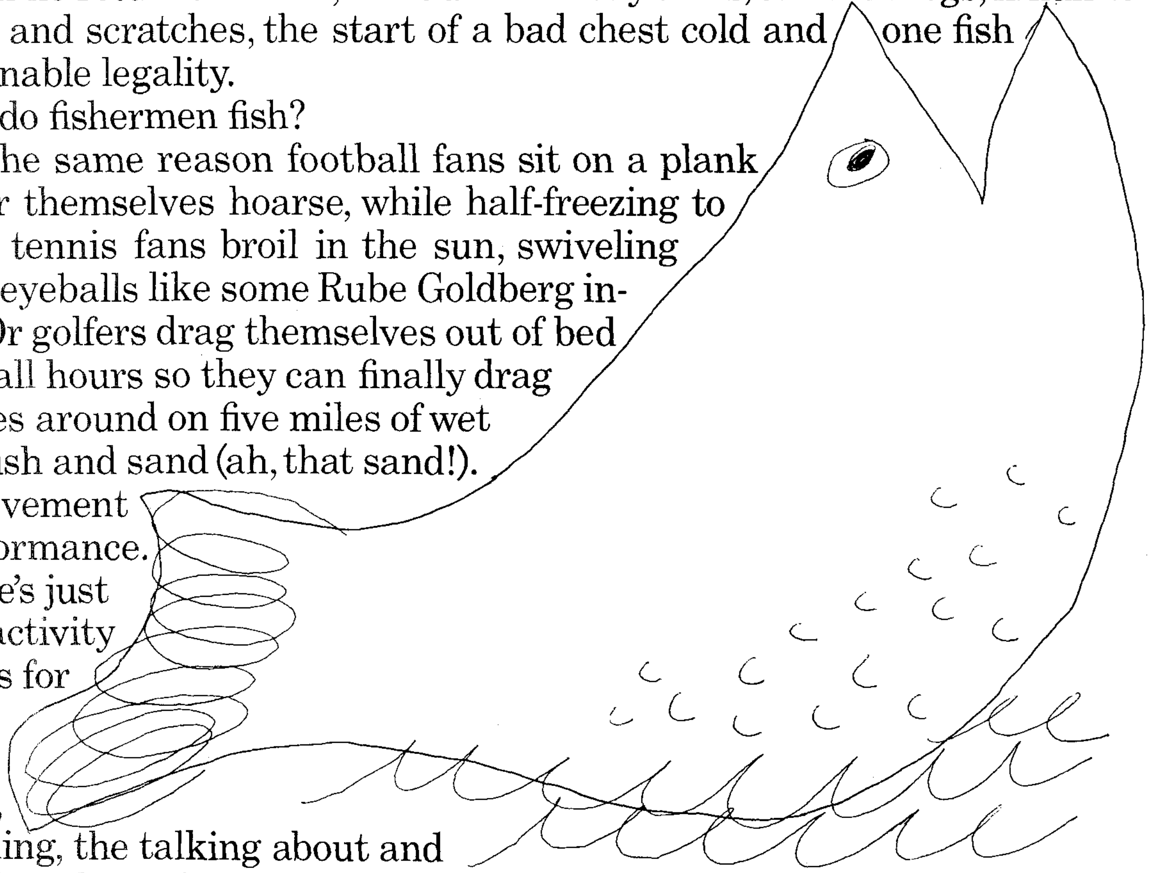

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

TO THE MISKITO BANK

IN terms of distance from the nearest land, the remotest island in the Caribbean is Grand Cayman, whose nearest neighbor—the two smaller islands of its own group excepted—is the Isle of Pines, one hundred and fifty miles away to the northwest. The Isle of Pines belongs to Cuba, and the Cayman Islands are thought to be emergent peaks of a drowned mountain range extending from Cuba's Sierra Maestra westward across the Misteriosa Bank toward the Gulf of Honduras. To the south of the shallow waters that lie between the Caymans and southeast Cuba runs the formidable Cayman Trench, which in places attains a depth of well over four miles. Across this marine chasm, Jamaica lies one hundred and eighty miles to the southeast, and to the southwest, twenty miles more distant than Jamaica, lies Swan Island, on the continental shelf of Central America. Little Cayman and Cayman Brac, fifty-eight miles northeast of Grand Cayman, were first recorded on Columbus's fourth voyage, in 1503. Columbus was beating his way north from Panama to Hispaniola, and, according to the journal kept by his son Ferdinand, "upon Wednesday, the 10th of the same month of May, we were in sight of two very small and low islands, full of tortoises, as was all the sea about, insomuch that they look'd like little rocks, for which reason those islands were called *Tortugas*." Ponce de Leon confused these islands with the group now called Dry Tortugas, off to the west of the Florida Keys, and eventually Columbus's Tortugas came to be called the Caimans, Caimanes, Caymanos, Kie Manus, and Cayman Islands—all variations on the Spanish word "*caimán*," which means "crocodile." (The residents say "Grahn Caymáhn" and "Little Cay-máhn" but "Cáy-man Islands" and "Cáy-man Brac." "Brac" is from the Old English for "cliff" or "wall" and refers to a high limestone bluff at the eastern end of that island.) Many authorities have questioned the early accounts of crocodiles on these far islands, and have attributed the name to the presence there of the rock iguana. But the American crocodile is a native of the Isle of Pines, and a specimen was actually killed on Little Cayman in the nineteen-thirties. The species still inhabits the salt mangrove coasts near Cape Sable, Florida, and it is essentially marine; whether or not it has ever bred in the Cayman Islands, its occasional occurrence there would seem much more likely than not. Sir William Dampier, the great English navigator, who visited Grand Cayman in 1675, mentioned the presence of crocodiles on the surface at West Bay. Dampier was familiar with the animals of the Isle of Pines and could distinguish the crocodile from the alligator ("Both kinds," he wrote, "are called *caymanes* by the Spanish"); it is not likely that he confused the beast with the much smaller iguana, a shy vegetarian of dry inland habitats that was found throughout the Caribbean at that time.

Whatever its origin, the name by which these islands are now known is far less apt than the one given to them by Columbus. In the century and a half after his visit, the Caymans became a common ground for sea rovers of all nations, who came there for the sole purpose of hunting *tortugas*. The green turtle, which could be kept alive on deck, provided fresh eggs and nourishing meat in great abundance, and it is generally acknowledged as the single most important factor in the exploration of the Caribbean; while it made its nest as far north as Bermuda, it is traditionally associated with the three small islands of the Cayman group, far off in the sparkling blue wastes south of the Tropic of Cancer. Here it visited each year from April to September, to haul out on the high white beaches and lay its eggs in the warm sand.

Apart from their turtles, the Caymans were considered worthless, and no country bothered to claim them until 1655, when England seized Jamaica from Spain. The British regarded the turtle cays as outposts of the larger island, and acquired them officially in 1670, by the provisions of the Treaty of Madrid. In this same year, the Spanish burned twenty houses at "Caimanos," less out of poor sportsmanship than in an effort to suppress the pirates, castaways, and other raffish elements who made their home there. The two smaller Caymans may have been attacked as well, for they are known to have been inhabited as early as 1661; that their population differed in character from that on Grand Cayman is doubtful, for after a general amnesty in 1700 they were immediately depopulated, and were not dwelt upon again until 1833.

By the time the first true settlers came to Grand Cayman, in the seventeen-thirties, the decline of the green turtle had begun. The turtles were so depleted that ships no longer came to Grand Cayman to hunt them, and the Caymanians themselves were scouring the south coast of Cuba and the islands called Jardines de la Reina, where the turtle fishing was eked out with brigandage. As late as 1798, Grand Cayman was called a "pirates' nest" by the Spaniards in Cuba, who appealed to Madrid to wipe it off the earth. Henry Morgan and Neal Walker were among the famous rascals who frequented the place, and Edward Teach, the notorious Blackbeard, once "took a small turtler" at Grand Cayman. A character in Sir Walter Scott's "The Pirate" describes it as a ruffianly place "where a brace or two of fellows may be shot in the morning and no more heard of or asked about them than if they were so many wood pigeons."

In the nineteenth century, the only marked change in island customs was the reduction of piracy to "the wreck-

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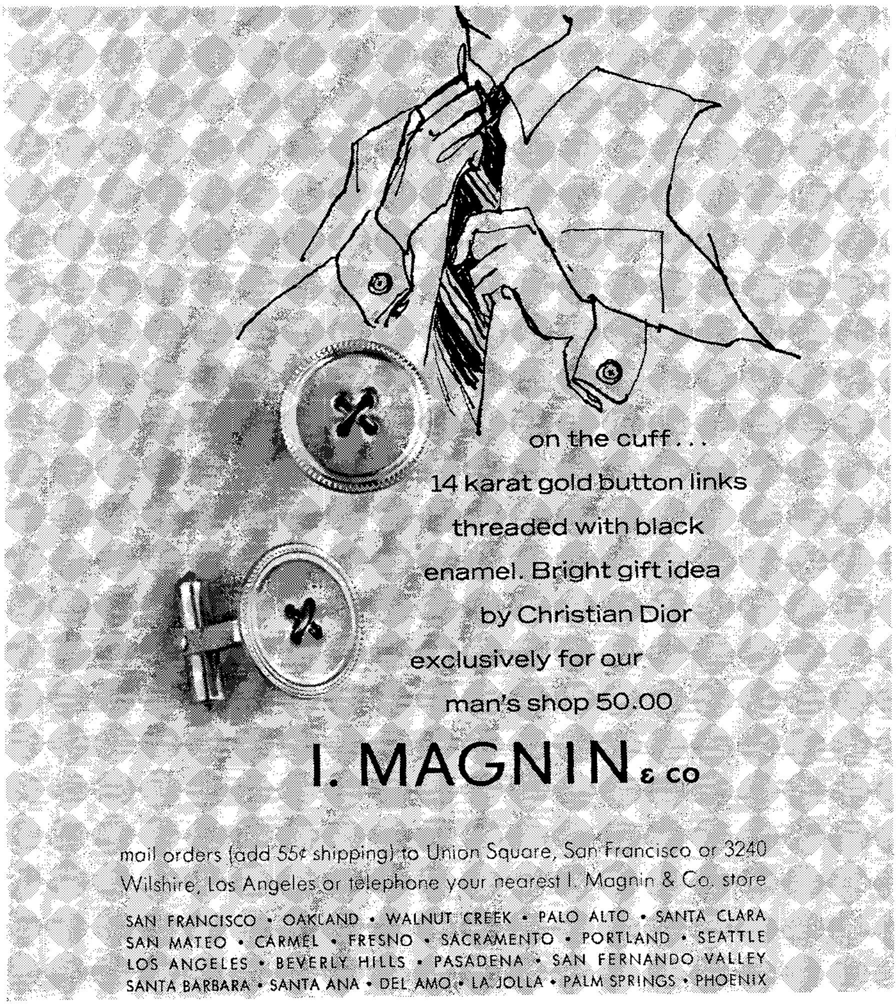

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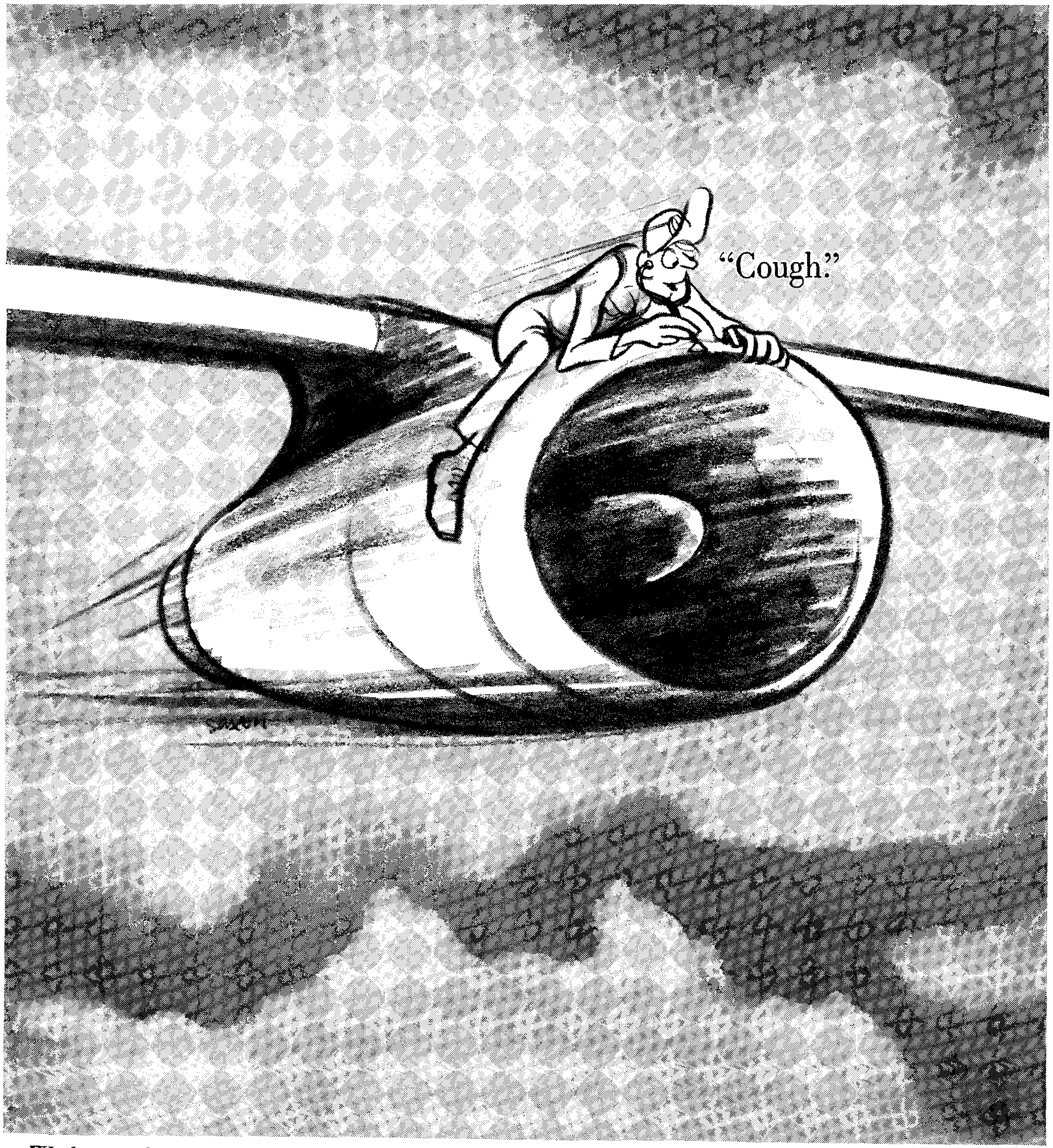
ing business"—luring ships onto the reefs, premature salvage, and the like—and the transfer of the turtle fishery from southern Cuba to the Miskito Bank, a vast complex of cays and reefs and shallow fishing grounds off Central America, with a resultant occupation by Caymanians not only of that coast but of many remote islands from San Andrés, a Colombian possession, north to the Bay Islands of Honduras. Miskito Indians, who were expert turtle fishermen, were conscripted for the crews—Dampier took a Miskito harpooner on his voyage to the Celebes—and there was a small reverse migration of these Indians to Grand Cayman. To this day, in the faces of turtle-fishing families a strain of Indian is very noticeable. Otherwise, the island's contact with the outside world was something less than intermittent, and this contact declined as the century progressed; the prevailing easterlies had placed the Caymans near the old sailing routes, but with the advent of steam and swift, straight courses the passing ship was rarely more than a faint smudge on the encircling horizon. "Now in the Caymanos we are practically in the same state we were in 1682," wrote George S. S. Hirst, the Caymans' first historian, in 1907. "The above, of course, refers only to our antiquated system of communication with the outside world."

In 1908, an ancient vessel called the S.S. Oteri established regular steamship travel between Grand Cayman and Jamaica, but the old ship broke down the following year, and scheduled boat service has never been resumed. A turtle-canning enterprise, started six years later, also failed to draw the Caymans into the twentieth century, for, like the Oteri, it collapsed in its second year. In the decades that followed, there was considerable emigration to Tampa and other Gulf Coast ports, and today more Caymanians live abroad than are resident in the islands. By 1935, the sense of isolation among those left behind was so great that the Colonial Report for that year noted, "An aeroplane flew over Grand Cayman on 14th January. This was a great event, as the Dependency for some time now has been off the main route." But the first tourists were just over the horizon. In 1937, the cruise ship Atlantis, of the Royal Mail Line, stopped long enough at Georgetown, the capital and principal settlement on Grand Cayman, for its passengers to gape at the quaint place; this fleeting visit, according to the Report for that year, was "the occasion



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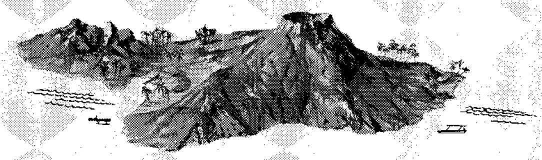

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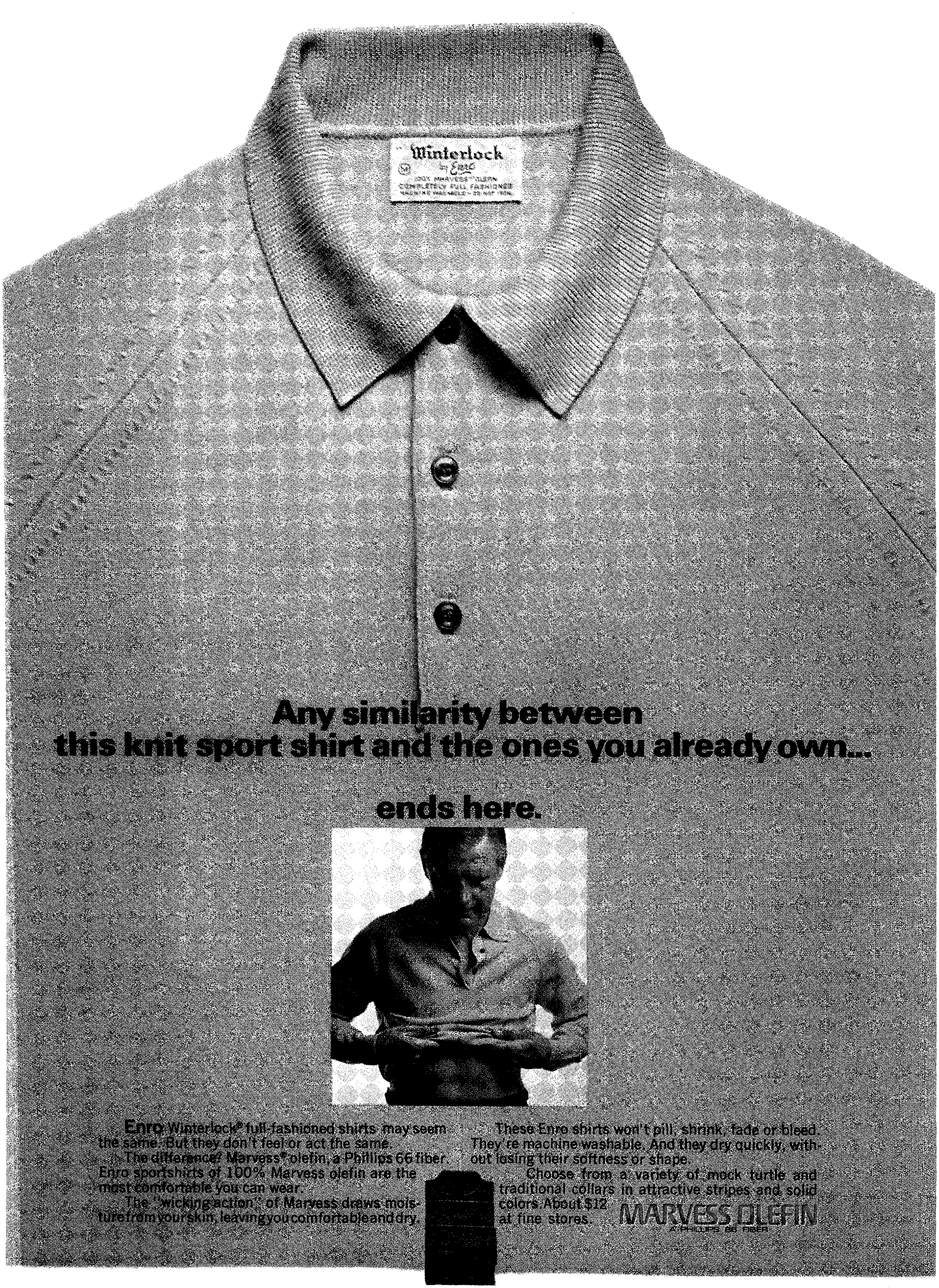
of general celebration in Georgetown."

The year of the Atlantis visit was an auspicious one for Grand Cayman, since it also witnessed the coronation of George VI. Since 1900, the sale of Cayman stamps to philatelists across the world had made the difference between lean years and fat, and the sale of a special coronation issue contributed handsomely to the construction of badly needed lighthouses, a library, and a small hospital. The war cut off the tiny flow of tourism but did not halt prosperity; many seamen of Cayman found berths on merchant ships, while at home the schooners could not meet the wartime demand for turtle meat. Other island products—boats, tortoiseshell, sharkskin, and a hard rope made locally from the young shoots of the silver thatch palm—were also selling well, and the total deposits of all Caymanians (there were 6,670 in 1943) in the Government Savings Bank rose from fifty-five hundred pounds in 1937 to nearly a hundred thousand pounds by the end of the war. Caymanian seamen still enjoy an excellent reputation on tankers and freighters, and as many as a thousand men, or one-tenth of the whole population, earn money for themselves and their families this way. The blessing is a mixed one, for there is a woeful lack of young men on the islands, but, in conjunction with good turtle years and a small but expanding tourist trade, the income sent home has made the Caymans far more prosperous than the majority of Caribbean islands. A poor stamp sale in 1949 caused the first budget deficit in nine years, but dependence on the sale of stamps has now ended. According to the Colonial Report for 1956, there was no island poverty at all. In 1960, the emergence of the Cayman Islands was given recognition by their first royal visitor: Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal reviewed an honor guard of Sea Scouts in Georgetown, was presented with a sharkskin purse, and opened a small fenced garden by the library, which is known today as the Princess Royal Park.

THE green turtles have been gone, of course, for nearly two centuries; nevertheless, it was the turtle that first brought me to Grand Cayman. As a boy stamp collector, addicted to geographies, I had specialized in islands, and a favorite stamp of the Cayman Islands portrayed a large *tortuga*. Later, I became interested in the green turtle (*Chelonia mydas*) as a vanishing species, one of the last of the



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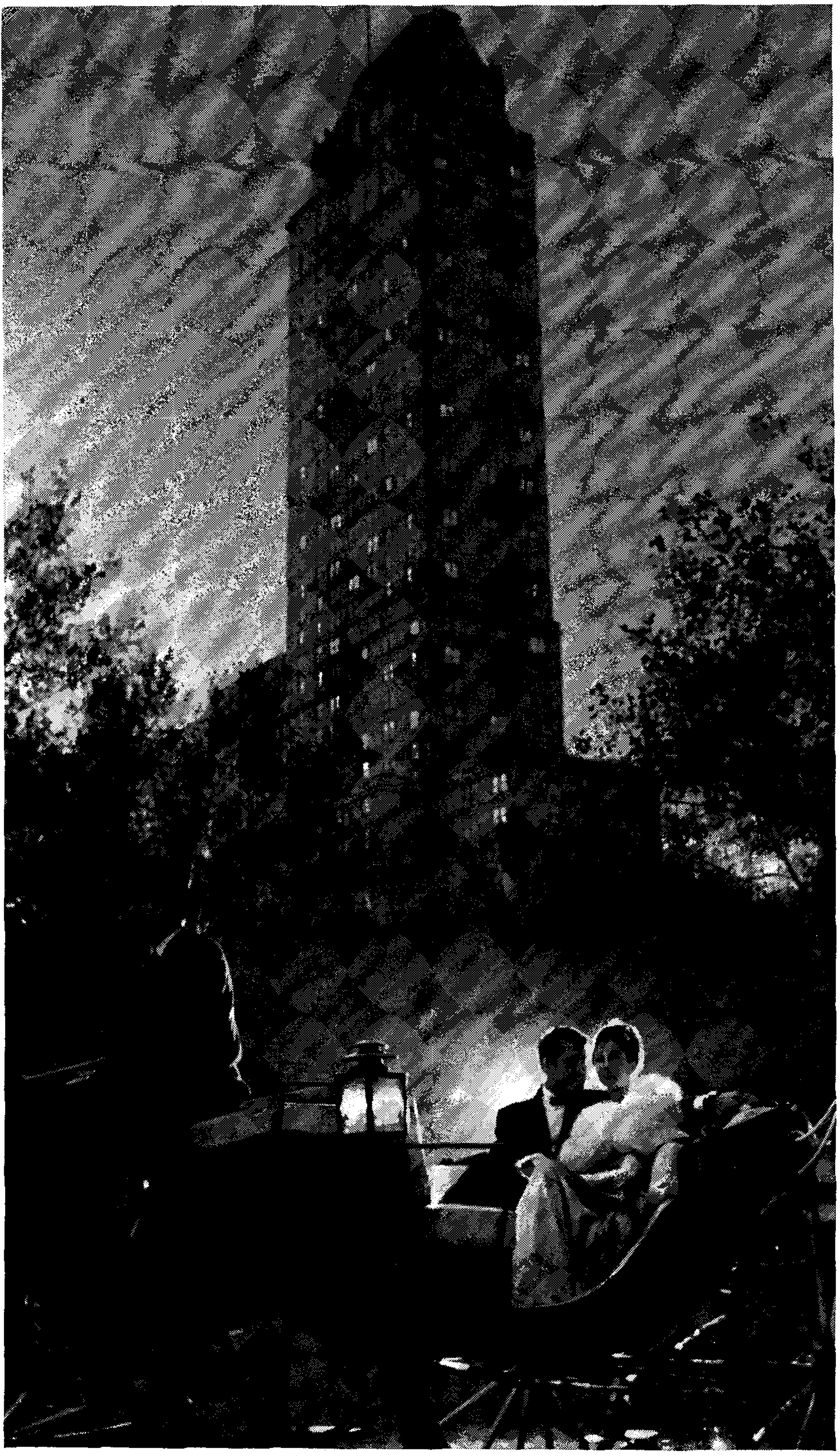
"The Windward Road," an excellent book by Archie Carr, the noted biologist of the University of Florida, contains a fascinating story about a turtle schooner called the Wilson. In early 1942, when this ship left the Miskito Bank with her first cargo of the season, she carried on her decks five turtles being sent home by a crewman on the schooner Adams, which was still working the Bank. Each of the five was marked with this crewman's special brand. A few days later, there was a heavy norther, and when, about twelve days after that, the same crewman on the Adams caught one of his five branded turtles off Dead Man Bar, right where he had caught it two weeks before, it appeared that the twice-caught turtle was evidence of the Wilson's doom. But the Wilson had not perished in the storm. She was a swift ship, and she had made a swift passage to Grand Cayman, where the five turtles had been put in a water pen, or "crawl" (i.e., corral). Almost immediately, the crawl had been flooded by storm seas, and the turtles had escaped. The turtle in question, in not more than twelve days, and probably less, had navigated the three hundred and fifty miles between Grand Cayman and its own coral head on the vast banks off Central America.

This story of the Wilson had lodged itself in the attic of my brain, and was one of the reasons, one day in May a couple of years ago, that I changed a plan to investigate the island of San Andrés and flew away instead to Grand Cayman. I had never talked with anyone who had been to the place, which is for me the strongest sort of recommendation, and I was disappointed when I learned that although sea travel to the island, provided mostly by small trading vessels out of Tampa and Kingston, Jamaica, remained unscheduled, one could fly directly from Miami to an airport at Grand Cayman on more days than not in a given week. The journey, passing directly over Cuba, required about two and a half hours, and brought one in to the island's airport across a vast, mangrove-bordered bight called the Great North Sound. (Grand Cayman is twenty-three miles from west to east and eight miles at its widest, and the Great North Sound, six miles by seven, almost cuts it in two.)

In May, most right-thinking tourists have long since gone back north. From May to October, the island



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is subject to rain, humid heat, and mosquitoes so dense that local cattle have been known to smother from the congestion of insects in their nostrils; from July onward, there is also the threat of hurricanes. Having turned up without a reservation, I was fortunate to be sent off to the Beach Club, an airy, attractive place with separate cottages on the Six-Mile Beach, which sweeps in a graceful five-mile curve north from Georgetown along the island's western face; in the last decade, several hotels and houses have been built along it, but in its northern reaches it is all but empty. As I walked along the beach that night, a soft wind evoked the ghosts of the great flotillas of green turtles that once blew and sported in this limpid water, and hauled themselves, sighing, from the sea to bury their round white eggs in the moonlit sand. I returned to the bar and ordered rum, determined that I would sail on a turtle voyage before it was too late; the green-turtle fishery and the turtle boats, the way the world was going, would soon pass, and their passing would end an epoch, on Grand Cayman and throughout the Caribbean.

According to my barroom researches, three vessels still sailed regularly to the Miskito Bank and a few more journeyed there from time to time, but only one ship was still operating under full sail. The Lydia E. Wilson, to give the schooner I had read about her full name, disdained not only motor power but radio-telephone, fathometer, and even running lights—all the lubberly frills, in short, that are considered essential to modern sea travel. Unfortunately, the Wilson had departed a few days earlier for Nicaragua, and since a turtle voyage may last from four to seven weeks, there was no hope of her imminent return.

After looking around the island for a few days, I flew back to Miami, but in the next months I maintained communication with the island through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. John Hatch, the American owners of the Beach Club, who notified Captain Cadian Ebanks, of the Wilson, that I would like to go along on a turtle voyage the following spring. Captain Cadie, as he is known, was perfectly agreeable, but in the course of the year he apparently persuaded himself that I meant to charter his schooner at a princely fee and sail in it, in solitary splendor, the length and breadth of the sunny Caribbees.

I wrote to the Captain and to Mr. and Mrs. Hatch that I was not char-

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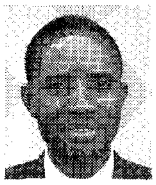
C'EST LES BERNARD

The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

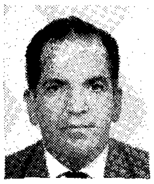
Ayari, Bardawil, Gomes, Häyrén, Imbert, Sidek

People in this country or any other country who seek employment and can't find it are tragic figures. Our particular contribution to the solution of the problem is to offer jobs. Jobholders, however, expect payment for their work. This is possible only to the extent that our products are wanted at prices customers are willing to pay. Last year the arrangement worked out well enough to create Kodak jobs for some 10,000 more people around the world. Many of these differ in appearance and other respects from the folks in the house across the way from your house, whoever you are. Nor are they all Americans, or want to be. Among the non-Americans:



Elias Ayari, member of the Luo Tribe, citizen of Kenya, native of Kisumu where he made Standard VIII at Ramba Intermediate School, skilled employee of Kodak (East Africa) Limited. After your next camera safari drop off your 126 cartridges at one of the many photo dealers in Nairobi who offer Kodak's Color Photofinishing Service. You will like the quality of the KODACOLOR Prints from the electronic color printer he operates. It is considerably more complex than the black-and-white darkroom equipment with which he learned photographic technology before becoming a Kodak man in October, 1966.

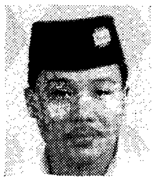
Miss Odette Bardawil, already promoted from telephone operator at Kodak (Near East) Inc. to secretary for an executive. Evenings find her at a course in English literature at Beirut's American Language Center. At Adventists High School, her alma mater, Arabic and English get equal emphasis.



José Fernandes Gomes, salesman who joined Kodak Brasileira at São Paulo in October last year and is proud to have already sold two automatic x-ray processing machines, aside from other products. Not only does he sell the processing machines, but he also installs them and sees to it that they keep turning out highest-quality radiographs at a speed such that the radiologists need not keep the crowds waiting as long as before at the Clínica Roaldo Amundsen Koehler in Curitiba and the Clínica Dr. José Silva Villela in Araçatuba.

Kaarlo Häyrén, who last year changed his profession from the chemistry of aniline dyes, high polymers, and edible oils to a new career with Kodak Oy, our Finnish name that is bursting far beyond an identification with family snapshots. He is busy feeding all kinds of professional photographic materials into scientific, industrial, and government activities of his country as well as into its studios (portrait, movie, and TV). His present career really had its start when his home town of Viipuri became Soviet territory and he turned his thoughts at 18 to learning how to process his own color film.

Christian Imbert, chemical engineer who finds himself at 27 responsible for quality control of the polyester that Kodak-Pathé started manufacturing for film base last year at Chalon-sur-Saône, a town 200 miles southeast of Paris which had been better known for the magnificent vineyards which surround it. Despite the substantial investment we have already made in the plant, most of its 200-acre expanse looks as though it were still available for rugby, a sport that greatly interests M. Imbert.



Mohammed Sidek bin Mohammed Nor, driver of Kodak (Malaya) Limited trucks in and around Kuala Lumpur, formerly peon (which means general messenger) at Headquarters of the 17th Gurkha Division in Seremban, capital of one of the 11 states of West Malaysia. Where other members of our Malay staff have an average of six children—one with 13—Sidek and his wife have only one to lavish affection on.

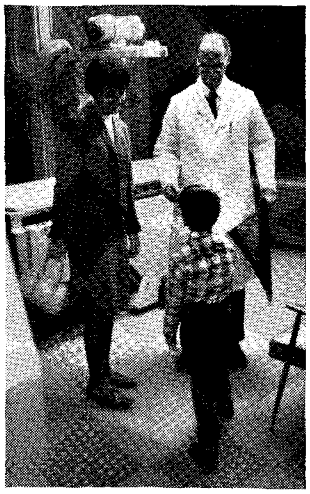
In the interests of solvent customers and mild air

Defenders of air pollution are now scarcer than foes of motherhood or friends of sin. Something will doubtless be done about automotive fumes. Furthermore, attention is turned to how you pollute the air when you paint your dwelling and all that solvent evaporates. As a maker of solvents we feel involved. We sympathize with our paint-and-lacquer-manufacturing customers, with the regulatory authorities, and with the innocent public, which includes us too. The issues are not only ethically and economically complex but also chemically so.

On the roof of the laboratory of the National Center for Air Pollution Control in Cincinnati, plastic containers of air are exposed to the sun. The air in the boxes has been loaded with about the number of parts per million of various olefins and aldehydes that might be encountered in a vicinity where people are earning a livelihood, maintaining their possessions, or just strolling in the park. A bit of the energy in the sunlight is trapped to initiate a series of chemical interactions, and it winds up as oxidizing power in certain compounds that may or may not make the eyes smart and the vegetation suffer.

From earlier studies of these phenomena, regulations have gone into effect in Los Angeles County, limiting the sale and use of solvents that can store sunlight and release it unpleasantly. Living up to the Los Angeles rule in less populous regions brings on its benefits a little sooner. In helping work out equally effective replacement formulas with minimum rise in cost, our competitive instinct has forced us to outperform competitors in service to our solvent customers—even when necessary to include competitors' solvents in our suggestions!

Meanwhile, the reception room is full



The physician is one figure, the businessman another.

As businessmen beyond denying, we ourselves are best acquainted with those physicians—radiologists—who have dedicated their minds and eyes to the use of x-rays. They buy our x-ray film. They buy a lot of it. Since x-ray film isn't the cheapest stuff to manufacture properly and since proper x-ray equipment costs what it does, the radiologist who scorns economics may find his attention regrettably diverted from his patients. So, though our service to him is basically through the technology we deliver, he and we and the hospital administrators talk business.

Result: All over the country machines we make to process x-ray film in 90 seconds are being installed. "Waiting for the x-rays" is becoming less of a stock phrase, and the costly x-ray generating equipment need spend less time idle. At the expense of some damage to older traditions, some principles common in industrial management come into play, but a population of doctors that falls far short of rising with the general population manages to provide it with far more effective medical care than might be expected.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

tering the Wilson and that anything other than an ordinary turtle voyage was of no interest to me. But by the time I arrived, on April 4th, the Hatches thought it necessary to warn me that Captain Cadie had his heart set on a giant fee and there was no telling to what state of mind he had been brought by his disappointment. After so many months of planning, I refused to believe that the whole enterprise might collapse at the last minute, and early on the morning of April 5th I travelled up to West Bay in a rented car to try to get things straightened out.

West Bay lies north of Georgetown, at the far end of the Six-Mile Beach. Under tall almond trees, it is a tranquil place of broom-swept white sand yards—underbrush is rigorously suppressed, to discourage mosquitoes—colored with bright spots of oleander and hibiscus and bougainvillaea. Beyond the village, a sea wall of dead coral stone called ironshore curves out around Northwest, Boatswain's, and Barker's Points toward a long reef that separates the sea from the Great North Sound. There is a channel through this reef that permits passage of deep-draft fishing vessels into the anchorages of the Great North Sound, and here I assumed the Wilson had been taken, for I saw no sign of her off West Bay. After asking directions, I drove through the village and followed a road that turned inland.

The country inland from West Bay is relatively high—a gaunt, bright countryside of limestone outcroppings and twisted trees. Except for buttonwood and mangrove in the swamps, the most prevalent tree on Grand Cayman is the gumbo-limbo, doubtless because its soft wood has no use; gumbo-limbos are reddish trees, and they stand like torches along the road, catching the sun in translucent copper peels of shedding bark. In farmland where the countryside has been burned over, the trees glow demonically in the black ground; juxtaposed with the gray bones of limestone karst, they give the landscape an infernal aspect that has caused one region of the island to be known as Boilers and another, not far from West Bay, to be called Hell.

Captain Cadian Ebanks lived in the part of West Bay that lay farthest from the sea. One reached his house by a long white crooked road stretching away, between cabins and stiles, over a crooked hill; there were cattle and lone horses in the fields, and white egrets, and many of the fields were fenced by walls of limestone cobble. The car bounced up a narrow lane

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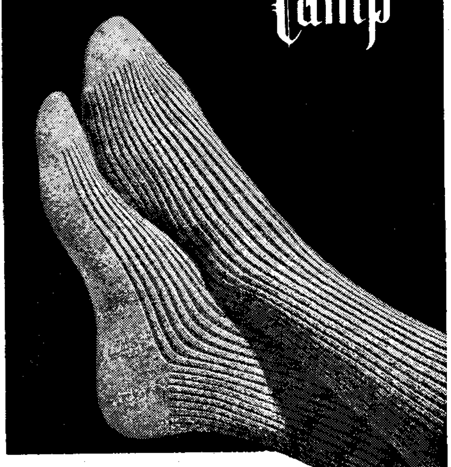

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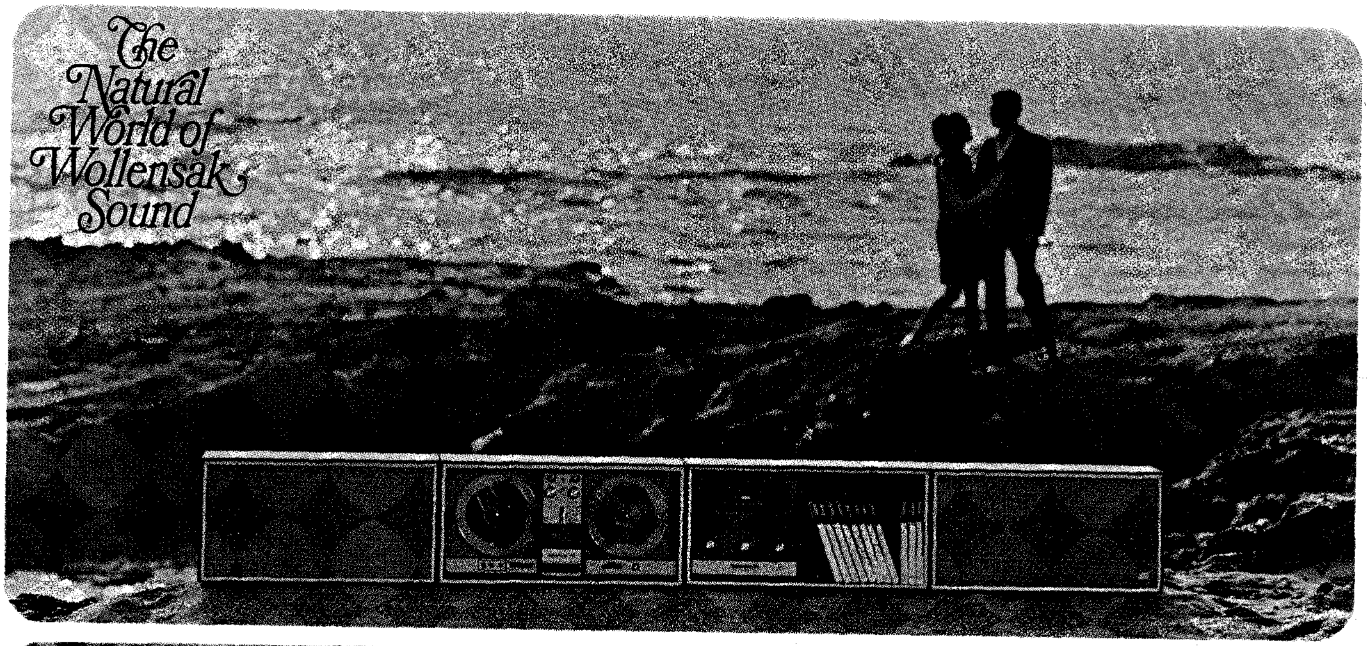

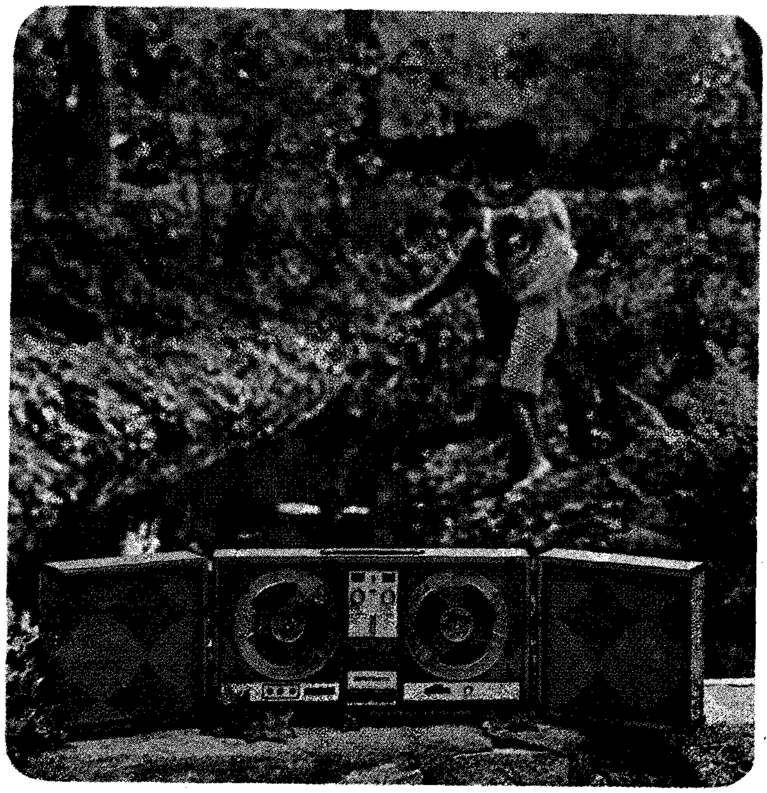

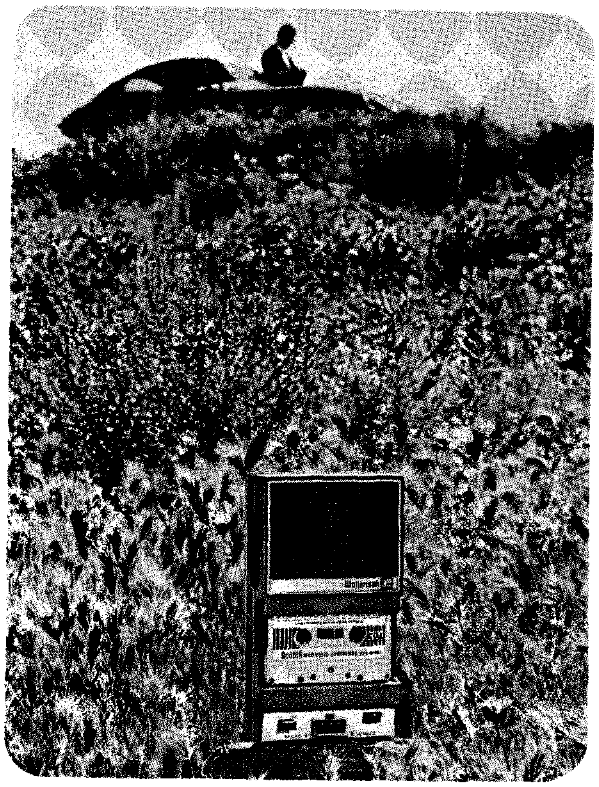

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between hill pastures and came out on a rambling knoll that overlooked the Caribbean. Between the house and the yard there was a cook shed, and a man stepped out of it as I drew up. I got out of the car. "Captain Ebanks?" I asked. He nodded politely, waiting for me to explain my presence. He was a short but broad and strong man in his mid-fifties, with the leather face and lumpy hands of fishermen the world over; he had a broad mouth and strange, small eyes that were wind-squinted and discolored by sea weather; his hair was iron gray patched with white, and his feet, with plenty of air between the toes, were thick and broad and brown. With a bold nose, and a face simultaneously wide and lean, Cadian Ebanks struck me as neither white nor Negro, and it suddenly came to me why this was so: to a degree unmatched by any Caymanian I had seen, the Captain looked like a full-blooded Indian.

When I stated my name, he began to laugh—a soft, sweet laugh that collapsed his face and caused him to bend and stamp his foot. Then he became grave again. Averting his eyes, he explained carefully that one of his sons, a merchant seaman, also named Cadian, had lately been in New York and had tried to reach me in order to determine my intentions in this matter; that since young Cadian had not found me, old Cadian had assumed that I was not coming to Grand Cayman. He acknowledged that I had written him that I would be away from home after mid-March, and it was also true—there seemed to be no questioning the fact that I was standing there before him in his yard—that I had arrived on the airplane of April 4th, as I had said I would. Nevertheless, he said—here he glanced at me slyly and began to laugh again—despite the fact that the Wilson had lain idle at Grand Cayman for three weeks, and although he had no real reason to believe I was not coming, he had decided to send his schooner off to Nicaragua two days before my arrival. She was expected back, he said, sometime in May.

The perversity of this seemed so enormous that I did not bother to protest; it was too late, in any case. There was no good explanation other than caprice, and we both knew it. Even so, he tried out one explanation, then another and another, speaking in a quiet voice, brow furrowed, toeing the warm ground, until, unable to contain it any longer, he gave way to an ultimate mirth that rolled up slowly from his belly until his body quaked with it and his eyes wept. It was, and

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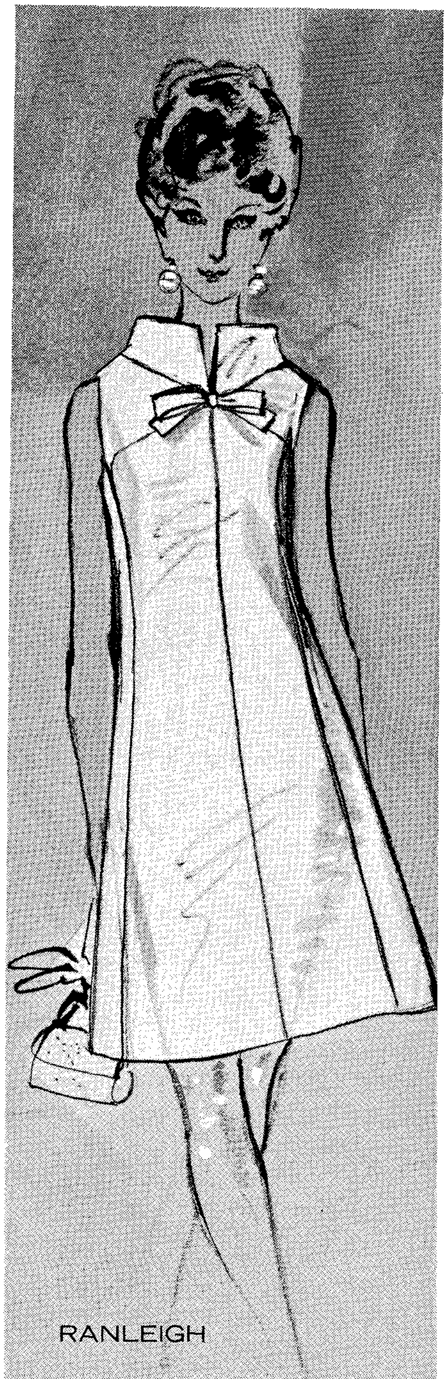

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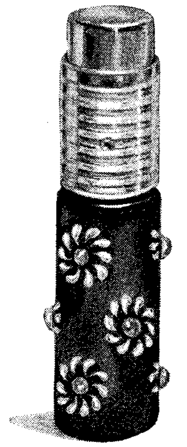
is, the best laugh I have ever heard, and it was impossible to take offense; first, because a laugh like that one carries all before it, and, second, because he was also laughing at himself and at the hopelessness of the whole mess. I had to laugh myself, though I could just as readily have wept. Under the wide gaze of a number of children, who had approached to observe us in silence from tree limbs and other vantage points, we stood there wheezing in his yard. Then the laughter stopped. We stood around awhile, hands in hip pockets, gazing out across the ironshore toward Boatswain's Point. There was a strong easterly breeze, a fair wind for Nicaragua, and the whitecaps were collecting in long ridges on the sea.

"I be very sorry, mahn," Captain Cadie said, after a time. His regret was as sincere and unmistakable as his laughter. As if to recompense me for the lost trip, he drew back an old tarpaulin that covered five green turtles, lying on their backs under a mango tree. They were small specimens of two hundred pounds or less, and they had come from a new turtle ground he had discovered on his last voyage. In a few days, he would slaughter them for local sale. One of the turtles winked at me lugubriously, and both of us released a doleful sigh. I had vaguely dreaded the discomforts of the voyage—the stale food and water, the close quarters, and the villainous stench of a turtle schooner under the tropic sun—but now these matters seemed of small importance. A chance to witness something old and marvellous had been lost; it seemed inconceivable that a full-rigged schooner could operate even one more year, and the market for green turtles, like the green turtles themselves, could disappear. I told Captain Cadie that I would stay on a few days, now that I was here, and consider the possibility of making the trip the following spring. "Dot be best, mahn," he said gently. "We will go next year."

We shook hands, and I said that he should write to me in the winter if his plans changed or if there was something I could bring him in the spring.

"Well," he said slyly, not quite smiling, "you find a little place in your luggage, mahn, I might ahsk you to bring me a diesel motor for my vessel. I been thinkin' to put a motor in de Wilson. Might be I shorten her mahst. All dese motorboat, mahn—too much competition. So I been thinkin' with a motor, mahn, de vessel she run more correc'ly." I sensed that he was exerting mild coercion—applying my desire to go on his boat, and his boat



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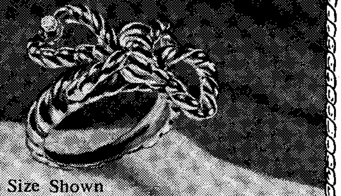

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alone, against whatever account we would have together in the future.

IN late February of the following year, when the Lydia E. Wilson sailed from Grand Cayman, many islanders came to the shore to see her go. For thirty years, the departure of the Wilson had attracted less *attention than a shift of wind*, for she was but one in a long line of Cayman schooners that for more than a century had sailed down to Nicaragua in pursuit of the green turtle. But this year the sad news had spread that she was bound for the Bay Islands of Honduras, where she would be converted into a motor vessel. The last and fastest of the Cayman sailing fleet came down that morning from the Great North Sound, I have been told, along the western shore, in the island's lee. She passed below Southwest Point under full canvas, and there the trade winds took her; she sped south, taut and lively, to the horizon.

On the eleventh of April, she returned to the island and dropped anchor off the quays of Georgetown. In the days following, Caymanians from all over the island came down to see her. They stood in knots along the pastel waterfront. Because they are a soft-spoken people, their reactions to the new motor vessel were polite, but there was real sorrow of a sort that had not been felt since 1958, when the sale of the schooner Goldfield to commercial interests in Colombia had reduced the sailing fleet to a single vessel. ("Many Caymanian eyes were moist the day she sailed away," according to the Colonial Report for that sad year.) All of the old fleet except the Adams and the Jimson—both converted to power years ago—had been sunk or sold; now the Lydia E. Wilson, too, had gone, and in the hearts of Cayman she would never be replaced by this rude craft with the single word "WILSON" lettered on her transom. Her tall spars had been cropped to half their height, and the stump of the mainmast no longer carried sail. The main deck aft, formerly clear, had disappeared beneath a deckhouse, still unpainted, which contributed to a new bulkiness in her lines.

Having arrived on Grand Cayman to join the Wilson on her first turtle voyage under power, I found myself regarded with commiseration, since I had never seen her under sail. Seth Arch, a boatwright who had helped to build her, said, "She were a pretty little vessel, mahn, make no mistake. Every frame in her mahogany, every

After the
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after the Statue,
after the UN,
after the fall,
after the Empire State,
after the Rockettes,
after the Frick,
after the Gugg,
after the Met,
after the Mets,
after Lincoln Center,
after Times Square,
after Rockefeller Plaza,
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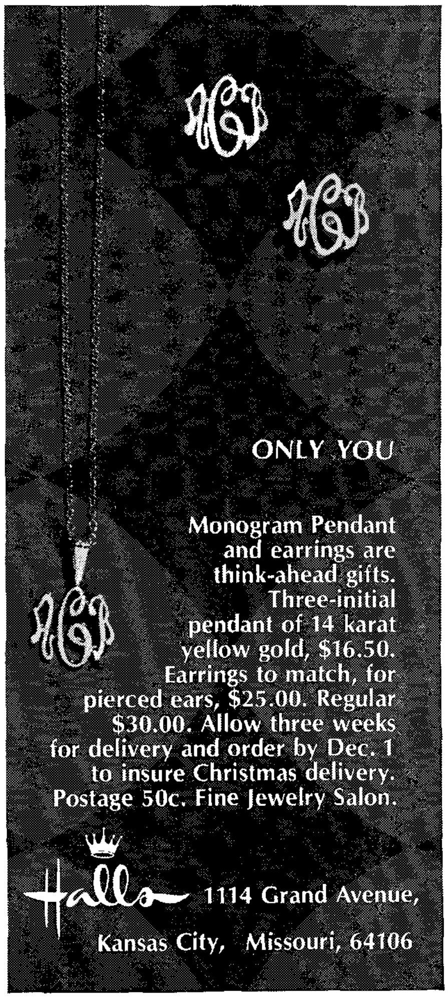
after Saks,
after the East Village,

Longchamps
(where the outgoing wealthy dine)



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one. And a fine sea boat." And Gleason Ebanks, a cousin of Captain Cadie, said, "She were like a wild horse, mahn—dot what she feel like! You got to hang on to her! Thirteen mile an hour—thirteen mile an *hour*, mahn. Dey weren't one of dem could touch her!" A sailor named Jim Rivers said, "I seen her average eleven mile an hour for two hundred twenty mile, all de way down to de banks." Jim Rivers would sail as mate on this first motor voyage; when I asked him if the motor wouldn't make his work easier, he merely shrugged.

The afternoon I arrived on Grand Cayman, Captain Cadie was occupied in removing a bent propeller shaft from the new Wilson—the first mechanical problem in the long history of his ship. Toward sundown, when his men rowed him ashore, his sharp eyes picked me out among the people on the quay, and he laughed sheepishly, turning his head away.

"So that's the Wilson," I said as I shook his hand. I said it disagreeably, for I was angry with him, and angry with myself for having counted on him.

"Doss de Wilson, all right," Captain Cadie said. He gazed at her. "Or it *were*." In vain, he struggled against laughter. "Well, how you finds her?" he asked, teasing me.

I said I'd find her a lot better if she had schooner spars instead of cargo masts, and he admitted that the masts had been cut too short.

"Mahn, mahn," he said, patting my shoulder shyly, by way of comfort.

He was sincerely pleased to see me—in large part, I soon discovered, because in return for carrying me to the turtle cays he intended to charge me a "fot fee." Having been overcharged down in Honduras, he said quite frankly, he had to cut his losses. Surely I could understand that. He squinted at me, not quite smiling. Captain Cadie knew that, having trailed his elusive vessel for two years, I was not likely to be stopped at the last minute by extra expense, no matter how unreasonable. But this situation was not yet as clear to me as it was to him, and, thinking to unnerve him, I went off with a show of disgust, remarking casually as I departed that if I decided to accompany him to the Miskito Bank I would let him know in a few days.

"Doss fine, mahn," he said, and waved. "Dot be just fine."

The day before the Wilson sailed, the Captain and I went up to the Cayman Arms, a bar that overlooks the harbor, and sealed our bargain, on his terms. When I remarked that for money like

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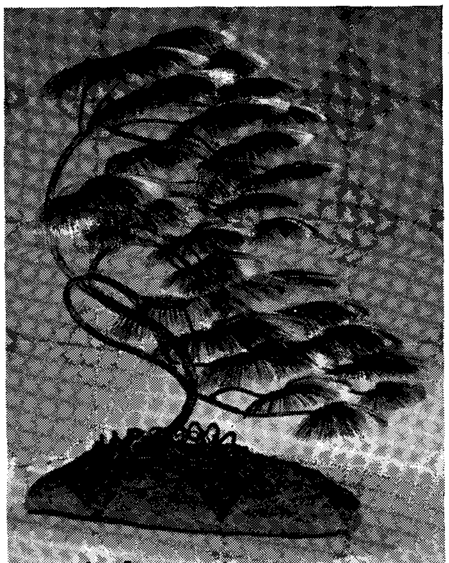

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(Interrupting our "subjective value" survey in order to tally things up, we present meanwhile the first in a series of regular ads.)†

The reason KLH doesn't catch your eye in a Hi-Fi showroom is: we never supposed you were planning to live there.

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Try this TEST:

1) Bring a record you know and like to a store that sells KLH's.
2) Peer around until you find a KLH somewhere among the authentic 18th Century electronic furniture.
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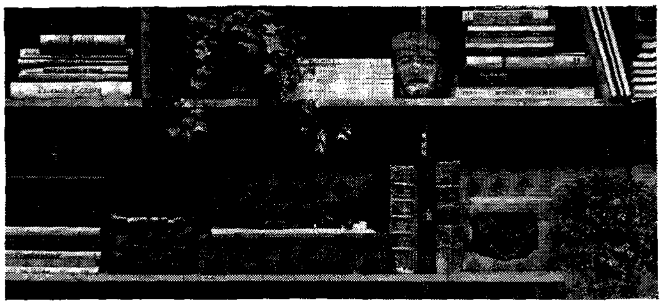
4) Listen.



[KLH Model Twenty; at home with friends. Its speakers? Across the room, of course.]

Like toothpaste (which comes in several different sizes—Large, Extra Large, Jumbo), KLH puts out its three-piece stereo systems in several different sizes (Small, A Little Larger, and Portable). The reason for the "a little larger" size is that we built it before we figured out how to do it almost as well in "small."

Still, they say a "full line" is a good thing, so if the salesman talks you up to the "a little larger" size, well, for one thing you can get more sound for the times when you're sunbathing on the roof and the music has got to make it all the way up from the living room.

Anyway, if you'd like to know more than prices and sizes, use the coupon and we'll tell you about our dbs, woofers, and tweeters, and where there's a store near you that sells them. (Small Model Twenty-Four $300. A Little Larger Model Twenty $399.95. Portable Model Eleven $199.95; all these, suggested retail prices.)

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Kindly send me KLH catalog, etc. ☐; Survey report ☐.

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†Those who've been with us the past few weeks will remember we've been asking people how much they "value" things they have at home, from tv to spouses. (1st returns: Many businessmen pledge "entire net worth" for wives...toothpaste returns mixed...Other early readings: Steinway pianos strong...N. Y. Times same...telephones shaky...toasters hot and cold.) We are proceeding with tabulation of the some 4,000 responses. If you'd like your own copy of the report we'll issue, just check the coupon. Thank you.

Take cast iron, white porcelain, black Teflon, Siamese teakwood and Irish hands...

And what have you got?

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Born in the Emerald Isle, Waterford Club Colorcast is born to be loved.

As much for how it looks as how it cooks.

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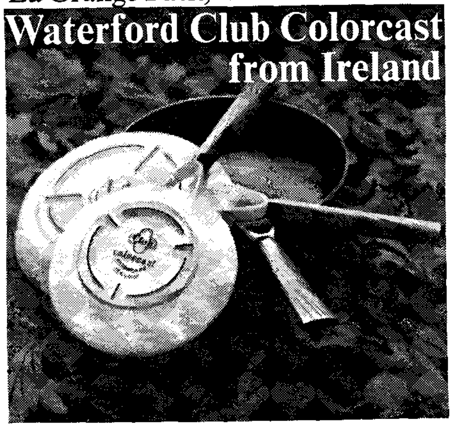

that he'd have to feed me pretty well, he said, "Mahn, I gone to give you plenty nice fresh turtle meat."

I remarked that piracy was not quite dead on Grand Cayman, and he agreed cheerfully that it wasn't.

ON the morning of April 19th, I brought my gear down to the quay and went into Willie Bodden's store to get a haircut. From the barber chair I could see the Wilson: the last supplies were going aboard. An old turtle captain, frail and blind, was seated in a corner of the store; he was speaking to no one in particular about the days when he could have bought the entire length of the Six-Mile Beach for next to nothing. "Hon say to me, 'Precious, dot land ain't never gone to do you a bit of good.' I say, 'Hon, when all my money gone and I am old, I still have dot land.' Why, if I knew what I know now, I could be a goddom millionaire!"

The changes in the Wilson, I had discovered, were only a small part of the metamorphosis that was coming fast to Grand Cayman. The first time I had been there, two years before, the tourist had been such an infrequent beast that suntan oil was all but unobtainable. But now there were two supermarkets and a gift shop, and the five-mile-long Six-Mile Beach was being referred to here and there as the Seven-Mile Beach. There were water skis and rent-a-cars and, up in Hell, a new night club with its own post office on the premises, so that tourists could send postcards with a cute postmark, and someone had thought to print pamphlets in praise of this tropic isle "that time forgot."

A man from the Wilson's crew came into the barbershop, extremely drunk. He wished to sell back to Willie Bodden a supply of cigarettes he had bought from him the day before. Bodden returned his money without comment, and the man went pitching out into the sun.

An hour later, appearing aboard the Wilson, the deckhand was drunker than before, and he had a quart of rum beneath his shirt. He was reeling and shouting and getting in the way, but Captain Cadie was patient with him, taking hold of him occasionally and setting him aside, like a store mannequin. Then the Captain found the quart of rum, and flew into a rage. Jamming his hand into the deckhand's shirt, he wrenched the bottle out, shirt buttons flying, and hurled it as far as he could over the sea.

The crewman stared after the bot-

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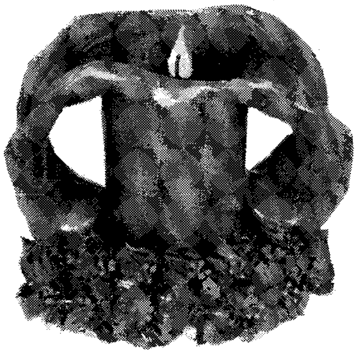

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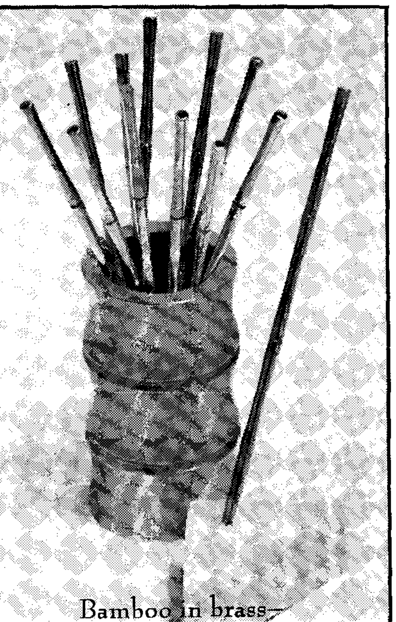

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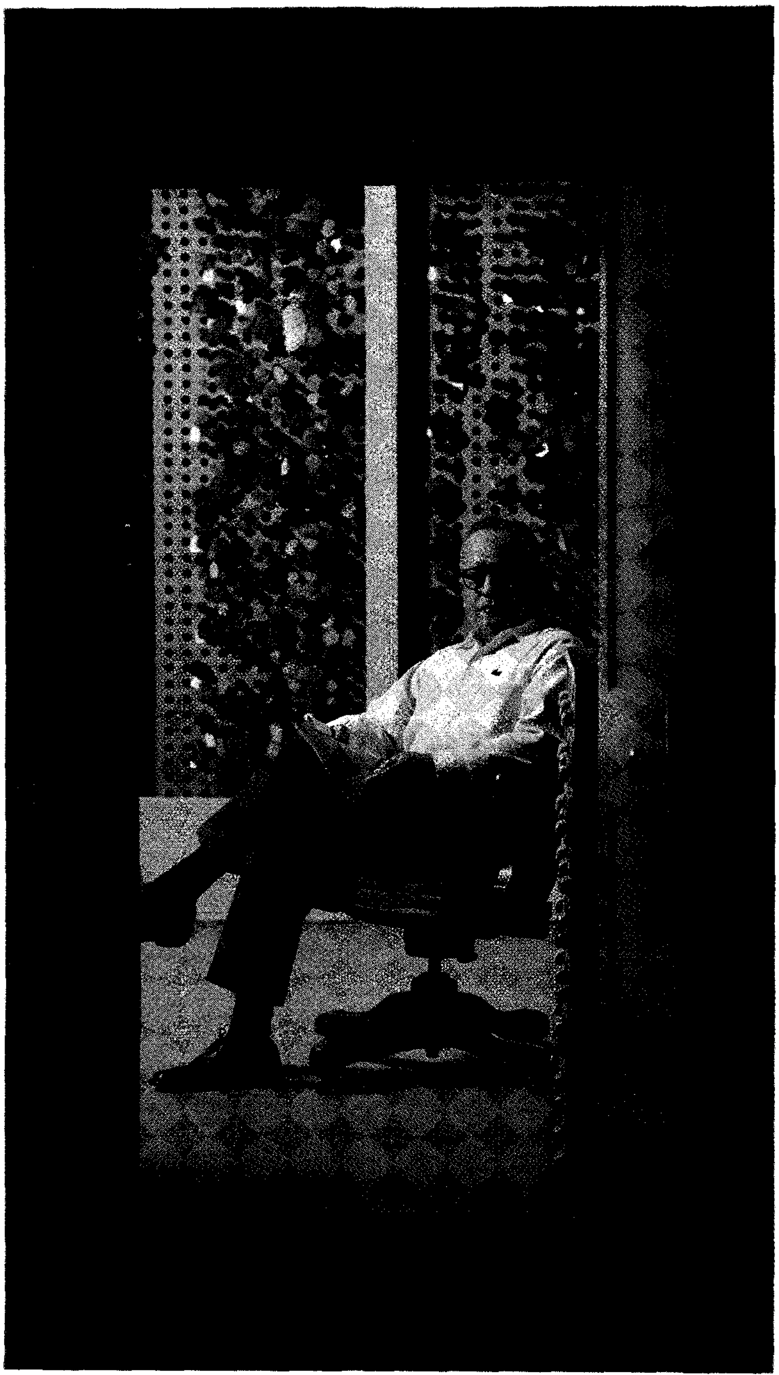

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Our olive has to be your olive. Not too red. Or too yellow. Or too brown. And it has to stay that way.

That takes an awful lot of human know-how. You see, we can't trust machines completely. After all, how can you build taste into a machine?

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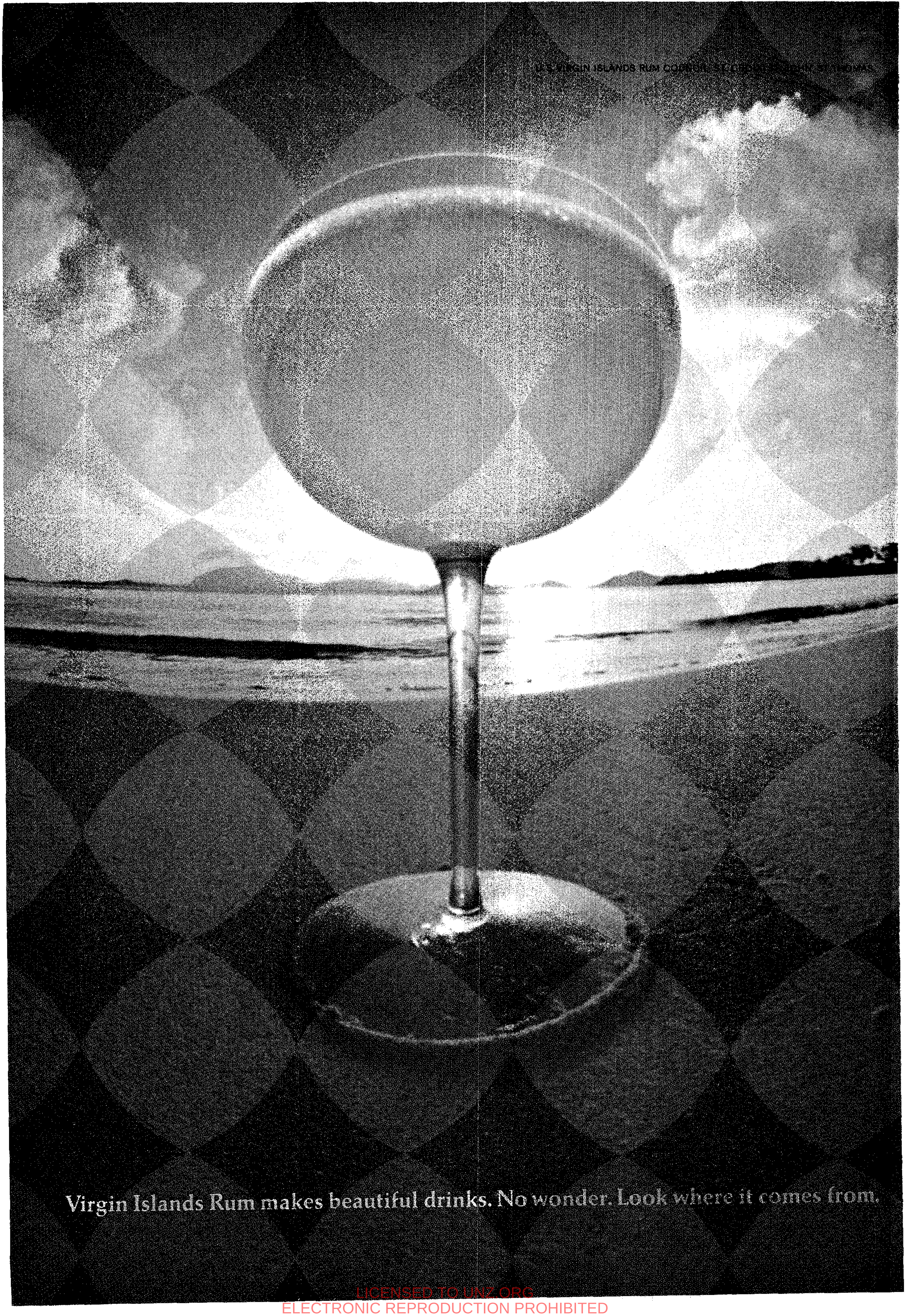
U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS RUM COUNCIL, ST. CROIX [illegible] ST. THOMAS
Virgin Islands Rum makes beautiful drinks. No wonder. Look where it comes from.

tle, then began to shake. "Listen, Captain Cadie, listen, brother, you gots to put me ashore," he said. "I can't sail with you now, Captain Cadie."

The Captain, without answering, propelled the man astern and into the deckhouse. He was already one man short—he had been unable to find a cook—and he did not intend to lose another.

I moved toward the bow, finding a vantage point out of the way from which I could observe the entire deck. As on most commercial fishing boats, the Wilson's deck was almost hidden by equipment. The bows were clogged with anchors, chain, and windlass, the stern cramped by stacks of scrap wood and hundred-gallon drums of fuel and water. Amidships, between heavy masts of spruce, was the small galley, lashed down on the open deck like a stray chicken coop. Two sailing catboats rested on their sides at the widest section of the vessel; to go forward on the Wilson, on either side, a man had to squeeze between a catboat and the galley. The rest of the deck—the Wilson was seventy-four feet over all and nineteen feet in beam—was taken up by deckhouse, bilge pump, hatch covers, and rigging. Belowdecks, the main hold was reserved, as it had been before the conversion, for turtles, but what had formerly been the crew's fo'c'sle (the men were now to sleep in the deckhouse) had become a storage hold and the after hold had been given over to the new engines.

For the first time in her long history, the Wilson was carrying an engineer, and as I watched the preparations for departure the individual thus titled climbed up out of the engine hold, wearing a T-shirt and floppy patchwork trousers that were both black with grime. This was Brown, one of two Negro crewmen brought north by Captain Cadie from Honduras. There has been a Cayman colony in the Bay Islands for more than a century, and English is still the language there, although Brown—with a sombrero and rawhide chin straps, gold teeth, and long sideburns—affected the style of the Central American *bandido*.

The second Honduran, Alfred Buttrum, known as Speedy, was diving repeatedly beneath the hull, adjusting the propeller to the shaft, which had been replaced after being straightened. The other men, all Caymanians of varying color, were stowing gear and food supplies: Jim Rivers, the mate; Carl Ebanks, a former merchant seaman; Lloyd (Leewell) Ebanks, a former crewman on the turtle boat Adams;

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Any man who hates to have his shirt tails keep creeping out will pay $1 more for this Abercrombie Viyella Shirt.

Had a heated argument with Abercrombie & Fitch's president about this. This shirt costs about $1 more than shirts that look much like it.

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All the plaids are perfectly matched — yoke and pockets line up splat on the pattern. Rich Viyella flannel blended of 55% Merino wool and 45% long staple cotton woven in England.

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The plucky plaid ensemble from Mark Cross. $225

This is our saunter-forth-and-enjoy-being-noticed outfit. The dashing wool gabardine coat curves gently to the body, with back belt and side pleats. Very flattering. The matching dress is subtly shaped, with short sleeves, jewel neck. Styled for us by Zelinka-Matlick in black plaid on Kelly green or camel. 8 to 14 in our "To & Fro Shop."

MARK CROSS ENGLAND

Mark Cross, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. and the Waldorf Astoria. Phone 421-3000.

Adonis Powery, a cousin of Captain John Powery, of the Cayman Venture, which had recently caught a green turtle weighing well over six hundred pounds; and James (Junior) Ebanks, aged sixteen, one of the Captain's sons. (The name Ebanks is ubiquitous on Grand Cayman, and Carl and Leewell were not considered kin, by their captain or by each other.)

By midafternoon, Captain Cadie had sent ashore for the last piece of gear, and he gave the command to start the engines. The crew went forward to weigh anchor, a task accomplished with the aid of a heavy old wood-and-iron windlass. This windlass had been forged and built in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, a famous fishing town and the home port of the Bluenose and other great schooners that rivalled the Gloucestermen on the Grand Bank. The similarity of the Cayman schooner to the nineteenth-century ships of the North Atlantic fisheries is very marked, since the schooner hull that came into use in Cayman forty years ago (when disappearing elsewhere in the world) was of Nova Scotia design.

By 4 P.M., the Wilson had left behind the green and pink pastels of Georgetown; she trudged down along the ironshore to Southwest Point. Across Red Bay, casuarina trees at Prospect, permanently bent, leaned away from the easterly trades, and frigate birds circled on the wind. The bones of an old wreck reared like a sea serpent in the choppy water. The day before, there had been gale winds, and they had moderated only slightly. The Wilson hoisted her stunted fores'l and her jib, to give her a few extra knots of speed; she passed beyond the island's lee and into the whitecapped night-blue seas of open ocean. In the wind, the engine noise was blown away astern, and, staring up at the sky and sails and rigging, I could almost conjure up the voyages of other years. But there was no way to put aside the vibration underfoot, or the diesel smell that came in eddies on the salt sea air.

Patches of sargasso weed sailed by, and the first flying fish, on translucent wings, skipped free of the bow wave and skidded away. An hour had not passed before Jim Rivers, washing his hands in some rainwater trapped in the port catboat, said to Leewell, "We headed sout' now, mahn. De land sunk out already." A tobacco bulge in Jim Rivers' cheek gave his face an odd misshapen cast. In thatch hat and faded knee-length dungarees, with bare feet, the mate looked like a sailor of some other century, while Leewell, in sneak-

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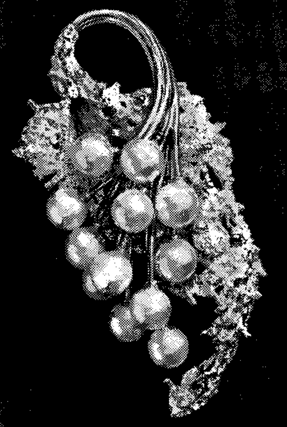

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Hope he brings a medium dry for me
and that nutty flavoured one
and one that's not too dry
Findlater's DRY FLY SHERRY Medium Dry

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ers and clean khakis and visor cap, was a modern seaman, familiar with the comforts of merchantmen. Leewell peered astern. For all seamen, the disappearance of the land is a moment to be reckoned with, no matter how often it is experienced, and Leewell repeated wistfully, "She sunk out?" Jim Rivers nodded.

THE turtler's day begins and ends with daylight. At dusk, we ate a meal of rice and beans, coffee, and bread, and by nightfall all but the helmsman had turned in. Except for a bulb at the engine hatch, rigged to a generator, there was no electricity aboard the Wilson; the compass had to be read by a kerosene lamp stuck on the binnacle, which partially blocked the only door into the deckhouse. The wheel was directly behind the deckhouse, and the helmsman stared straight ahead not at the sea and stars but into the bunks of his companions, who had clambered to their rest over his compass box. Until a new wheelhouse was completed and the wheel moved forward, the Wilson's helmsman had to steer entirely by his instrument, and since no lookouts were posted on the open sea, he depended on the emptiness of the western Caribbean to protect the vessel from collision with unseen objects.

"Only those who have experienced a passage on one of them can conceive the awful discomforts of the long voyages," a veteran of the turtle boats wrote in 1909, and conditions haven't changed much since. Even someone willing to forgo clean water, good sleep, toilet, non-carbohydrate foods, and privacy might find a blind helmsman difficult to get used to, especially on a rough old ship that had leaking timbers and an open wood stove in the galley, and totally lacked such primary equipment as running lights, horn, fire extinguishers, and life preservers. Captain Cadie had bought himself a radio-telephone to go with his new deckhouse, but it had never worked. I asked him why he hadn't tried it out before he paid for it, and he said, "It had ought to work, mahn, or why in hell dey make it?" That first night, headed due south, he ordered the helmsman to line up the sternpost with the North Star, "to see if dot goddom compass be any good."

Because the deckhouse and its berths were small and narrow, without real ventilation, and because there were not enough berths to go around, I put my bedroll down outside on the small deck in the stern. Though this deck was

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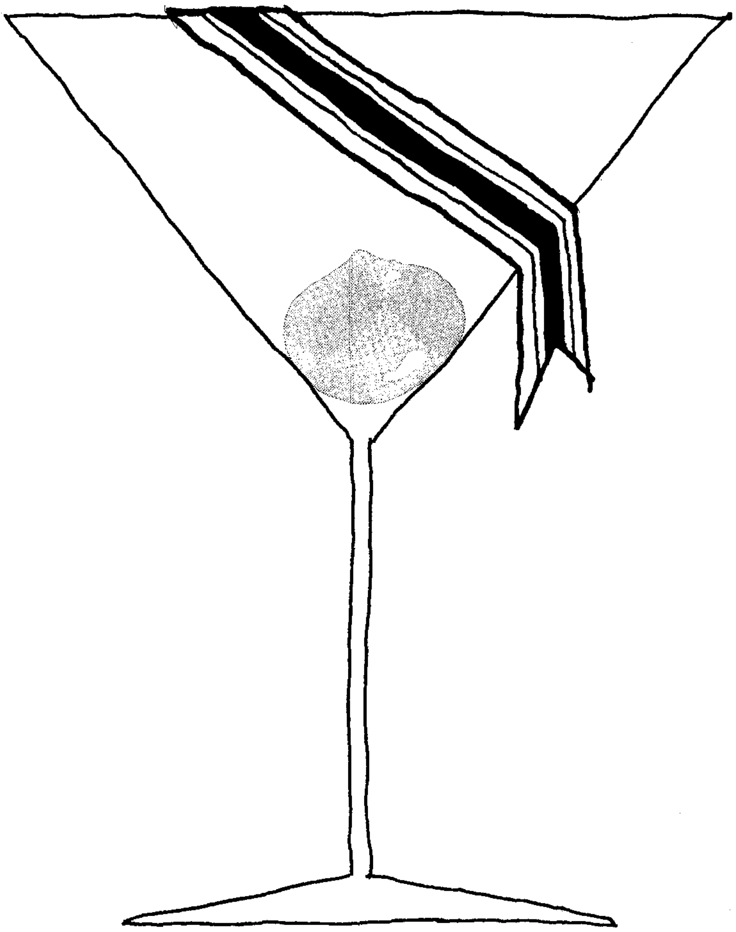
And make a state occasion of it.

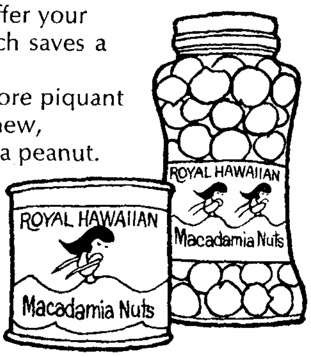


The height of diplomacy is to proffer your eminent guests this exemplary nut which saves a cocktail party from being mere.

More apropos than an almond, more piquant than a pecan, more crunchy than a cashew, more fun than a filbert, more party than a peanut.

Delicate. Light. Crisp. Mellow, nut after nut.

And for those whose customs preclude spirits, this rare, royal nut of Hawaii, munched unaccompanied, is spirited enough.



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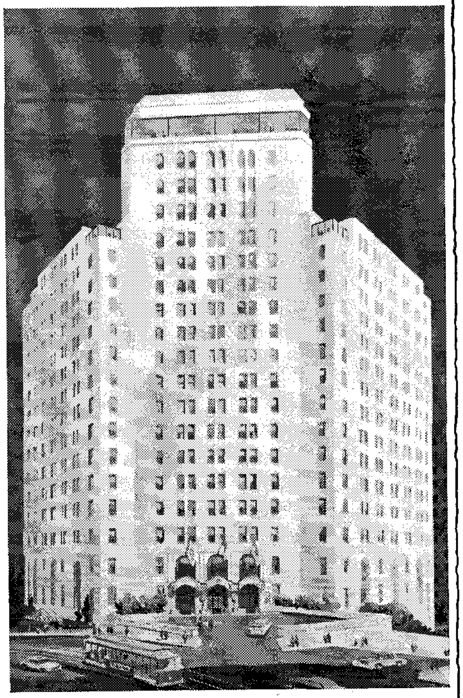

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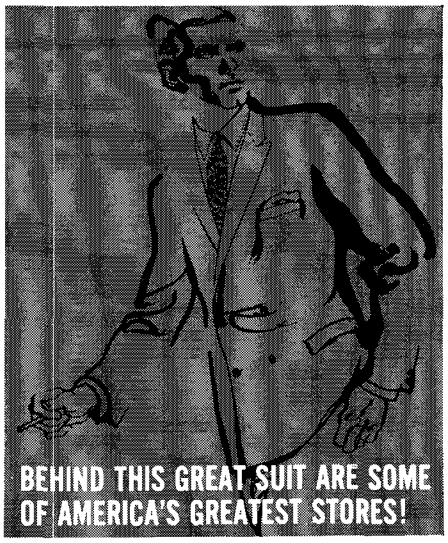
roofed against the sun, it was poor shelter in a blowing rain, and often during the trip I had to jump up and hold my bedding high and dry under the roof until a squall had passed. The ship rolled so in the heavy seas that I all but deflated my air mattress, for otherwise I would be bounced right off it. But on deck I could stretch out full length, the air was fresh, and I could hear most of the conversation in the deckhouse. The men spoke of old turtlers and turtle boats, of great storms on the Miskito Bank, of the barracuda and poisonous jacks that are caught off the Six-Mile Beach, and of the witchcraft called obeah, come to the Caymans from Jamaica. Adonis Powery was the chief authority on obeah, and spoke knowingly, that first night out, of grave-sleeping, tree knots, human hair, and the Book of Moses. "Mahn, you gots to kill five or six people just *learnin'*," Adonis said.

By daybreak, the wind had slackened, and high off in the west, toward Swan Island, a pink cloud caught the rising sun, which was still invisible behind low banks to the east. The color of the sun, when it appeared, was a bad yellow. The sun cast a hard gleam on the wet decks and turned the surface of the sea to a glimmering gray, like molten slag. Then it vanished in the shadow of an oncoming squall. "Dot's what we call fair-weather rain," Carl Ebanks said when the rain had passed. "After rain like dot we gets fair weather." Carl Ebanks was a thin, sad-eyed man who expected to be jeered at and teased; he would miss it if he were not. Scornfully, the Captain contradicted him, declaring that the wind would freshen and would blow just as hard as the day before. And by midmorning, sure enough, the east wind blew the crests off the mounting seas. Sky and sea were a wild, exhilarating blue, and all day long, despite the wind, the Wilson met bird migrants streaming north. The barn swallow (which may come all the way from Chile) was the most common bird; swallows landed on the ratlines, and took rainwater from small, vibrating pools on the upright fuel drums. Egrets passed, and a flock of golden plover, and other birds, too distant to identify; their paths were crossed by the noddy terns and shearwaters and boobies that are native to these seas. I spent most of the day up in the bow. All about, in the litter of gear and rigging, were the briny textures of weathered wood and rusted iron, the breath and smell of tar and caulking, thatch rope and damp canvas. On a bright, fresh day at sea,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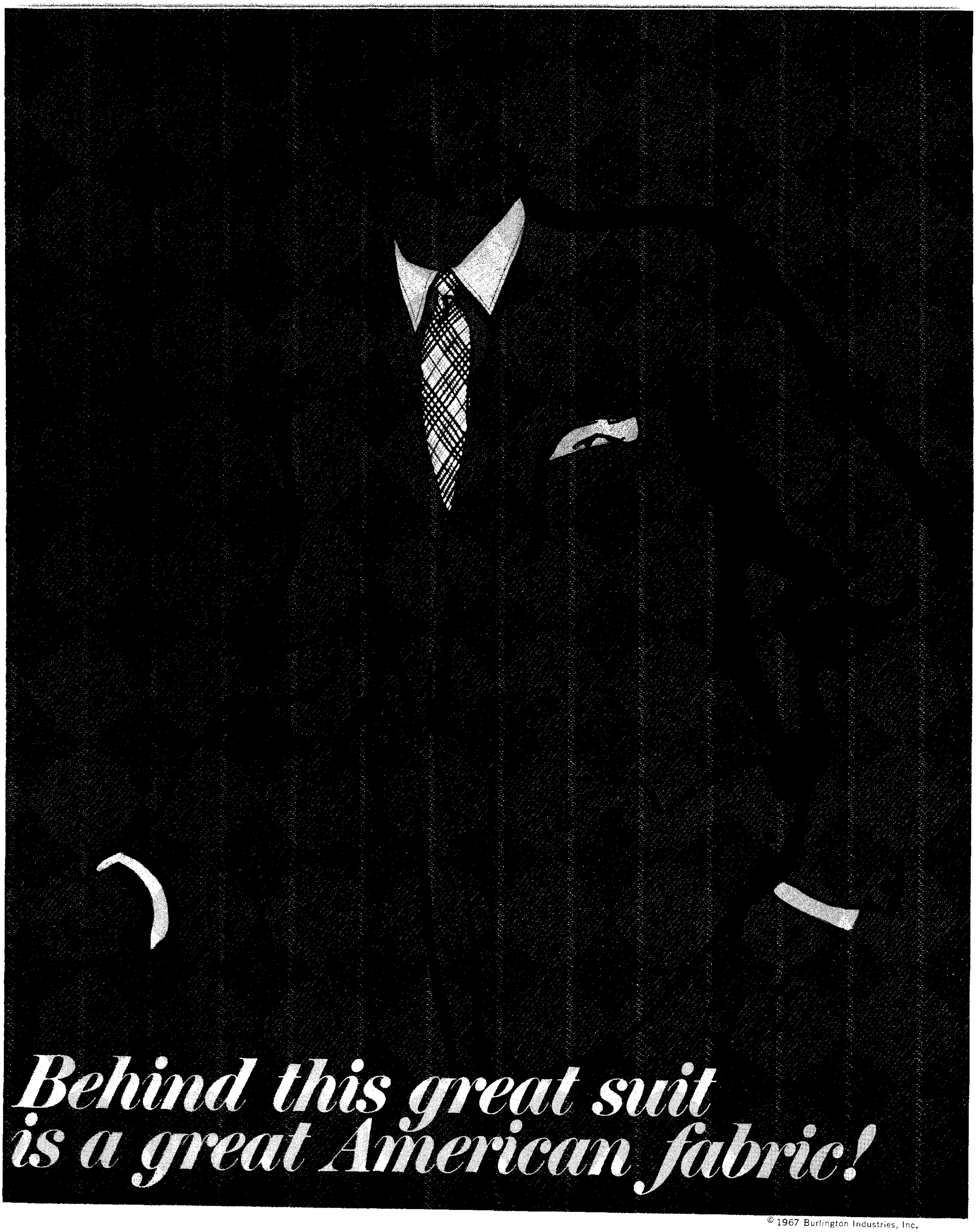
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the ocean wind against your cheek and the tropical sun on your bare feet can restore childhood's sense of being at the center of time, with no time passing.

At noon, the Captain produced an ancient sextant and took a reading of the sun. Subsequently, crouched on knees and elbows, he located our position on a battered chart spread out on the deckhouse floor. "I right on de point, mahn, you see dot? Right on de point!" he said proudly, but, as it turned out, his watch had been off by nearly half an hour. By the time he discovered this, at twilight, the Wilson, though still a day's sail from the turtle grounds, had come up onto the outer edge of the Miskito Bank. Toward midnight, she would come abreast of Cay Gorda. The broad bank of the continental shelf, with its subsurface reefs, rare islands, and broken pan shoals, is a notorious ships' graveyard, and the poorest sort of place to arrive at night for a ship not certain of its position. But anchoring now at the north edge of the Bank would mean a terrific beating from the sea, as well as the loss of a day's fishing later on; we sailed several miles off to the eastward, back to deep water, then headed south again.

I can't say that I slept well. In weather like that, with the arrangement of the Wilson's helm and the absence of lifesaving equipment, it was hard to put those lurking reefs out of mind, and my vague dread was not lessened when some rotten ropes lashing the boom let go and the great timber, swinging as the Wilson rolled, knocked off the pipe framing and the upright exhaust pipe of the starboard engine. The engine hatch filled immediately with diesel smoke, and for fifteen minutes in that stifling atmosphere the silent Brown worked to refit the pipe, moving lethargically through the gloom as if that poisonous place were his natural environment.

Speedy appeared out of the darkness and handed me a fresh naseberry from Cayman. "Dis a very fine little fruit," he said, gazing affectionately at the wrinkled object in his hand. Speedy was a small, strong, generous man, an able-bodied seaman all his life, with the fastest hands and reflexes I had ever seen; it was a pleasure to watch him work. He told me that in Roatán, in the Bay Islands, he owned fifty-five acres and three cows; when he had earned enough money for a few more cows, he would give up the sea. "Speedy got it made, mahn," Speedy said. "Speedy doin' fine. And I don't worry,

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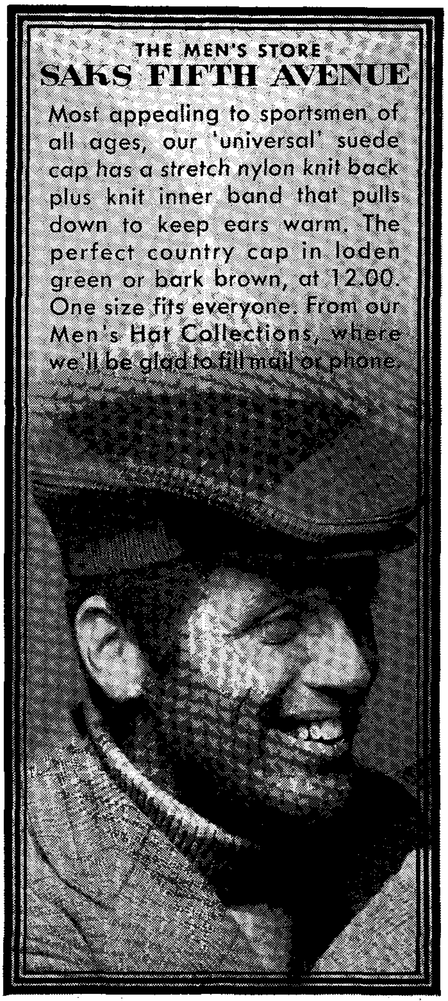
mahn. I never worried yet. But I just had enough of de sea. I don't like something, den I move on. *Fahst,* mahn. Doss why dey call me Speedy. Coss I *fahst,* mahn. I move *fahst.*"

Before daylight, the running lights of the first boat sighted since leaving Grand Cayman appeared. Captain Cadie decided that she must be coming out on the south side of Alargate Reef, and that we could enter the maze of reefs by the same channel. The Wilson turned south by southwest. At sunrise, she was on the Bank; the water turned swiftly from cold night blue to the opaque greeny blue of the outer shelf.

Some flying fish, drawn to the engine light, had come aboard the night before, and the Captain sewed the stripped white flank of one of them to a bare hook for trolling. "You fly too high, darlin'," he told the fish, "and you come to a crahsh lahndin'." We also trolled a bright white feather that I had brought along, and both caught fish. Jim Rivers spoke of a famous time, crossing the Bank, when they had hauled in three hundred pounds of albacore, jack, dorado, and bonito in an hour and a half, but today we settled for three or four big kingfish, a Spanish mackerel, and a scattering of barracuda. The fish came flying up out of the shining sea, flopping and skittering across the decks, among bare feet. What we could not eat was salted and set to dry on the galley roof, lending new flavor to strong galley smells that were already less than enticing. In the first days, in the absence of a cook, Speedy volunteered to do the cooking, and he was competent, as at all else, but he was subsequently replaced by Adonis Powery, who did not feel well enough to work as a deckhand. Adonis, who suffered from asthma, was a cheerful sick man; an untended mustache, a visored cap permanently reversed on his scraggy head, and soiled, floppy clothes gave him a chronic air of coming all apart, and even the Captain, who was not fastidious, objected to the tag ends of Adonis's clothing always "lickin' down into de food." Essentially, the food was rice, boiled and reboiled, and garnished with whatever came to hand; there was also a heavy bread, baked on the ship, and a sweet dough, called johnnycake, that had an odd taste of chemicals. This chemical taste, which cropped up in varying strengths in all the food and was the main feature of the coffee, derived from a residue of diesel fuel in the drum containing our fresh water. Lashed to the mainmast in the open sun, this drum had a hole hacked in



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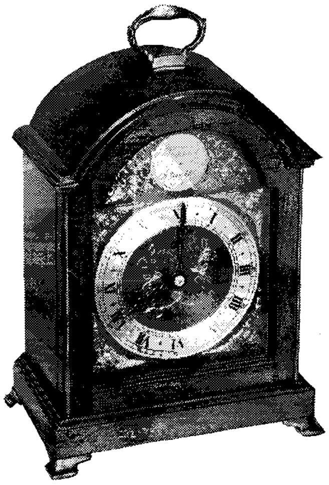

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its upper surface; the sun added warmth to the aura of petroleum, and before many days the water was cloudy with some kind of milky scale.

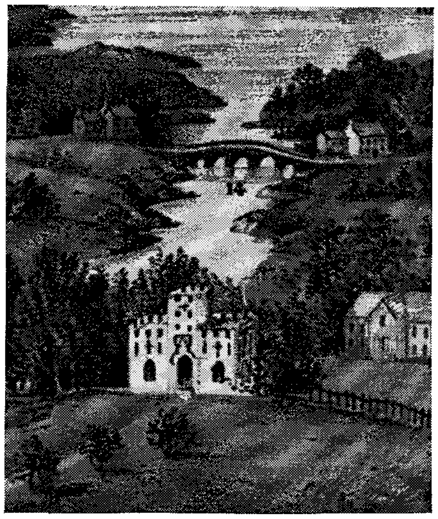
The Wilson crossed the southeast corner of the Gorda Bank, headed west for the Half Moon Reefs. After midday, Captain Cadie spent most of his time aloft, changing our course every little while by means of hand signals to a man on deck, who would shout "Port!" or "Starboard!" to the helm. Off to the southeast, like a puff of green fuzz in the hot tropic sky, was Port Royal Cay, where in 1941 the turtle schooner Majestic, picking up "rangers" (men stationed on outlying cays with nets and catboats), went down in a hurricane with a loss of twenty-two lives; it was the Wilson, then under Captain Robert Ebanks, that took nineteen survivors home to Grand Cayman.

We sailed due west, along the long, white fringe of the Old Pointer Reef, then south again past Logwood and Half Moon Cays. In the afternoon, the wind blew itself out. The turquoise water in the lee of the broken reefs was quiet, and four dolphins came to play alongside the hull. The Captain, gleeful as a child, descended from the crosstrees and ran up into the bow, grabbing a long, blunt pole as he went; after tying a light line to the pole, he practiced harpoon throws at the olive-colored creatures, which—seeming to know that the man, too, was playing—returned to be tagged again and again.

The crew lay around in the shade of the stern, enjoying the calm water; after two days and nights of constant bracing, it was a pleasure to feel limp. Here and there on the silky surface, a turtle floated, light as cork, and we saw a tawny shark. "Dis a bad place to go overboard," muttered Leewell, splicing rope. "We got shark here of de bigges' kind."

From Bobel Cay, where the ship dropped anchor, silent frigate birds came drifting out to meet us. The islet is a nesting place for bridled and noddy terns; the birds rose like mosquito clouds above the red mangroves and sea lavender and jennifer trees that have taken hold on the high ground. With darkness there was rain, but the bird shrieks, undiminished, came down to us on the east wind until the morning.

FOREIGN boats intending to fish for turtles on the Miskito Bank must register with the customs officials of Nicaragua and go to port again to clear when they depart; in addition to



Actual size detail from the 11" x 15" Currier & Ives print, "The Lakes of Killarney".

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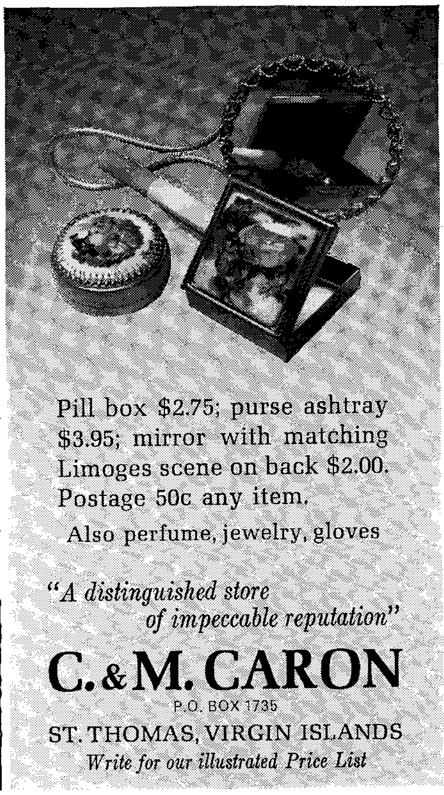

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port fees, they must pay a tax on every head of turtle. The customs officer closest to the fishing grounds is at Cape Gracias á Dios, which was named by Columbus, who found shelter in its lee after a stormy passage down around the Caribbean elbow of Central America.

The Wilson, too, arrived at the Cape after a stormy passage, but she found no shelter; the wind was blowing strong again out of the east. April and May are ordinarily fair-weather months, and Captain Cadie swore that this was the worst April he had seen in all his forty years of turtle fishing. We anchored, in a heavy surge, about a mile off the mouth of the Coco River, and I went ashore with the Captain, Carl, and Speedy in one of the catboats. The outpost at Cape Gracias is situated several miles up the Coco River, which is so shallow at its delta that at low water boats must be dragged across the bar. That afternoon, the tide was low, and, having struggled in across the bar, we were forced to walk and drag the boat upriver. The catboat had a substantial draft, and she was waterlogged; she seemed frail enough in the open sea, but in the river she was monstrous. Often, to progress at all, we had to careen her and haul her across the shallows on her side. Captain Cadie and Carl, old seamen from an island without rivers, were cursing the Coco River and Central America and the "goddom Sponnish" into the bargain, but Speedy, who had experience of this coast, accepted the hard labor cheerfully; as for me, I was thankful for a breeze that broke the humidity and kept the insects grounded, and for the absence of leeches. The wild delta of vast flats and stranded trees was set against the silence of jungle walls, and there was a marvellous show all afternoon of migrant shorebirds hurtling back and forth among languid ibis, spoonbill, egrets, biguas, and exotic hawks of the tropical rivers. We toiled across wastes of shallow water, and at times the mud rose up over our knees. We rowed and sculled and poled, and we sailed a little in the channels, but we never got there. By mid-afternoon, we knew it was hopeless, and at twilight we gave up. It was dark before we crossed the bar again and saw that someone on the ship had been smart enough to rig a lantern.

The next morning, we failed a second time. On the way out of the river, we met John Powery and two crewmen of the Cayman Venture, which was clearing for Grand Cayman; their skiff was much lighter than our cat-

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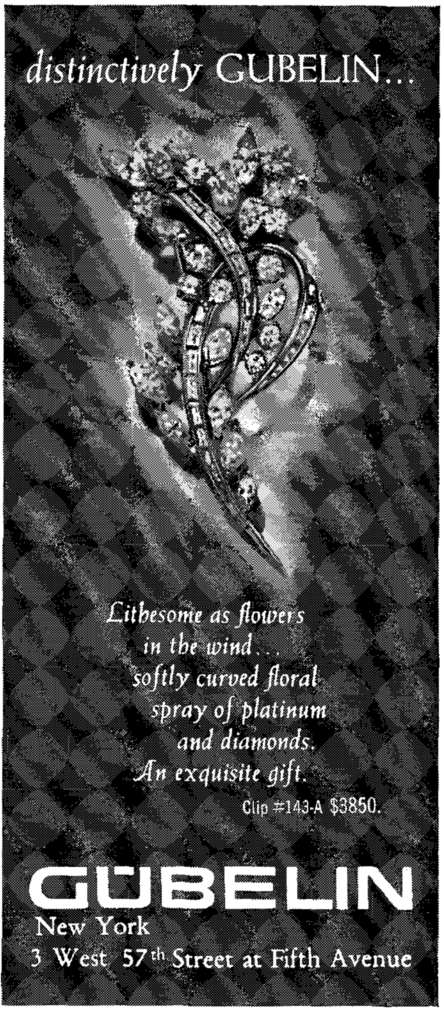
boat, and Captain Cadie went upriver with them, but Powery couldn't find a channel, either. From where the catboat waited, just inside the bar, I could hear beleaguered human cries cursing Cape Gracias and the desolate river and the crazy winds of April.

Captain Cadie decided to register the Wilson at Puerto Cabezas, farther down the coast, and, having lost so much time in his effort to reach Cape Gracias, he felt justified in fishing along the way. We sailed directly for Edinburgh Reef (named, presumably, for a ship that came to grief on it; according to professional treasure hunters at Grand Cayman, there is scarcely a reef or shoal in the southwest Caribbean that is lacking its own wreck). At Edinburgh Reef, no land was visible—only irregular patterns of white surf. Even to leeward of the reefs, where the Wilson anchored, the water was rough and milky. But Captain Cadie rarely glanced at his chart, and he knew exactly where he was. There was good bottom on this spot—he gestured with his hand at the faceless sea—to hold an anchor. In a moment, he was shouting at his men to lower the boats.

Turtle nets are set and hauled from catboats, and each catboat has a pilot. The pilots, as the men most familiar with the turtle grounds and turtle habits, decide where to set the nets. For several days, the crew had been rigging nets and stacking them on the hatches; they had also built a stack of net buoys and "kellecks"—big chunks of fossil coral, used as anchors. (Nobody knew the origin of the word "kelleck." The Captain said that it came down from "the back-time people," who hadn't spoken English very well.) As soon as the boats were launched, this gear was loaded; within minutes, the boat masts had been raised and the sails spread. Jim Rivers was pilot of the port boat, and Captain Cadie, in the starboard boat, yelled out to him that he must set along the reef near the "white holes," as turtlers call the odd circular spots of open sand that appear among the walls of coral.

Junior Ebanks loitered at the rail, hoping to go along as catboat crew. Though he was a shy, soft-spoken boy who showed no sign of his father's raging energy, and suffered in brave silence from chronic seasickness, he obviously revered his father and longed to become a full-fledged turtler. But there was so much wind that the sails had to be reefed, and on the netting grounds the boy could not have pulled one of the heavy oars by which the boats were propelled. "I know you try,



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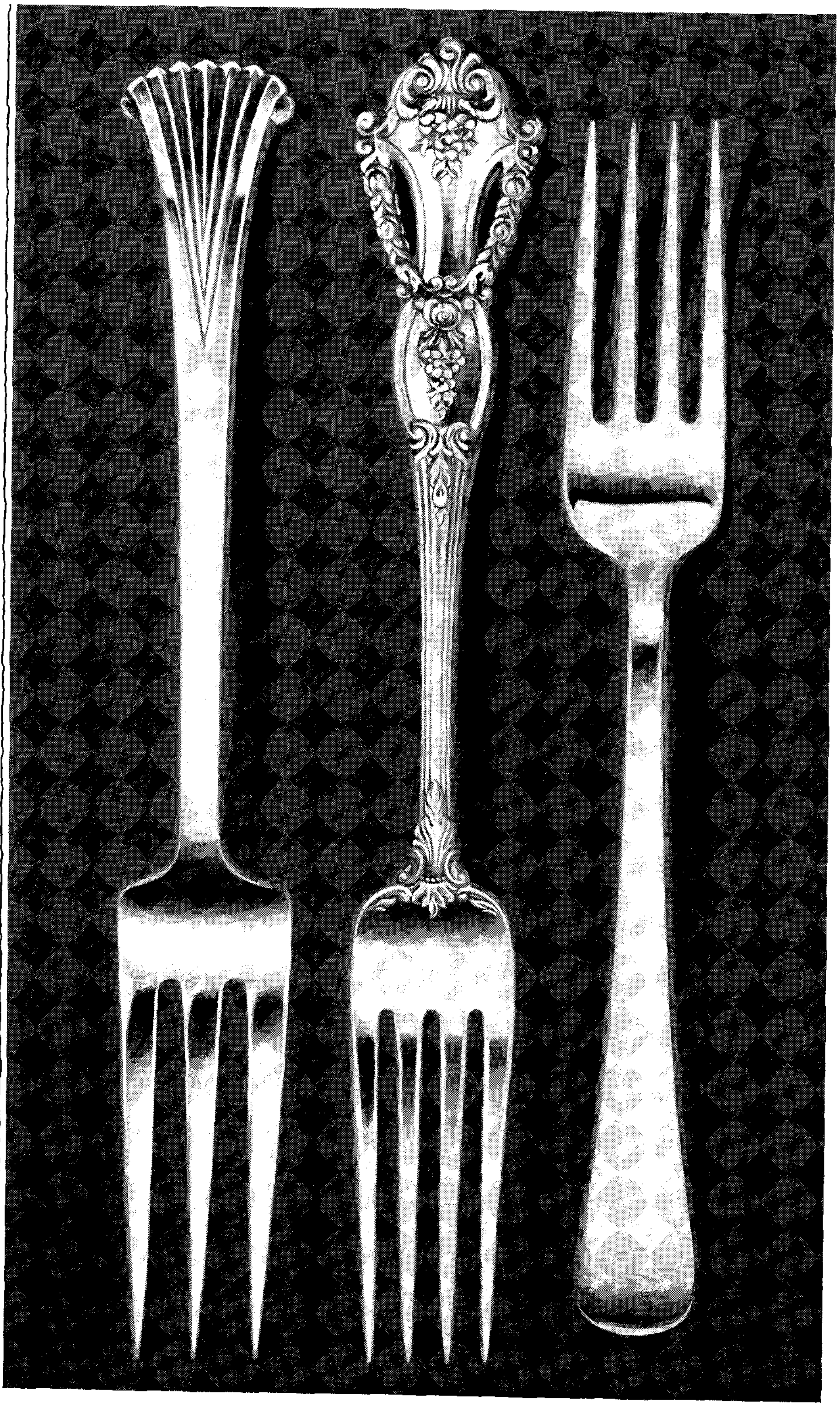
boy," Captain Cadie said, "but tryin' ain't de same as doin'."

Junior set the port boat free, and it scudded away downwind; in glittering green troughs, the gaff-rigged sail rose and sank like an ancient fin. In the starboard boat, which beat to windward, clipping along at a speed that brought the warm spray flying over the bow, Captain Cadie boasted joyfully of this fine boat which only yesterday, in the Coco River, he had cursed. Before long, he was cursing again, for Jim Rivers, off to the north, was setting his nets too far out from the reef. "He might have de luck to cotch one comin' and goin'," he said, " but dere ain't no turtle lives de night out dere in de bleak ocean."

During the day, the green turtle ranges widely, grazing on sea grasses and algae; at night it returns to a favored shelter under a coral head or reef. Nets are placed in likely spots, or "sets," and the nets are comparatively small; each catboat may set twenty-five or thirty every evening. Typical nets, such as the ones Captain Cadie used, will be forty-eight feet long, with a depth of fourteen feet, and will have a seventeen-inch mesh. Because of the large mesh, the nets are light. One end is secured to a log buoy of balsalike tropical "bob wood," which is anchored by a kelleck; the rest floats down the current like an underwater flag, changing position with the change in tides. The net carries small floats along its surface line, but the bottom line is not weighted, so the net hangs in the current at an angle; the idea is that a homecoming turtle, or a turtle rising to breathe, will strike the net and become entangled. A lightweight net that is free at one end encourages tangling yet permits the captive to carry the netting to the surface when it has to breathe. (A small turtle tangled close to the kelleck and forced to drag the kelleck toward the surface may tire and drown before the nets are drawn, though this is not common.)

Nearing the reef, we began to glimpse both green and hawksbill turtles on the surface, and the men yelled in anticipation of the next morning's catch. I had come far to see this sight, and I yelled, too. Two big greens were trying to mate, and Captain Cadie said that they were getting ready to move south to the Bogue and that the Wilson would trail the turtles southward through the cays. (Turtle Bogue, as the fishermen call a stretch of wild tropical coast in Costa Rica, was long considered the last great nesting beach for green turtle in the Caribbean, but



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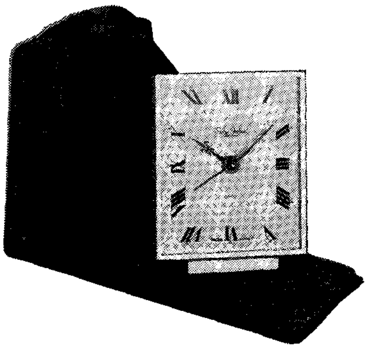
in recent years another great beach has been found on the shores of Mexico, not far from Veracruz, and there are also small nesting grounds in Quintana Roo and on the islets called Mona and Aves, in the eastern Caribbean. Occasional green turtles still nest in Florida, and possibly in the Bermudas; like Grand Cayman, Bermuda was an important nesting ground when the white man first came to the New World.)

We had reached the place where the Captain wished to set, and he swung the catboat up into the wind. Quickly, Leewell lowered the mast, and he and Adonis each took up an oar. Because the rough water kept them straining at their oars, I made myself useful clearing buoy lines and kellecks while Captain Cadie, guiding the oarsmen ("Easy on your side, Leewell. Pull best, 'Donis"), flung the nets out where he wanted them. "See dot coral head right dere?" The Captain pointed to a vague dark mass twenty feet below the surface. "Dot be a point-blank shot for turtle." I heaved the kelleck, and the boat moved on to the next set.

We worked north along the reef, setting the channels and the edges of ominous pan shoals that lay hidden just below the surface. Close to the reef, the sand had not been roiled and the water was clear. A shark, surprised, flicked its tail and slid away from us; it was trailing some small bonito, which zigzagged in pursuit of minnows. Where the bonito chopped the surface, the minnows sprayed into the air in silver showers all across the sunlit coral. Leewell grunted, resting on his oars. "Dis de onliest place I ever see bonito inside de reef," he said. And Captain Cadie said, "Keep her head up, now! You do like dot in dis wind, mahn, she walk away from you right back down to de vessel!" He pointed a gnarled finger at the Wilson, more than a mile away.

The sprays of bait fish, catching the sun, had drawn the hunting terns, which beat along against the wind, over our heads. Where the terns had come from, with no land in sight, was a mystery. The fish and the birds chased back and forth across the catboat's bow, the shriek of the terns lost in the booming of the surf.

AT daybreak, the wind was strong as ever, and, from the look of the gray skies to the eastward, it would blow hard all day. Captain Cadie got the boats off before breakfast to draw the nets, and on the way out he cursed his fate and all his men into the bar-



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gain. This drew a sullen protest from Leewell, normally a good-tempered man, but one full of pride in his experience as a turtler under Captain Allie Ebanks, of the Adams. Off by the reef, in the silver light, turtles were splashing in the nets, and Leewell grinned broadly. "See dot one flouncin' on de weather side?" he yelled. "And dere, and dere, dey two in dot other net!"

The Captain sighed. "Doss a goddom loggerhead," he said. "But dot one's a turtle over dere." The starboard boat moved up among the nets, and the turtles sounded, then surfaced again, thrashing and blowing. There were more loggerheads than the Captain had expected, and one of them had towed its kelleck far downwind; to free it from the net, the men had to haul it aboard. The loggerhead, which is worthless, is a big rufous brute with a heavy head and jaws that can remove a careless finger. The hawksbill, which is taken for tortoiseshell, will also snap if given half a chance. The port boat caught a big male hawksbill that morning, and while it lived the barefoot sailors gave it a wide berth.

The turtles came in over the side in the wet and gleaming colors of the sea; the green turtle's shell is a pretty amber, and its belly plate is a pale yellow, like bamboo. The morning's catch for the starboard boat was five—about half the number Captain Cadie had hoped for—and his feelings were mixed when the port boat, defying his prediction of utter failure, was seen to have in it three big greens in addition to the hawksbill. By the time this damned hurricane let up, he said, it would be full moon, when the rising turtles could see the white mesh and avoid it. I had to laugh at the intensity of his disgust, and, after a mean stare, he gave out an unwilling whimper, then a wave of laughter, which left his abused crew worse confounded than before.

We sailed back downwind to the ship at exhilarating speed. Caymanians move so beautifully in their small boats that they seem mere extensions of the wood and canvas, and Captain Cadie, in good spirits once again, brought his catboat alongside in one neat flourish of spray and sail. Junior caught a line, and the catboat leaped and fell on the seas that surged along the hull. I picked my surge and clambered up over the gunwale onto the hard, salt-cured deck. Looking down at the new turtles in the catboat, and at the brown faces and the bright turquoise sea, I had a feeling of affection for the Wilson; sail or power, she was still a turtle boat.

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three hundred pounds, and the rest were not much smaller. Each was hoisted to the deck by block and tackle, secured by a rope bridled to the base of both fore flippers. While it was still suspended, like a man hung by the armpits, all four of its flippers were pierced by a hot iron. Then it was lowered onto its back, and the two flippers on each side were lashed together by palm-frond strips run through the holes. (For ease of handling, and because its own weight would suffocate it out of the water, the turtle is kept on its back from the time it is dragged over the gunwales of the catboat until it is either slaughtered or released into a crawl.) Ordinarily, the mute and immobile package is then lowered into the hold, but because these first turtles would be crawled at Miskito Cay they were kept on deck, where they filled the last free space on the stern deck and in the passage along the deckhouse. A wooden pillow was placed under each head, which otherwise would have hung down unsupported, and wedges were jammed under each carapace to keep it in place when the ship rolled; old nets and tarpaulins were thrown over turtles that were exposed to sun. After that, the captives were forgotten. The turtles kept their mouths shut, and breathed infrequently. The breath, when it came, was a gasp and sigh. But even these sad, weary sounds, along with the "tears" of lubricating fluid that squeezed regularly from the turtles' eyes, went unnoticed by the crew. Green turtles are gentle vegetarians that rarely bite, and the men stepped on them and around them as if they were part of the ship's machinery; the poor great creatures were as still and heavy as the fuel drums. But the green turtle's air of innocence is troubling, and now and then one meets a turtle's eye and recalls the swift thing that flew so gracefully in the ocean. I was especially apt to do this, since one turtle lay next to where I slept on deck; this one gasped and twitched continually, its eye not three feet from my own.

FROM Edinburgh Reef we sailed over to Cape Bank, which lies just north of the Honduran border and is claimed by Honduras. Like Edinburgh, this reef is barely below the surface, and there was no good shelter near the turtle ground. The Wilson, anchored, was laboring so heavily that swinging the boats over the side was difficult and dangerous; the boats were suspended from the masts, and, on this wide-beamed vessel, the recent shortening of

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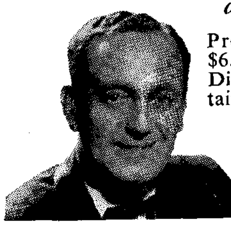
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the masts had much increased the angle of the swing. Once the boats were launched, the wind tore the starboard catboat's sails, which were rotten, and, attempting to set in the rough water, we broke an oar in the heavy chop, at which Captain Cadie, his exasperation mounting, ordered us back to the ship. But we had seen turtles all around, and Speedy and Brown, whom the Captain wished to train, insisted that we finish the set. Their willingness so tickled the Captain that he laughed all afternoon; his Honduran greenhorns, he told the Caymanians at supper, made the best catboat crew he had.

The wind did not slack off at twilight but mounted all during the night. Gale winds and a surly chop battered the ship, making such a noise that men talking together had to shout; the wind was no longer a stiff wind but something ominous. In this waste of shoals and reefs, where a dragging anchor could mean serious trouble, a man who felt no apprehension would be a fool, and Captain Cadie was up most of the night checking the anchor and taking soundings. He and I talked for hours before dawn. Leewell, who could not sleep, either, joined us. He spoke of a time when Cadian, then captain of the *Jimson*, had been demasted and blown by a hurricane all the way from Georgetown to Nicaragua. We talked awhile of the old ships and of the famous schooner regattas held at Georgetown just before the Second World War, which were won regularly by the *Wilson*. Captain Cadie said, "Yes, mahn, de *Lydia E. Wilson* beat 'em all. She were de las' one and de best."

I couldn't help asking the Captain why he had not left the *Wilson*'s spars and sails intact, even if it meant running her as a charter schooner for tourists; my tone suggested my own preference for this solution. Leewell grunted enigmatically in the dark, and after a moment Captain Cadie said, in a flat, tired voice, "Well, she ain't as fast with motors as she were sometimes under sail, but she don't have to beat into de wind." He disregarded the tourist trade as something irrelevant to a turtle boat with a long tradition on the banks, and I began to see that he was right.

The wind had mounted now past thirty knots—an estimate on Captain Cadie's part that seemed to me conservative—and by daybreak the water was so rough that the Captain sent one catboat out to draw the nets, keeping the other at the ship in case of trouble. Despite my faith in Cayman seamanship, there was some question in

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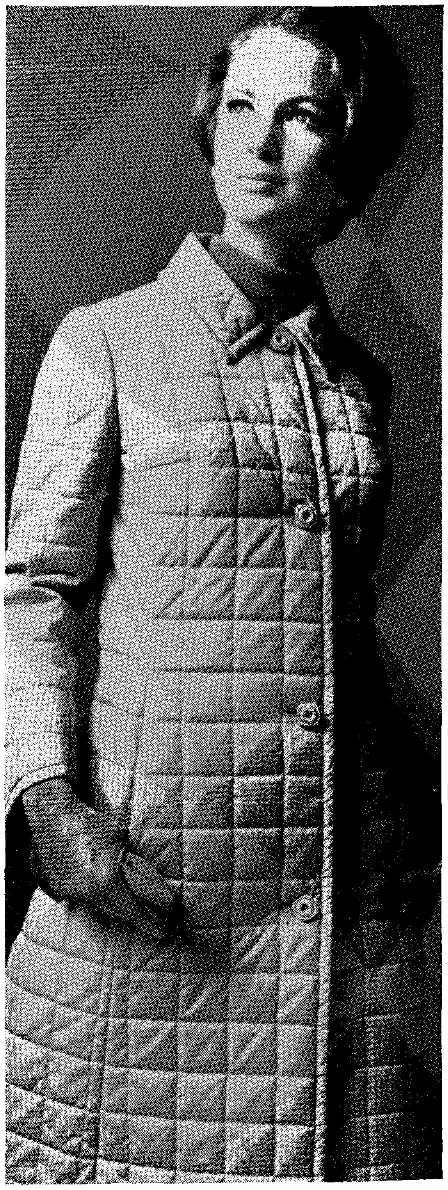

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my mind whether a leaky catboat with rotten sails should be sent out into a sea like that at all. But if this question came into the minds of Carl and Jim Rivers and Leewell, who were picked to go, they did not voice it. Clinging to the catboat's mast as the boat banged against the Wilson's side, Leewell and the mate were businesslike and tense, and shouted at Carl to hurry up; then the boat was free on the shimmering swells, the three men's black wind-tattered silhouettes high on the catboat's weather side as the wind struck her and she heeled and veered away. When good men go out without complaint to do a dangerous task, not in emergency but because it is part of their way of life, the sight is moving. Those of us left aboard said very little, but we all watched that boat. Even Captain Cadie, who was mending nets, didn't stray far from the rail all morning.

A mile away, the catboat dropped its sail, and then an oar flashed in the sun. Making its painful progress from net to net, the boat rose into view and fell away, swallowed for a half minute at a time by the green swells. Though the wind let up when the sun was high, drawing the nets took the better part of the day, and the men came back exhausted. "I ain't got no wrists left," Leewell said. "I like turtlin' as much as any mahn, but I don't like no kind of wind like dot."

A few turtles had been caught despite the weather, and the Captain decided to fish Cape Bank again. In the afternoon, we moved up along the reef, to westward, and set a white hole named the Maggie, for a turtle boat of another era. The Maggie White Hole is but one of many sets known to the turtlers by name; there is also the Wilson set, down south of Miskito Cay, toward London Reef. We set that afternoon along the pan shoals, right under the reef. One shoal had been laid bare by wind and tide, and a lone heron, like a warder, stalked across the last hard gleams of twilight. It was nearly dark before we sailed back to the Wilson. The wind had eased, and the anchorage was much more sheltered than the one of the night before, and Adonis had butchered the hawksbill and was serving it up in a kind of heavy stew. "De gold rush is over and de bum's rush is on," Adonis sang. Hawksbill meat is preferred to green turtle on Cayman Brac, where the tortoiseshell industry encourages this prejudice, but the rest of the world finds hawksbill meat a little strong. "When you eat hawksbill," Adonis said, "you know you eat somet'ing."

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This is also true of barracuda, the only other fresh food we had had in days, and the next morning, when it was discovered that the restless green turtle next to me had died, I overcame a natural distaste for defunct reptile meat and helped to eat it. Besides the marrow-like calipash and calipee, which are used in green-turtle soup, the multicolored cuts of meat include the turtle steak, which, properly cooked, is almost indistinguishable from veal. The men assured one another that the turtle in question had not been dead long enough to bring harm.

THERE were a few turtles in the nets that morning, but the catch was disappointing. Rather than fight the weather any longer, we would head south to Miskito Cay and crawl the turtles, then go to the coast at Puerto Cabezas to register the vessel before proceeding to the turtle grounds at the Whitties and London Reef. By the time we got there, a change in weather might improve the fishing. Besides, the farther south we fished, the more likely we were to meet the great migrating fleets, for it was nearly May, and the turtles would be moving down to Turtle Bogue.

From Cape Bank the Wilson headed southeast across the Main Cape Channel, then south, past Outer Moheghan and Ham Cay, to the Marston Dennis Cay; off to windward, in the ocean mist, lay Dead Man Cay, where in 1941 five rangers of the Wilson lost their lives, in the same hurricane that sank the Majestic off Port Royal Cay. Twenty-seven turtlers died that year—the greatest number since 1876, when a storm killed sixty-seven rangers—but hurricanes have caused death regularly on the low-lying, lightless reefs. The schooner Hustler, under Captain Cadie's friend Laurie Bodden, was also lost in 1941, near the Marston Dennis Cay; of the vessels that sailed in the great regattas, almost half have since gone down in storm, and the rest have been sold off or converted. The Adams, the Jimson, and the Wilson are the last of the fleet still sailing from Grand Cayman.

Forests of giant mangrove have taken root on the shallow banks of the Marston Dennis Cay. As the Wilson passed, she slowed her engines in order to "speak" the rangers on the cay. (This term of the old sailing days, when ships meeting in remote places and wishing to exchange news, mail, and conversation would "speak" each other, still has currency on Grand Cayman.) Sure enough, a catboat spread

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wings at the green walls, two miles away, and came flying down across the wind. The sea was still rough, but, rather than slack off on the sheet and give up speed, a man high on the side of the boat, in the instant before it must have capsized, scampered to the end of a plank shoved out as a makeshift outrigger, so that he seemed suspended in midair. On came the rangers, waving and yelling, careening in along our side, and then dropping sail and swarming aboard while the Wilson's men cried, "Come up, come up! Come up, mahn, and be hoppy!" The rangers were so glad to see new faces that they kept yelling even after they had come aboard. "You gone cotch turtle, mahn!" we were told. "Dey here as t'ick as sprat!" Then the rangers were off again, like birds, for they knew that the Wilson wished to make Miskito Cay before nightfall.

Miskito Cay is nearly as large as Grand Cayman, but, except for an acre of high ground where fresh water of poor quality may be obtained, it consists almost entirely of high mangrove. Apart from providing water, it serves chiefly as a place to pen turtles, which could not survive an entire voyage in the holds or on the deck; it is also a meeting place, and a place of refuge in time of hurricane. There is no harbor at Miskito Cay, but the ships come in close along the southwest shore and lash themselves as best they can into the mangroves. The cay is uninhabited except in turtle season, when a few Indians come out from the Miskito Coast of Nicaragua. To avoid the sand flies that infest these cays, the Indians build small shacks on rickety platforms of thin mangrove stakes, well off the shore. From where the Wilson anchored, not far west of the turtle crawls, we could see two small Miskito shacks. Downwind from the shacks trailed a number of small *cayucas*, or dugout canoes, which had brought these people thirty miles or more across the open water.

The Adams was anchored at Miskito Cay, and the crawl that Captain Cadie was to use still held the last of the Adams' turtles, which she was loading for the homeward voyage. When we went over to the crawl early the next morning, the catboats of the Adams were already there. Our crawl, like all the others, was a square pen formed by high mangrove stakes lashed together with thatch rope. A gate had been lowered on one side, where the catboats were tied up, and a big Indian was in the pen, up to his neck in water. Every few minutes, he would dive be-

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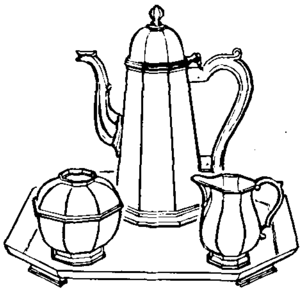

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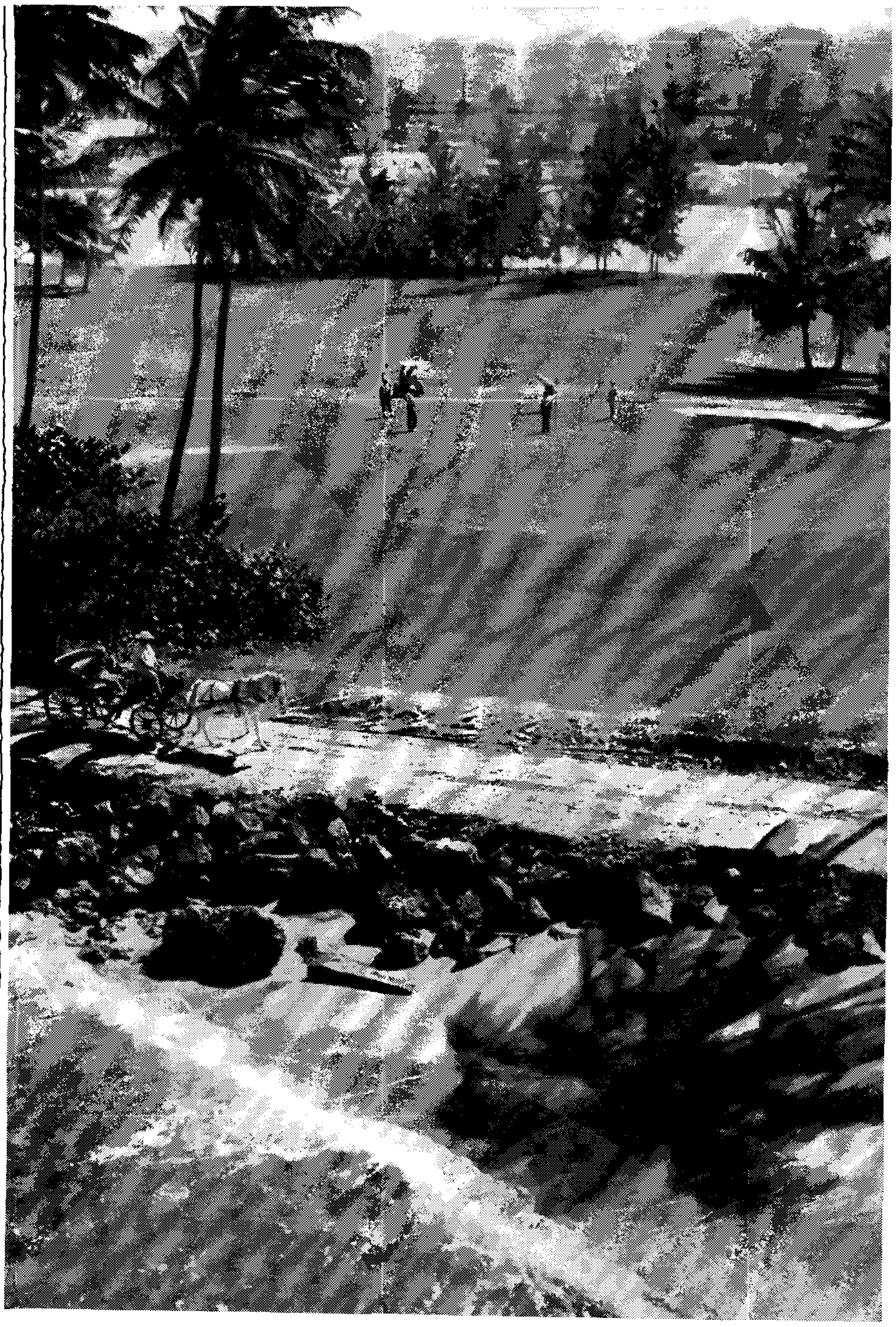
neath the surface, where the great turtles milled, and, grasping one by the carapace behind the head, use his free hand to slip a loop around the base of a fore flipper. This loop was fastened to a line held by a crewman on a catboat at the gate; when the Indian surfaced, calling out, the men hauled the turtle in. On the biggest turtles—of three hundred pounds or more—the Indian rigged a bridle to both flippers, for otherwise the frantic creatures could not be managed; as it was, the whole pen was a turmoil of white water. Sometimes the diver would catch a second turtle while he was waiting for the loop to be thrown back to him; then he would lean back into a corner, holding the turtle upright in a bear hug. Like most Miskitos, the diver had the features of an Indian and the skin color of a dark-brown Negro. The type is native to that coast, from the Honduran department of Mosquitia, north of the Coco River, down along the Nicaraguan shore into northern Costa Rica. The racial admixture is not recent but derives from shipwrecked Guinea slaves of three centuries ago, who were absorbed by the aborigines along the coast. The diver was a powerful man, and pompous in his strength; his dripping head was fierce and grim, like the head of a dark sea god.

When our turtles had been crawled, we paid a visit to the Adams. The Alice M. Adams—to give her her full name—is a much larger vessel than the Wilson, being well over a hundred feet in length, but the two are very similar in their lines. Since the retirement of Captain Cadian's uncle Captain Allie, the master of the Adams had been Captain Allie's son-in-law, Chesley Parsons—one of the few modern turtle men I ever heard Captain Cadie speak of with respect. Captain Chesley was a heavy man with a patient voice that seemed simultaneously courteous and implacable. His boat was the queen of the remnant turtle fleet, and she had had a successful voyage, with four hundred turtles stowed already in her hold and a few yet to come. Standing at the hatch of the Adams, I peered down at the creatures. The turtles lay in vertical tiers, rack upon rack of broad, pale bellies extending aft into the gloom. Over the hold was rigged a canvas chute that caught the wind and funnelled it down for the refreshment of the cargo. "See dot?" Leewell spoke quietly at my shoulder. "Dey already lost dem pretty sea colors."

Captain Cadie got up suddenly from a colloquy with Captain Chesley, and we jumped back into our catboat. Lee-



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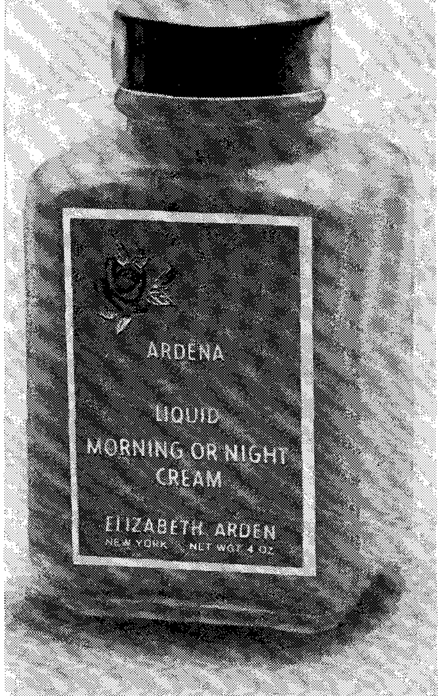

Elizabeth Arden

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well shouted goodbye to his friends on the Adams, which would sail the next day for Key West if the wind moderated; Key West is the American market port for the green turtle, and the Adams supplies most of the green turtle that is eaten in the United States. We all shouted again as we sailed out past the Adams. Within the hour, we were rolling down along the Nasa Cays and the Alice-Agnes Rocks, headed west-southwest, on a following wind, for Puerto Cabezas.

Because of the trade winds, the open coast of the western Caribbean is almost always rough, and as there is no harbor at Puerto Cabezas but only a long ocean pier where freighters take on fruit and lumber, Captain Cadie began to curse the place even before it came in sight. The Wilson was not large enough to tie up at the high pier, and where we anchored the water was just as rough as he had prophesied—so rough that the launching of a catboat was a near disaster. By the time the boat had landed, on big swells that rolled beneath the pier, it was too late in the day to clear the vessel through the Nicaraguan customs, so that the Wilson had to labor through the night right where she was.

I had made a plan to leave the ship in Nicaragua, and the next morning I went with Captain Cadie to the customs house. He was snarling about time lost and about the "fot fees" that he would have to pay, but when the customs officer asked him how many life preservers his vessel carried his belligerence vanished and he struggled to hide his laughter. "Why, two," he said piously. "I t'ink."

We walked together back down a long slope to the pier. It was a fresh tropical morning, washed bright by night rains, and Puerto Cabezas, which is on an airy headland above the beach, was a prettier place than I had expected. But Captain Cadie was in no mood to linger, and he shouted angrily at a crewman who had taken advantage of the fine morning to get drunk. My shipmate was dragged from a tropical litter of dogs, roosters, fruit, and children at the pierhead and dumped into the bilge of one of the catboats. From the pier, I could barely see his head above the side as the catboat moved off on long swells toward the Wilson.

—Peter Matthiessen

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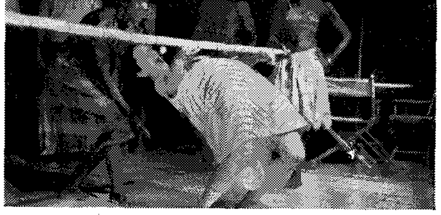

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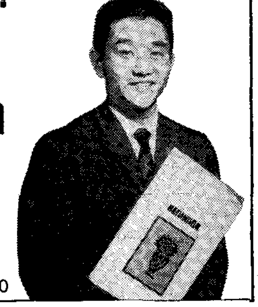
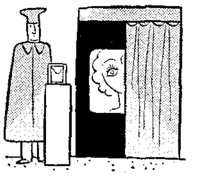


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hard Days in Wessex



I BELIEVE not only that movies are better than ever, as the old advertising saw has it, but that even when they fail they are better than ever, which is to say that the failures are far more interesting than they used to be and are therefore more worth talking about. Indeed, it is a commonplace of the times that people in bars and at cocktail parties debate the merits of movies with a vehemence rarely shown any longer in the case of differing opinions on plays and novels. The other day, having been swept up into a group of people discussing John Huston's "Reflections in a Golden Eye," I ventured the opinion, not for the first time, that the movie never came to life because Mr. Huston and his screenwriters had attempted to deal in realistic terms with a novel that, closely examined, would be seen to have touched real life at almost no point; the screenplay and the direction had advanced like conscientious bulldozers over what nobody had appeared to notice was an imaginary terrain. A young man in the group reproached me for not judging "Reflections" solely as a movie. It was his notion that when a movie bears the title of a celebrated novel and follows the plot of the novel incident by incident, and perhaps, in respect to the dialogue, word for word, we are all to pretend that this is a meaningless coincidence; an audience at "Doctor Zhivago," say, or "Passages from Finnegans Wake" must expunge from its mind the existence of an original in another medium and is forbidden to let consideration of the degree to which a movie embodies—or, for that matter, deliberately disassociates itself from—its predecessor form part of the basis on which it is appraised. This is an old and not very intelligent theory, and, significantly, is nearly always employed as a device for defending a movie that has failed, rather than for paying tribute to one that has succeeded.

Anyhow, I wish the young man had been with me later that same day, when I attended a screening of "Far from the Madding Crowd." The very first thing that crosses one's mind in connection with the movie is that it couldn't have reached even the point

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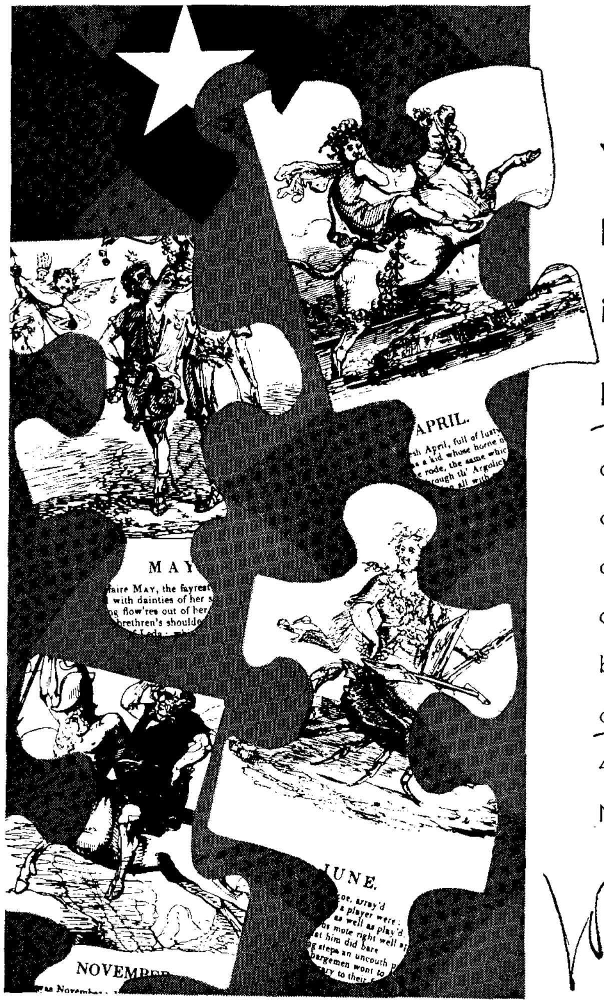

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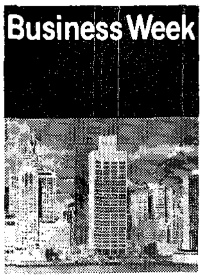

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of being speculated upon as an infinitely remote possibility for the screen except for one enormous fact: that it was a famous novel by famous Thomas Hardy. Would anyone living in the nineteen-sixties bother to concoct, from scratch, a long-drawn-out and continuously implausible chronicle of life on the farm in a backward, peevish, and heart-withering corner of England in the seventh decade of the nineteenth century, on the assumption that such a chronicle was just what the moviegoing public was waiting for? Obviously not. And it is no less obvious that if a movie has committed itself to reproducing the tone of a novel as well as its plot, it becomes a baffling exercise in mere moviemaking technique unless we are encouraged to observe the validity of the connection between the two; a question of artistic good faith has been raised and must be answered. In the case of "Far from the Madding Crowd," it turns out, over a period of nearly three hours (including one of those damnable intermissions), that we have no reason to doubt the honorable intentions of its makers. The producer, Joseph Janni; the director, John Schlesinger; the author of the screenplay, Frederic Raphael; the director of photography, Nicolas Roeg; and the large cast, headed by Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Peter Finch, and Terence Stamp, have all taken their responsibilities toward a literary classic so seriously that the movie slowly, inexorably collapses of its own weight. The very fidelity with which these worthy people have struggled to preserve the knotted Hardihood of the novel ends by suffocating them. Little that they have done inside the movie is inexplicable; what is inexplicable is that they should have undertaken it at all. In the bleakness of so great a defeat, I have nothing to offer but condolences. Hardy will survive this unlucky attempt and will henceforth presumably remain where he belongs, between covers. (Covers not often opened by me; Hardy received early training as an architect, but one would guess from his prose that the training had been in carpentry.) As for the Messrs. Janni, Schlesinger & Co., I urge them to rush straight back into their rightful kingdom—that of "Billy Liar," "Darling," and the nervous, rootless, talkative, urban present.

"TITICUT FOLLIES" is a documentary movie shot in a state prison hospital for the criminally insane, in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. It is the handiwork of a young Cambridge lawyer named Frederick Wiseman,

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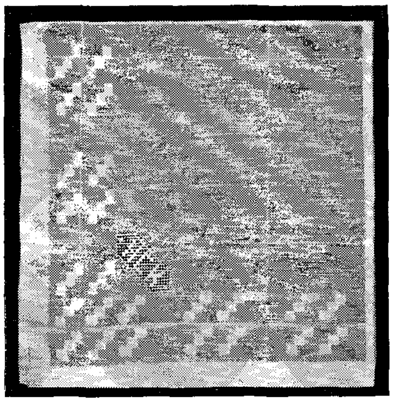

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and one assumes that Mr. Wiseman made the movie for the honorable journalistic purpose of calling the public's attention to a scandalous condition in an obscure outpost of the state government. It is a sickening picture from start to finish, and occasionally I got the uneasy impression that Mr. Wiseman was permitting his camera to dwell on horrors—a naked old man dying, another naked old man being baited by an attendant as he was being brutally, bloodily shaved—that were too precious simply as scoops not to record. What made me still more uneasy was that Wiseman again and again echoes "Marat/Sade," and not least in his title, which refers to a revue staged by the inmates and some of their keepers. Surely "Titicut Follies" is not the most suitable title for a movie of this kind; surely we would not have been shown certain sexual activities on the part of the inmates if "Marat/Sade" had not paved the way for them. But "Titicut Follies" is not, like "Marat/Sade," a fiction based on facts; it is only facts or it is nothing. It has no justification for existing except to the extent that it is intended to have legislative and other non-aesthetic consequences. I am not sure that this is a picture that should be given an ordinary commercial run, here or anywhere. —Brendan Gill

•

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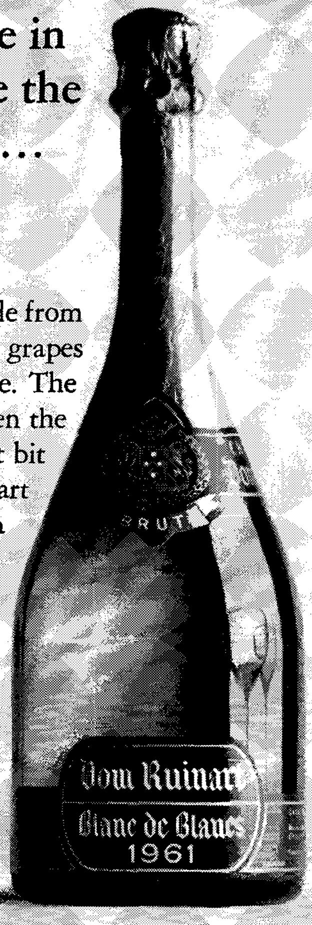

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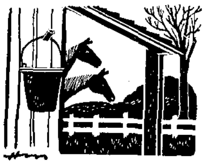
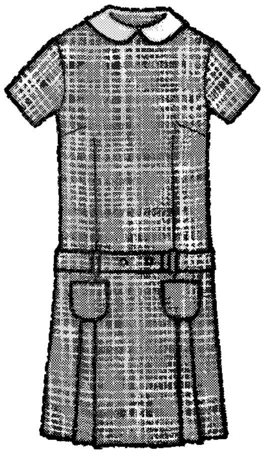


ONE of those happenings that men in racing daydream about came to pass last week for William L. McKnight, who owns the Tartan Stable horses, and Johnny Nerud, who trains them and also has a piece, as the saying goes, of Dr. Fager, the stable's star. At Aqueduct on Saturday, their Ruffled Feathers brought off a 40–1 chance in the Man o' War Stakes, beating Fort Marcy by a head, with Handsome Boy third. At Hawthorne, in Chicago, roughly an hour and a half later, Dr. Fager, who was 3–10 in the betting, won the Hawthorne Gold Cup comfortably, beating Whisper Jet by two and a half lengths, with Pointmenow third. Someone may remember when another stable won two such prizes the same afternoon. I don't.

Thirteen runners paraded for the Man o' War, and Handsome Boy, dashing into a long lead, all but made a runaway of it. At one stage, he was five lengths in front. (A glance back at this point showed Assagai, the favorite, ninth, and making no headway.) At the mile mark, Handsome Boy still led, but not by so much, and on the turn for home Ruffled Feathers moved into the picture. In the stretch, it looked a toss-up between Handsome Boy and Fort Marcy, but in the last fifty yards Ruffled Feathers passed them both, and Fort Marcy nosed out Handsome Boy for second money. Assagai was fourth, three lengths behind. The time for the mile and five furlongs over the turf course was 2:42⅘, which is nearly two seconds faster than Assagai's timing when he won the race last year. Ruffled Feathers is a neat, strong three-year-old colt by Rough 'n Tumble out of Cequillo. His form was unimpressive until midsummer of this year, when he developed a liking for running on the grass.

From all accounts, Dr. Fager dominated the scene at Hawthorne from beginning to end, keeping just a stride or two ahead of Whisper Jet until Baeza turned him loose. Perret, who rode Whisper Jet, complained of interference at the turn into the stretch, but the film-patrol movies showed that there was none. It was Dr. Fager's sixth victory in eight starts, and no doubt his last appearance this season.



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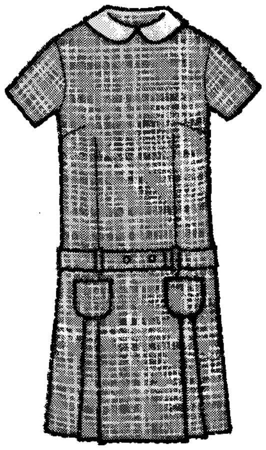

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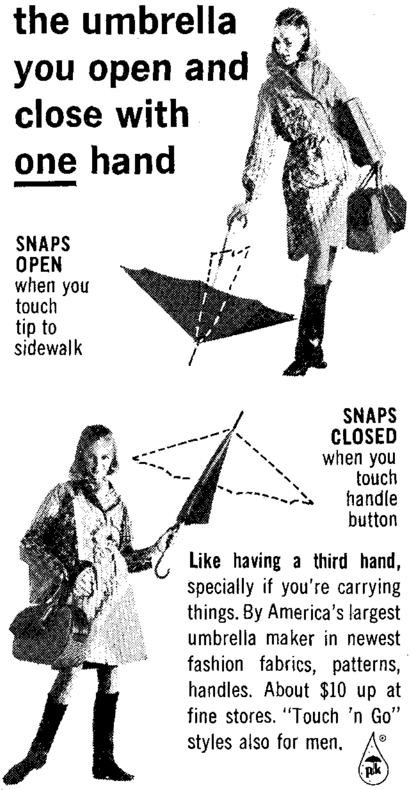

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First money in the Gold Cup was $72,360; in the Man o' War it was $75,465. Nerud, by the way, had a third winner last Saturday—Wyoming Wildcat, in the race before the Man o' War. And Hidalgo, who used to ride Dr. Fager, also had three winners: Wyoming Wildcat, Ruffled Feathers, and Mr. Elwood W., in the last race on the card. In this one, Swing Rex, winner of seven straight, tried to make it eight, though he was carrying 134 pounds and giving up to twenty-eight. He finished fourth.

ALTHOUGH a little overshadowed by Saturday's events, the Lawrence Realization Stakes, won by Successor, on Wednesday, was noteworthy. For one thing, it produced as skillful a bit of jockeyship—by Baeza, who rode Successor—as I've seen since the days of Arcaro. For another, it established that at least one son of Bold Ruler could win at more than a mile and a quarter. Only six three-year-olds came out on the sloppy track in the pelting rain for the venerable fixture, at a mile and five furlongs, and after a fast half mile by Gala Performance, Successor took the lead. But Baeza then slowed his mount down, apparently without the other riders—particularly Nono, on Gentleman James, who was coming up steadily—becoming aware of it. And when Gentleman James challenged, Successor had enough left to stand him off. Irish Rebellion was third, nine lengths back. Successor was lucky that Damascus wasn't nominated for the Realization. The race would have been merely a workout for Mrs. Bancroft's colt in his preparation for the Jockey Club Gold Cup at the Big A this weekend.

THE feature race at Garden State Park last Saturday was the Quaker City Handicap, and it was a lively affair, which Jim J. won in a photo finish with Spring Double, but—speaking of doubles, as I was earlier on—the most talked-about event of the day occurred when Run Sadi Run won the first race and Barracan the second, and the daily-double payoff of $2,648.80 was flashed on the tote board. Let's all go racing!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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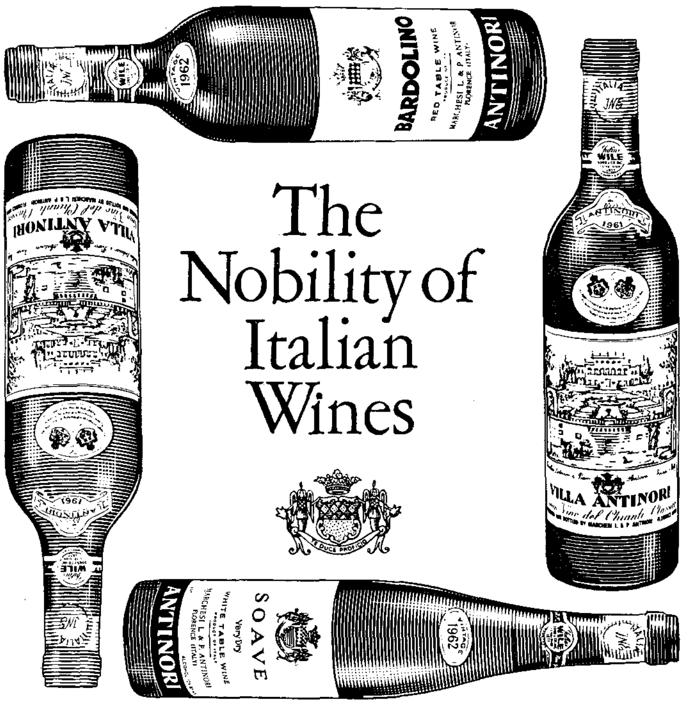

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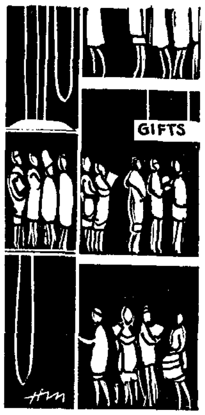
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

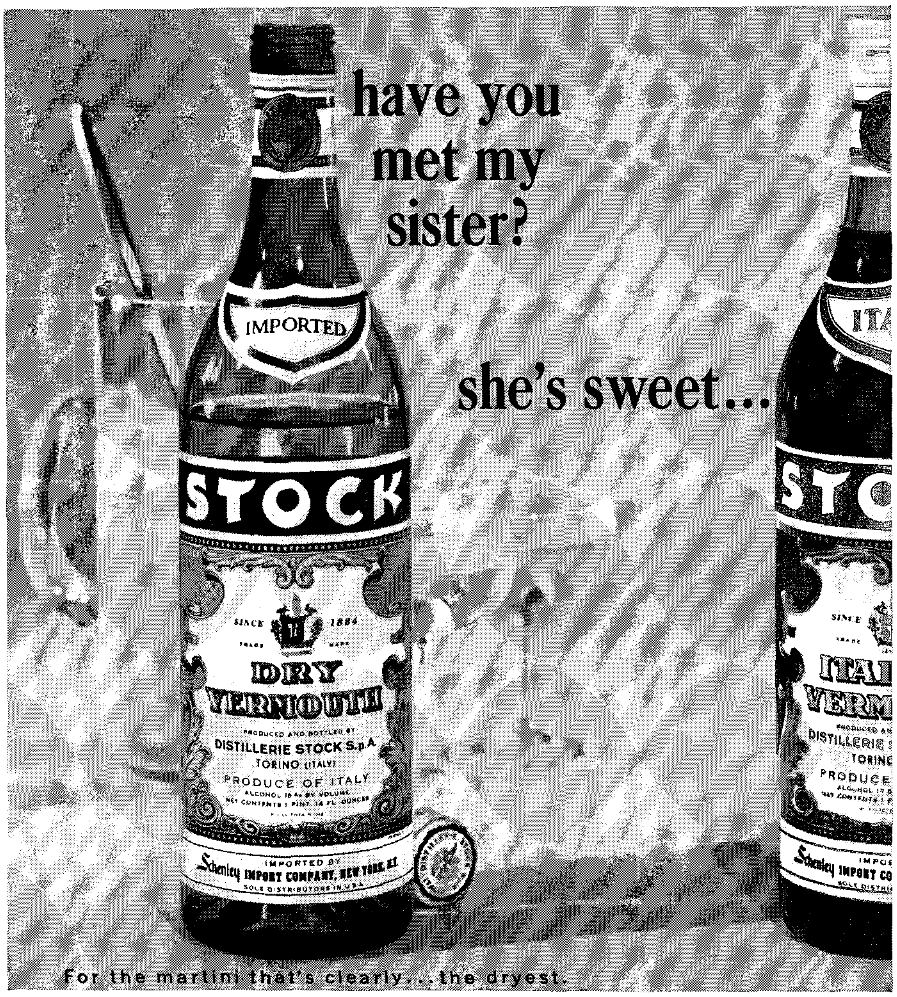
THIS AND THAT

SIEGFRIED SASSOON is gone from us now, but at this season of the year even gun-shy and hound-shy people like me begin to think again of his "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man." And one begins to think of him again anyway when one is told that a shop in town has coats in what appear to be known as English-setter tones. How is one to discover what they are unless one gets on a horse (not necessarily a high horse, either) and journeys to T. Jones, at 15 West 57th Street or at 1050 Third Avenue, near 62nd Street? (The choice is yours.) Here, sure enough, are the English-setter tones, on tailored coats, single- or double-breasted, with notched collars and lapels, plus half belts in back, or else with mandarin necks. "Autumnal" colors and rather riotous ones are available, too, but not for us Sassoon buffs. The tap is $110—another reminder of good old days. Some of the Jones weaves come from Scotland, some from France, some from Italy, and the editions in which they appear are limited enough to make it improbable that anyone will run into her twin sister on the next block. Reasonably heavy tweeds are the making of these. Lighter-weight tweeds (coral, chartreuse, and marine blue jumbled, say) are used for coats with matching sheaths, some of which are topped off by turtlenecks of white or alabaster gabardine. A coat and dress are mated for $175. Coats of winter-weight wool crêpe with turnover collars and inverted pleats below the half belts in back are paired with frocks of the same goods in red, blue, brown, gold, or white, and the coats are warmly interlined; $125 for a coat, $80 for a dress. Hand-loomed wool or hand-knits, all from Paris, have to do with shirt dresses in indefinite lacy blue-and-white patterns. These are $120 a throw. . . . French, too, are the nubbly hand-loomed tweeds which Abercrombie & Fitch has had turned into long skirts (someone calls them "fireside"). Mixtures of purple, lilac, olive, turquoise, and such, and $75 to $85 each. French, likewise, are the surah shirts with crisp stitched collars and cuffs and in cognac, olive, aquamarine, strawberry, or pistachio; these add $60 more to the cost. . . . India (which means Mother India) is the source of a bunch of dresses at Sona the Golden One, at 11 East 55th Street. Shifts, sleeveless or not, but always with band collars, show up in white cotton with a Hands of Fate print (big red or blue fingers and palms) or in green cotton with black horoscopes, couched in Hindi ("In the restaurant car of the Poona Mail you will meet tonight a dark and handsome strangler"). And there are winter-vacation shifts of white cotton gauze into which gold dots are woven, and fancier ones, of silk, in other patterns, for evening. An angel of mercy has priced these goods at from $18 to $37.95. India knows about minishifts by now, and here they are—in silk whose burnt-orange background is livened by red and pink geraniums and trimmed with gold rickrack, and in silk whose ruby hue is augmented by broad borders of gold-metal thread; $45. . . . Dinner at home is a sport still a favorite with Bergdorf Goodman, which has gone to the trouble of importing from both India and Thailand gowns of iridescent silk to prove it. Oriental splendor is the mood of the plaid cardigans in Joseph's-coat colors and of the shift shirts of lacquer red. The bibs of some long sheaths in mauve pink bear coral and gold-metal embroidery dusted with gold sequins; more elaborate sheaths in orange have broad borders, down at the ankles, of fuchsia embroidery. These are $200, but not everything comes that high. I'll speak just of the overblouses with wide and narrow horizontal stripes in parakeet hues, swinging out over gold trousers, and of the shifts with sleeves and the same stripes in vertical formation, and of the batwing jackets and accompanying trousers, all in peacock blues.



SPLENDIFEROUS, which has discovered that two heads are better than one (they're at 1312 Third Avenue, near 75th Street, and at 16 East 56th Street), is doing gabardine outfits for cocktail time, and *jewelled* gabardine, at that. For one thing, dresses that hug the body down to the high waist and then swing gently out; twenty-five rhinestone globules descending the left side from neck to wrist catch the eye. For another thing, dresses whose sleeveless overblouses fasten with more sedate globules of make-believe topaz, and whose flippant skirts look panelled in front because of their enormous box pleats. For a third, dresses cut on the bias and cinched in by belts; the startler for them is the multiplicity of crystal beads at the V neck. They go at $210. More adventurous are the tunics of peanut-brittle gabardine (the most noticeable hue of the lot) with gilt and white braid, plus cabochon turquoise or coral beads, at the high, standaway collars and on the edges of the worldly shorts, which are an inch or two longer than the tunics; $150 and up. . . . Fluffiness is apparent in Bloomingdale's Junior Shops, and the prices, too, can be light as air ($50), though it is quite easy to find things as lofty as $130. The trenchcoats of black satin and the reefers of chocolate velvet are the most restrained. Theatre coats (those days of Clara Bow!) are on hand in brown satin, and broad belts girdle the low waists, and a flurry of brown ostrich drifts over the high necks and along the hems. If they won't do, there *is* white moire, and in this case there is a sash to pull it in and a vast shawl collar (to say nothing of cuffs) of white ostrich. Fuss-*and*-featherless theatre suits of the same stuff are present for more demure types. . . . There cannot, naturally, be anything lasting about what's in Lord & Taylor's Paper Round-Up, but the tap ($7 to $10) makes the short pyramid dresses, the long slip dresses, and the long wraparound skirts (red, sky-blue, or black, and all with a velvety look) seem worth the paper they're printed on. . . . Bendel has an At Home section, on the third floor, but many of its inmates, hostess gowns though they be called, need not be worn only in privacy. There are caftans of red wool jersey edged at the neck and at the batwing sleeves with a cluster of black sequins ($65), and there are less formal ones of white flannel bound with brown braid and sporting a brown tassel on the chest—to ring for room service, one presumes ($28). Brides have been known to reach the altar in the shirt dresses that are alternating vertical rows of plain and leaf-patterned écru cotton lace with sashes of coffee satin. Those Mao collars appear on some jaunty tunics here—of Glen-plaid wool and with slashed-away shoulders. Alone, they are practically minifrocks, but there are matching nylon tights, these included in the necessary $50.

LEATHER: We can begin with Bendel's Street of Shops, on the first floor, where some lightweight, soft-sided lug-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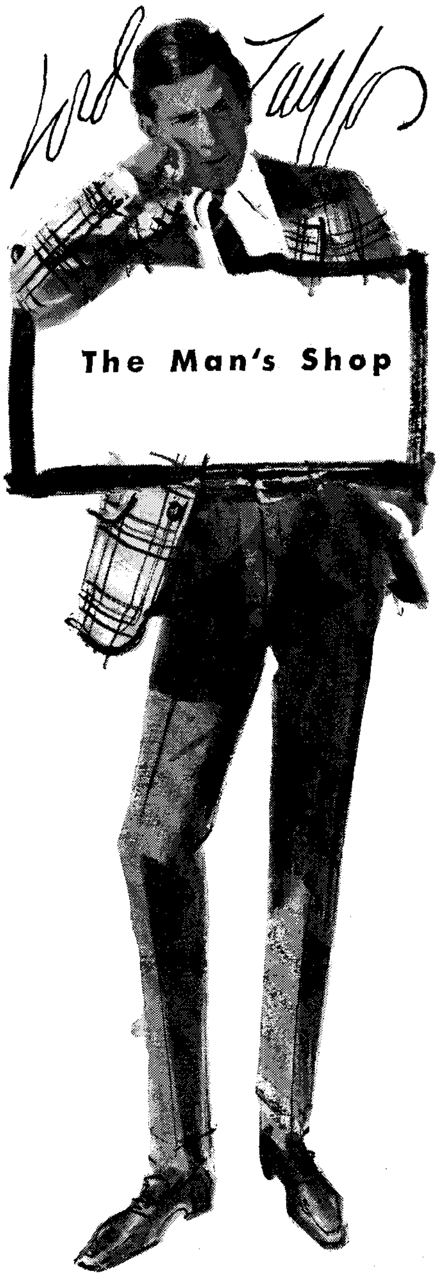

Sportsman's slacks—

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gage from France (called Loch Ness Monster, all the same) is on hand in dull or shiny pressed sheepskin, which looks like crocodile—Loch Ness *crocodile*? Pouches, tote bags, and satchels, sixteen or nineteen inches long, and in tan, brown, or black; $30 to $50. . . . T. Anthony, at 772 Madison Avenue (66th), has a new Vendôme tote-train bag, with locked pockets running the length of both sides and an open cavity in between for a pillow and stuff. There is also a new Town & Country attaché case for all sorts of things, including one-night trips away from home. The only leather involved is the morocco of the handles; the rest is nylon velours in royal blue, wine, soft green, gold, or black. The Vendôme is $39.50, the T. & C. is $47.50. . . . Some walking shoes at Bonwit Teller are square-toed—one-eyelet oxfords lacing through gold-metal stirrups, done in black or café-au-lait calf, and step-ins of black calf with straps of beige lizard and gold-metal buckles across the front, and step-ins of black, brown, red, or green calf whose fringed tongues are tipped with gold metal; $55 to $75. But that's not the news about them; the news is that they are the first footwear venture of Hermès. . . . Perugia has designed some of the shoes in I. Miller's shop, at 734 Fifth Avenue (57th), at $40 and $42 a pair. These have round toes (which, even these days, doesn't mean that Perugia is a square—just that he believes in *round toes*). They are really moderate wedgies, with narrow bands over the foot. Black patent leather by day and white silk by night—that's the stuff. There are also some step-ins, with tongues rising well above the instep, that are supported on low stacked heels—beige suède piped with matching kid, or white ersatz lizard piped with black kid. Medium-heel pumps of camel-hue patent leather are bound in beige python, which also makes the bows on the toes. The highest heels of all—two inches—belong to the pumps of dove-gray, brown, or black patent leather; they have half moons at the base of the vamp. For evening, these are done in black satin with huge matching ovals outlined by gold snakeskin or of white satin with the ovals outlined by silver snakeskin. . . . Delman's at-home footgear is fit for the grandest of not-at-home occasions, partly because the jewelled trims are Kenneth Lane's pendant earrings and pins, brought—you might say—to earth. Waterfalls of crystal or *combinations of cabochon* green jade, and turquoise and coral beads, and fake pearls, and rose quartz

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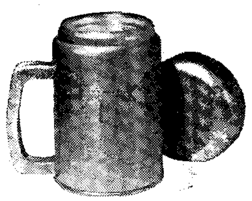
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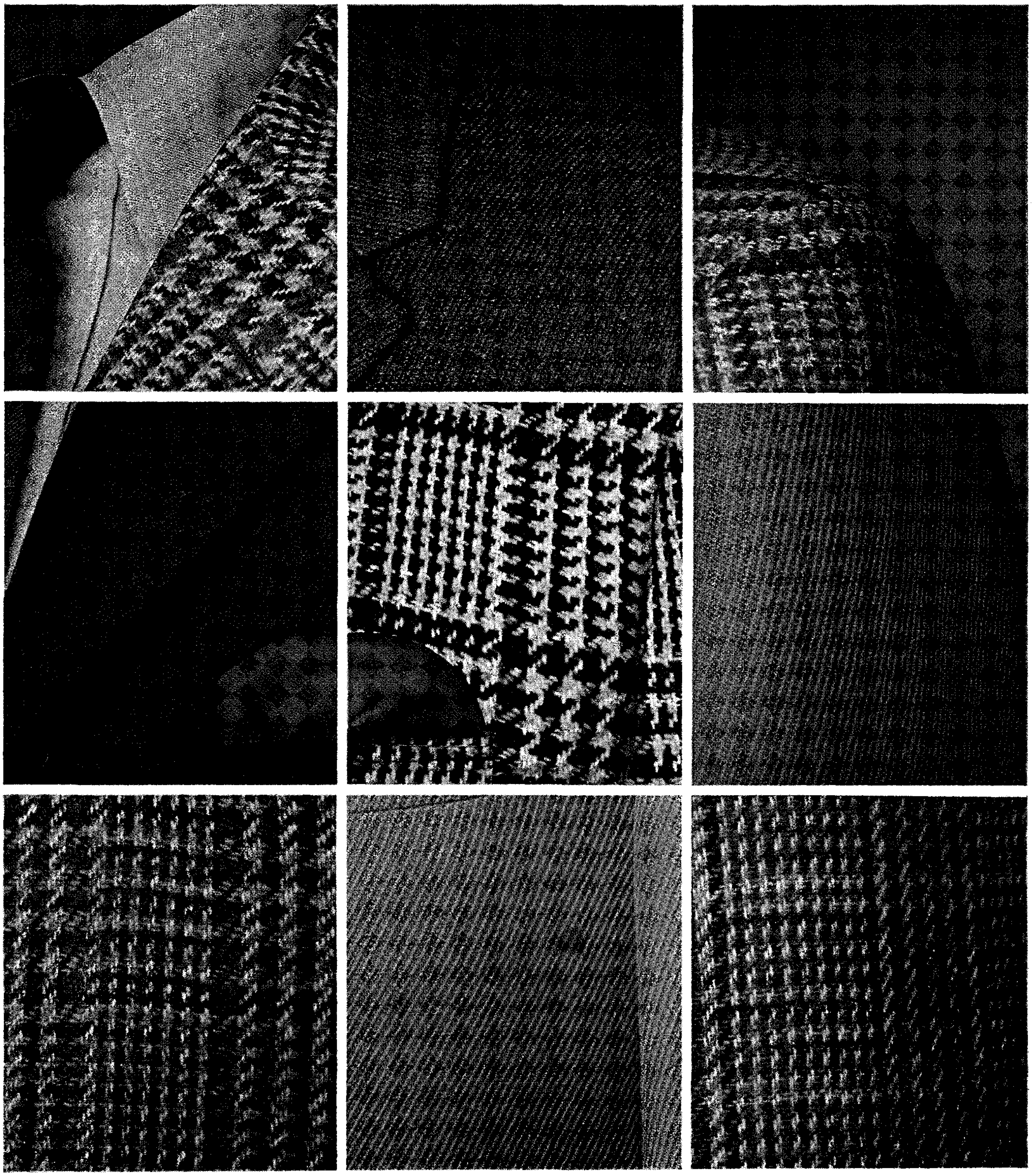

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and chrysoprase beads, and on and on, some of them on very bare low-heeled sandals of gold or silver kid, some on backless pumps of the same leather. Satin pumps in any hue at all wear pussycat whiskers or pompons of ostrich. Just great—the whole deal.

FOUL-WEATHER FRIENDS: The Italian raincoats at Dunhill Tailors, at 65 East 57th Street, are of pale-yellow rubber that suggests cotton poplin, not slickers. They weigh less than two pounds, and there are inserts of net, under the yoke, for ventilation. The $40 includes a matching cuffed babushka. . . . The Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, at 110 West 45th Street, has established a satellite at 660 Lexington Avenue (55th). It rains everywhere, you know. Among its recent arrivals are maharaja umbrellas of flowered or Paisley cotton, and umbrellas that look like inverted tulips, of solid-hued or printed nylon or silk. From Paris come some bigger umbrellas of nylon in a brown or black Hermès leaf pattern, bordered by what certainly seem like hunting scenes. The most interesting stunt of all is the idea of doing cotton golf umbrellas (why limit them to *that* field of play?) that are a series of panels bearing yachting or racing-car flags. —M. M.

•

ST. LOUIS (AP)—The St. Louis Hawks announced Thursday the signing of center Gene Tormohlen to a contract for the 1968 season.

For more information call the Alexandria Animal Welfare League at 391-6597.—*Washington Star.*

And ask for the man in charge of birds.

•

This warrior is played by Joey Bishop who is far from stern or silent and his name is Kronk. Why he should be named Kronk is not explained, but if Nathaniel Hawthorne could name his hero Uncas in "The Last of the Mohicans," what is the matter with Kronk?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Kronk's all right. But Fenimore would have been classier.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Albany Knickerbocker News*]

WASHINGTON (UPI)—National Airlines has come up with an answer to the problem of the passenger who doesn't like cocktails, multi-course dinners, stereophonic music and pretty girls.

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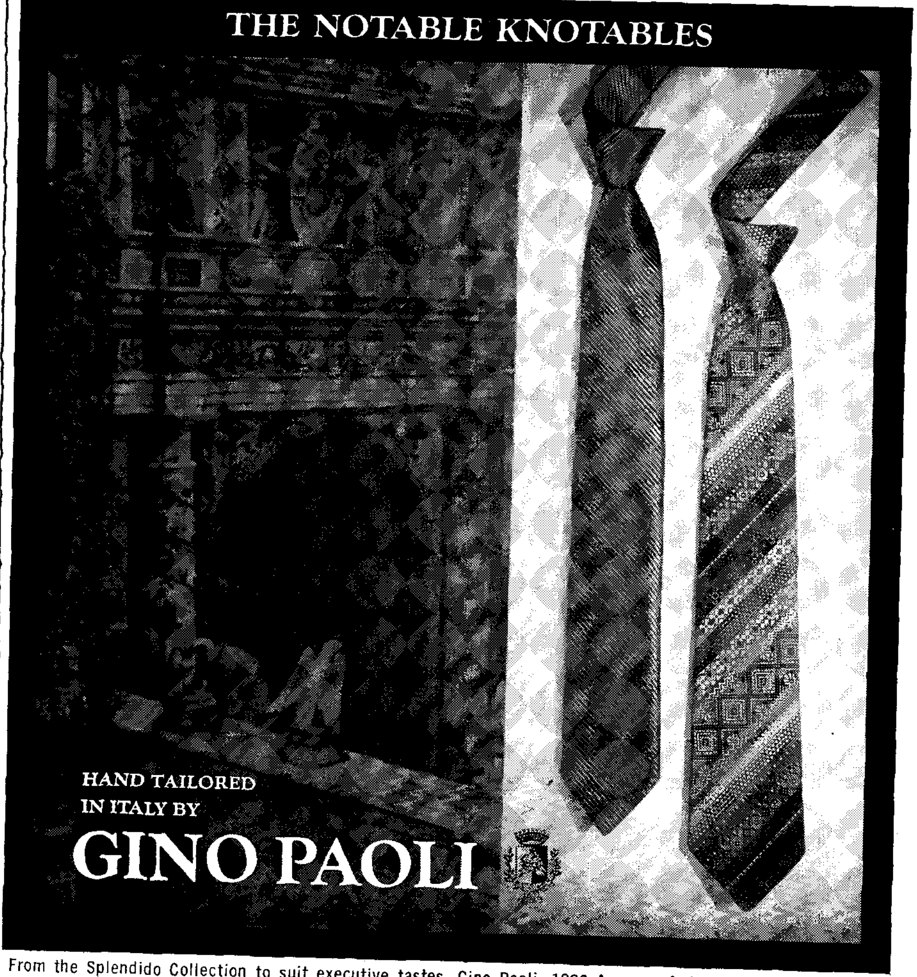

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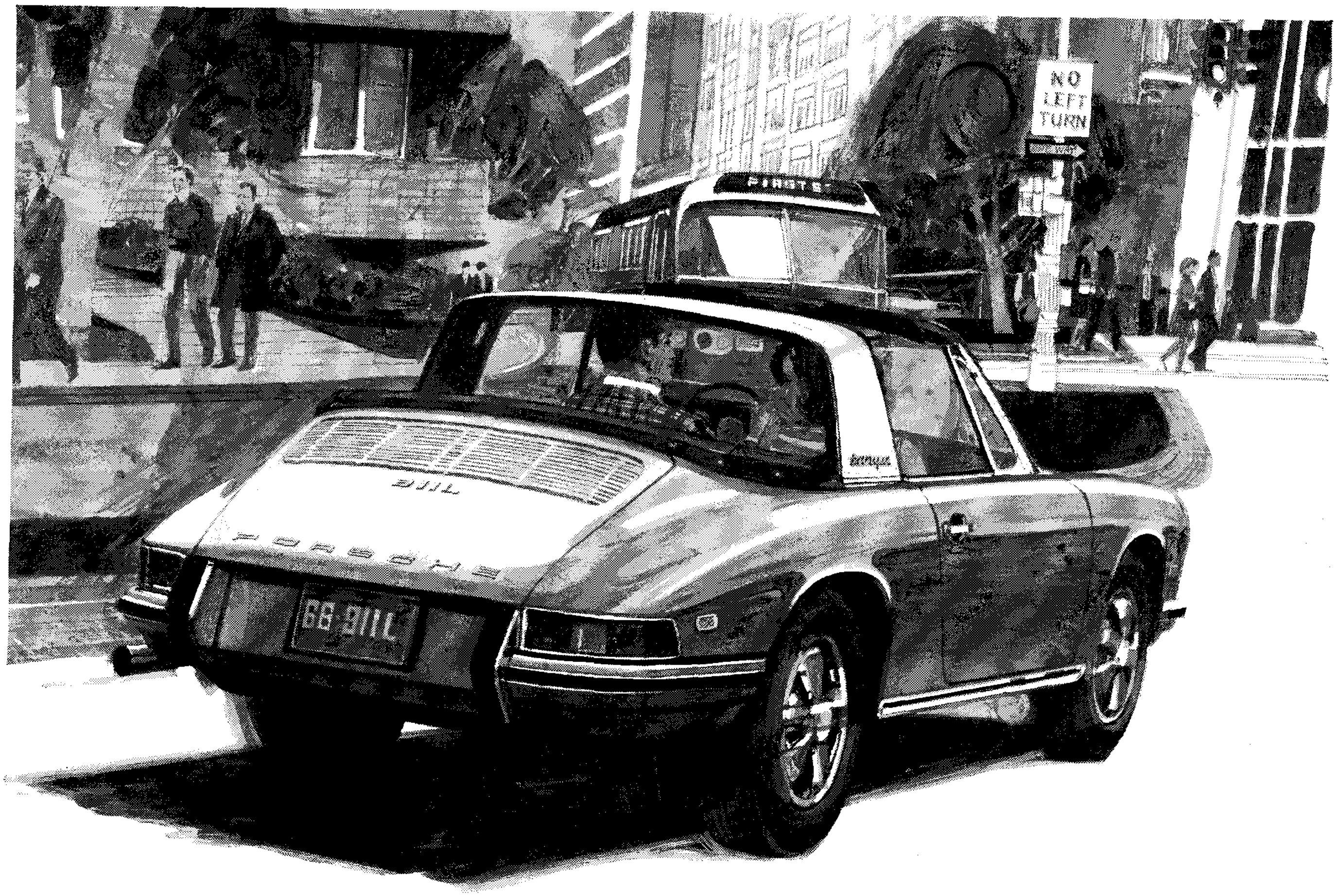
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE FLOWERING AND SUBSEQUENT DEFLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND

THE laurels all are cut, the year draws in the day, and we'll to the Fens no more. A great baseball season—the most intense and absorbing of our times—is over, the St. Louis Cardinals stand as champions of the world, and hundreds of thousands of New Englanders must winter sadly on a feast of memory. The autumn quiet that now afflicts so many of us has almost nothing to do with the Red Sox defeat in the last game of the World Series, for every Boston fan has grown up with that dour Indian-pudding taste in his mouth. New England's loss is not of a game or a Series but of the baseball summer just past—a season that will not come again, not ever quite the same. What will be remembered this winter, I think, is not so much a particular victory (Elston Howard blocking off the last White Sox base runner at the plate one night in Chicago, Carl Yastrzemski's eleventh-inning homer at Yankee Stadium) or a nearly insupportable loss (all those Baltimore games in September) as the shared joy and ridiculous hope of this summer's long adventure. I resisted at first, but it caught me up, and then I was sorry for anyone who was too old or too careful to care. Almost everyone on the seaboard was caught up in the end, it seemed. Forty-four New England radio stations poured out the news from the Fenway, and home-game telecasts by Ken Coleman, Mel Parnell, and Ned Martin made for late bedtimes from eastern Long Island to the Gaspé. Maine lobstermen pulling their traps off Saddleback Ledge called the news of the previous night's game from boat to boat through the foggy dawn air. The moderator of an August town meeting in Andover, Massachusetts, interrupted a hot budget debate to cry, "The Sox are leading, 2–1, in the sixth!" Three hikers descending the Brook Trail on Mount Chocorua, in New Hampshire, caught the afternoon score from a transistorized ascending climber. Sunday sailors off Manchester Harbor, on Boston's North Shore, hailed a winning rally with foghorns and salvos of cherry bombs, and then cheered when a power yacht broke out a large flag emblazoned "THINK PENNANT!" Late in August, a patient recovering from surgery stood at the window of his room in the New England Baptist Hospital night after night, watching the lights of Fenway Park across the city and hearing the sudden double roar of the crowd—first over his radio and then, in a deep echo, through the warm night air. The sense of belonging was best in the crowded streets near the ball park before game time. Up out of the subway on Commonwealth Avenue, up Brookline Avenue and over the expressway bridge, past the Pennant Grille, past the button hawkers ("GO, Sox!") and the ice-cream wagons and the police horses; carried along in a mass of children and parents, old ladies in straw porkpies, pretty girls with pennants, South Boston and Dorchester youths in high-school windbreakers, a party of nuns; then pushed and jammed, laughing at the crush, through the turnstiles and into the damp gloom under the stands; and out at last to that first electric glimpse of green outfield and white bases—this is the way baseball is remembered, and the way it truly was, for once, in the summer of the Red Sox.

"Could you spare a quarter? I'm unable to deal with my problems in a constructive way."

Even a restrained backward look at this season and this Series must appear hyperbolic; already there is the odd temptation simply not to believe one's recollection or the record. The Cardinals, sixth-place finishers last year, lost their best pitcher for half the season and still won their pennant easily, entirely dominating the other powerful contenders that had given the National League its recent reputation for late-season violence. The Red Sox, who finished the 1966 season one-half game out of the cellar, captured the American League pennant on the last afternoon of the year by winning the second of two consecutive essential victories over the Twins and then waiting for the Tigers to lose their last game. The Baltimore Orioles, who won the 1966 World Series in four straight games, fell to sixth place this year, while the Red Sox, Twins, Tigers, and White Sox clawed and clung to each other like drowning swimmers at the surface of the American League for more than two months, in the closest pennant race in baseball history. The White Sox sank only two days before the end, at a moment when it appeared that they had the best chance to take the flag and the Red Sox the worst. Finally, the World Series, which promised only



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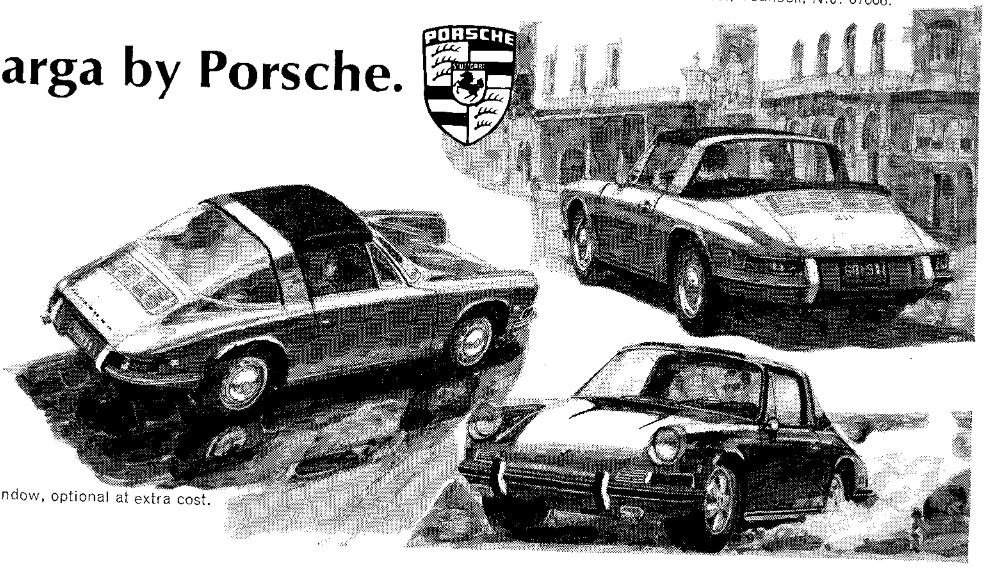
Coupe prices start about $4950, East Coast POE. Targa convertibles, $400 more. For information, overseas delivery: Porsche of America Corporation, 107 Tryon Avenue West, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

The new Targa by Porsche.



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to be a numb, one-sided anticlimax, went the full seven games, producing some of the best baseball of the year, and was won at last by the better team.

An appreciation of the Cardinals must be postponed in this account until their appearance, in due course, in the World Series. An appreciation of the Red Sox must begin with a look at their prospects last April, which seemed inadequate even to sustain the wild vernal hopes that leap every year, jonquil-like, in the hearts of their followers. The Sox were a young team, probably a better one than their ninth-place finish indicated, but a review of the troops suggested only that hostilities should somehow be postponed. The up-the-middle strength, the traditional spine of a ball team, consisted of an earnest but light-hitting young catcher named Mike Ryan and two rookies— second baseman Mike Andrews and center fielder Reggie Smith. Third baseman Joe Foy and shortstop Rico Petrocelli could hit an occasional fly ball into the Fenway's short left-field screen, but both were subject to fatal spells of introspection when approaching ground balls. The large, slick-fielding George Scott was set at first, but last year, after making the All-Star team with his early slugging, he had apparently determined to hit every subsequent pitch out of the park, and wound up leading the league only in strikeouts. The two other outfielders— Tony Conigliaro in right and Yastrzemski in left—enjoyed star billing, but neither came close to .300 last year. Yaz, who had won the batting title in 1963, finished at .278, with sixteen home runs; he had never hit more than twenty homers in one season. There was, to be sure, a new manager—Dick Williams, up from two successful years with the Toronto farm—but a new manager in Boston has the same approximate hopes for tenure as a titled Balkan bridegroom in a Hollywood marriage. Any manager, however deep-browed, hates to do much thinking in the first two or three innings, and thus must own a pitching staff. The Red Sox had none, having failed in the winter to improve the corps that was the worst in the league last year. Their best starter, the youthful Jim Lonborg, could strike out batters but had proved too gentlemanly in the clutch ever to enjoy a winning season in the majors. There was one strong late reliever, John Wyatt, and some passable middle-innings men, but absolutely no other starters in sight.

Reasonable hope cannot be constructed out of such a sad pile of feath-

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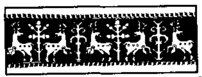

The new 1967 color catalogue illustrates all 47 greeting cards, gift suggestions, and special edition cards, in addition to listing current Museum publications. Many of the subjects may be used either as Christmas cards or as stationery. A Pennsylvania Dutch bookmark, a medieval manuscript scene of the Adoration of the Magi, an American Primitive painting of a polar bear, a vivid Op art print, a Shaker inspirational drawing, and woodcut scenes from the Goldfish Story are among the distinctive designs being offered. The highlights include a silkscreened facsimile of a plate from Jazz by Henri Matisse and a full color cocktail party invitation from a 19th century carpet.

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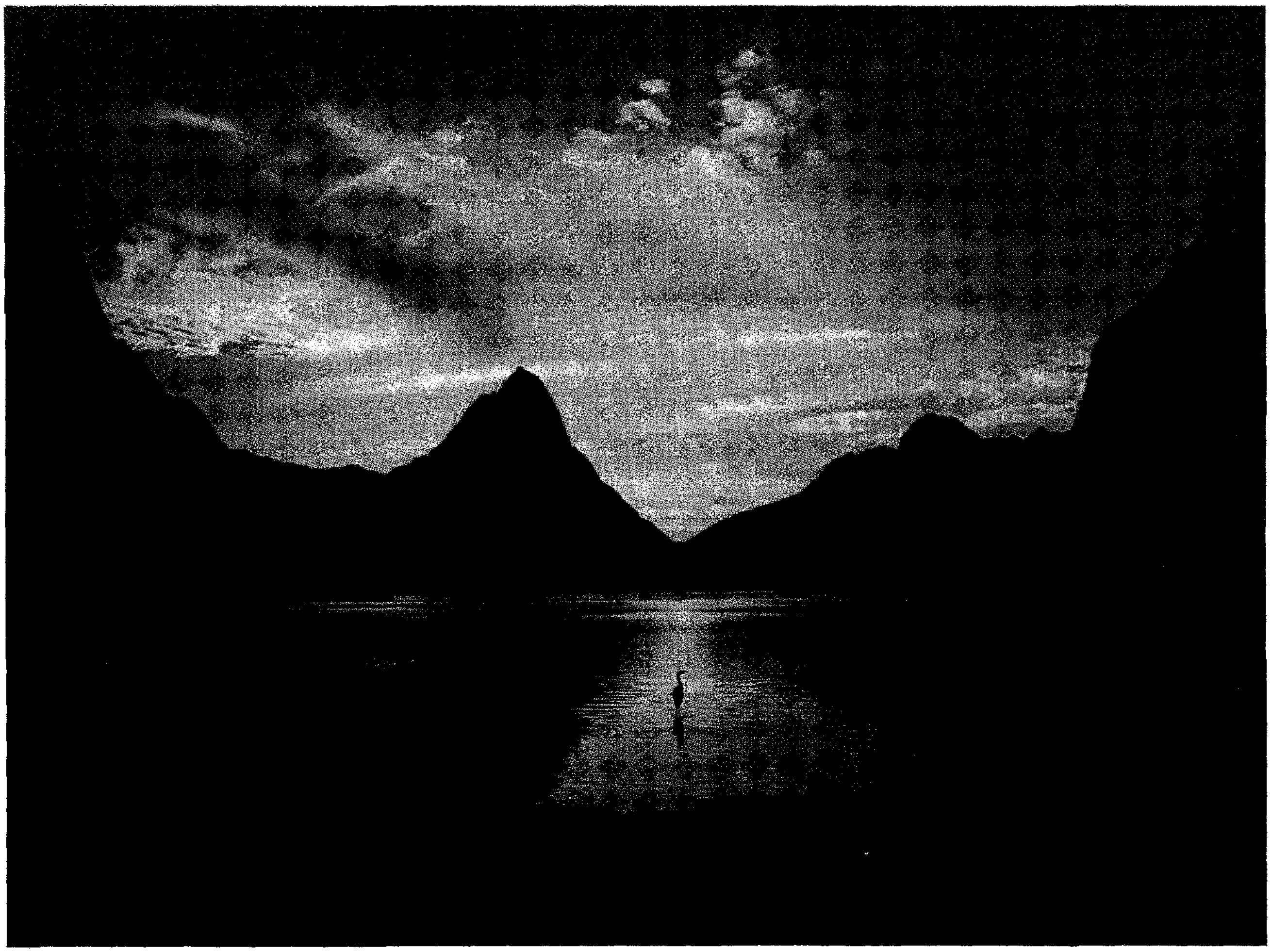

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ers, but the lifelong Red Sox fan is not a reasonable man. In him is the perpetual memory of a dozen seasons when the best of hopes went for nothing, so why is he not to believe that the worst of prospects may suddenly reward his fealty? If he is middle-aged, he remembers when, in the early nineteen-thirties, the team's owner, Tom Yawkey, acquired the Sox and almost bought a pennant within a few years, at an immense price, with a team built around such stalwarts as Jimmy Foxx, Joe Cronin, Lefty Grove, and a lanky young outfielder named Ted Williams. He remembers the home-grown squad of the mid-nineteen-forties, which included Williams, Dominic DiMaggio, Johnny Pesky, and Bobby Doerr. Those teams were wonderfully talented and exciting, but unfortunately they coexisted with two Yankee teams that were among the best in league history. There is one Boston pennant to treasure, in 1946, but that memory is accompanied by the awful vision of Enos Slaughter, of the Cardinals, racing all the way home from first on a double by Harry Walker and scoring the winning run of the Series while Johnny Pesky hesitated with the relay at short. There was a tie for first with the Indians in 1948, but the starting Red Sox pitcher for the one-game playoff was an aging journeyman named Denny Galehouse, who instantly unjustified the hunch. Since then, the Sox have been more at home in the second division than in the first. There are other interior daguerreotypes to sustain the New Englander—Ted Williams towering over the plate and grinding the bat between his fists before pulling an outside pitch into the bullpen, Dick Radatz fanning the side in relief—but these are matched by darker plates: Williams hitting .200 in that 1946 Series, Williams never hitting much against the Yankees, Walt Dropo and several other immobile croquet wickets letting grounders bounce between their legs at first, a dozen assorted infielders messing up a thousand double plays. I have studied the diehard Boston fan for many summers. I have seen the tiny, mineral-hard gleam of hope in his eye as he pumps gas under the blighted elms of a New Hampshire village or sells a pair of moccasins to a tourist in the balsam-smelling dimness of his Down East store, listening the while to the unceasing ribbon of bad news by radio from Fenway Park. Inside his head, I am sure, there is a perpetual accompanying broadcast of painful and maddening import—a lifetime's amalgam of ill-digested sports headlines, be-

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BY Memorial Day, the Red Sox were only a game above the .500 level, but Manager Williams and the front office had seen enough signs of life on the field to decide that their young enlistees would benefit from the assistance of some experienced non-coms. Successive deals in June brought Gary Bell, a strong right-handed starter, from the Indians and infielder Jerry Adair from the White Sox. Later in the summer, Elston Howard was bought from the Yankees to help behind the plate, and then Ken Harrelson, a brash, hot-dog outfielder with the Kansas City Athletics, signed aboard for a large bonus, after having so enraged the owner of the A's, Charles O.

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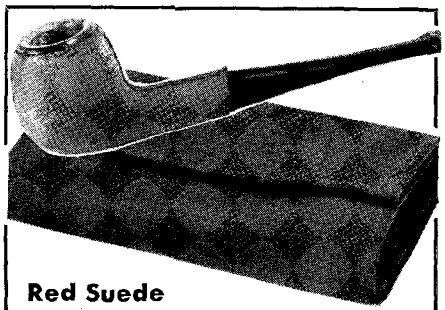

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Finley, during a squabble that Finley threw him over the side.

Just before the All-Star game, in mid-July, Lonborg ended a five-game losing streak with a 3–0 shutout over the Tigers. Dick Williams said that this game marked Lonborg's arrival as a great pitcher, but it is likely that Lonborg's immense subsequent season was more the result of his decision in spring training to throw an occasional fast ball in the direction of the hitters' chins. "Keep count of how many batters I hit this year," Lonborg whispered to a sportswriter in April. Lonborg also kept count himself, recording the plunkees in ink on the back of his glove, like a fighter pilot pasting confirmed-kill decals on his plane's fuselage. The final bag came to nineteen, with several dozen near-misses, and the message got around the league that Lonborg was no longer a fine, friendly fellow to swing against. He finished the year with twenty-two wins, nine losses, and two hundred and forty-five strikeouts. Meanwhile, pitchers like Bell, Lee Stange, and José Santiago began showing signs of equal obduracy. Petrocelli, Conigliaro, and Yastrzemski were all off to fine seasons, the rookies Andrews and Smith proved to be quick and unflappable, and Dick Williams established his directorship once and for all by benching George Scott during three essential games because he was overweight. Late in July, the Sox won ten straight games, came home from a road trip in second place, and were met at Logan Airport by ten thousand true believers.

I refused to believe what was happening. Unpleasantly cool, I told Boston friends to keep their eyes on the other teams—the White Sox, who were clinging to first place on the strength of nothing but a fine pitching staff and some hilarious needling of the opposition by their manager, Eddie Stanky; the Twins, obviously the class of the league, who were just beginning their move; and the Tigers, who showed signs at last of wanting the pennant they had seemed capable of winning for the past two years. Then, too, I was waiting for the Red Sox bad break—the moment of ill fortune, the undeserved loss, that so often cracks the heart of a young team playing over its head. The break came on August 18th, and was infinitely worse than I had imagined. A fast ball thrown by the Angels' Jack Hamilton struck Tony Conigliaro on the cheekbone, finishing him for the season. In that instant, the Sox lost their right fielder, a bat that had already delivered twenty

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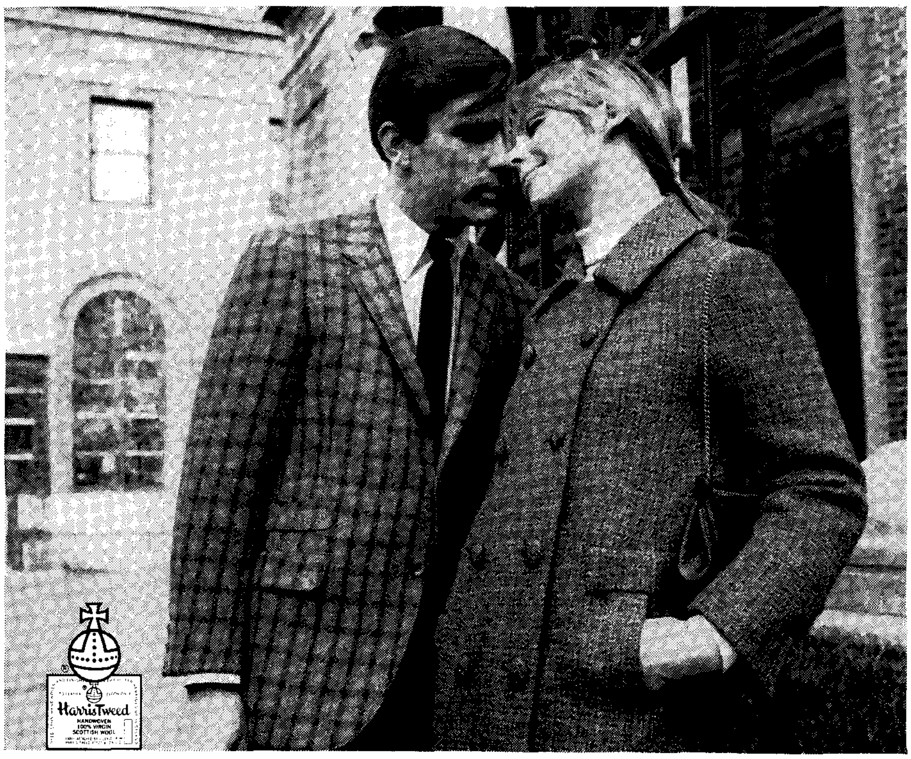

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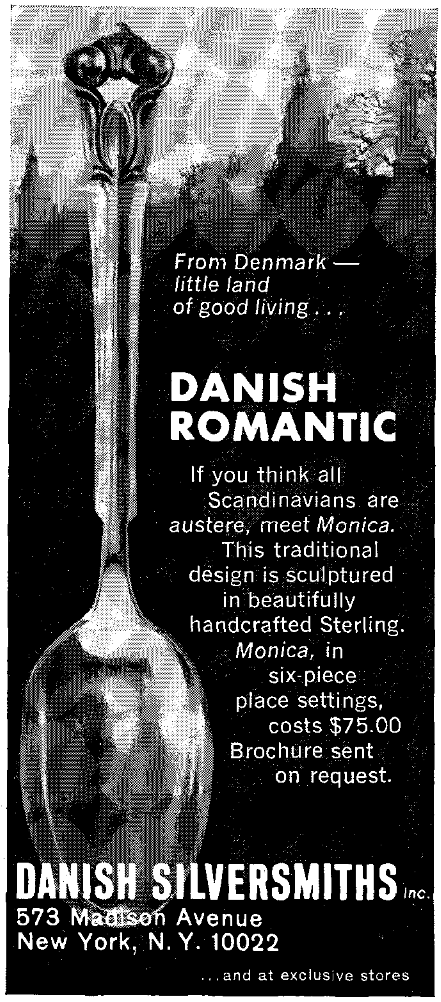

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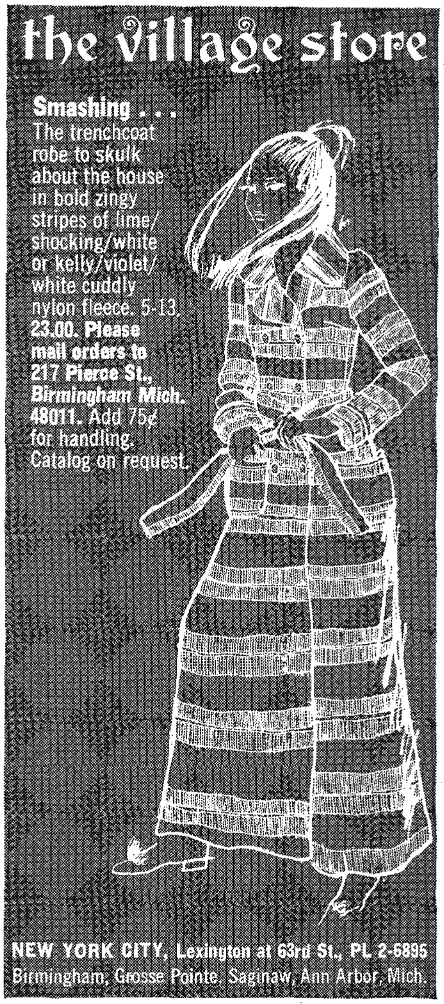
home runs and sixty-seven runs batted in, and the only man on the team who could fill the key fourth spot in the batting order. In a few days, I could see, the Red Sox would . . . In the next few days, the Red Sox overcame an 0–8 deficit in one game and won it, 9–8, jumped off on what proved to be a seven-game winning streak, and climbed from fourth place to within one game of the Twins and White Sox, at the top. I gave up; from that week on, I belonged.

EVEN to neutralists, the last weeks of the American League race must have seemed excessive. On any given evening late in August, knowing the leader often depended on which edition of the papers one happened to buy. In the first week of September, the four teams reshuffled themselves nervously, the Red Sox lost three games without giving up much ground, and on Labor Day at Yankee Stadium Eddie Stanky had to tackle one of his infielders, Pete Ward, to keep him from punching an umpire and thus being ruled off the turf for the rest of the way. On September 7th, there was a four-way tie for first. My baseball nerves had grown too raw to permit me to keep out of it, and a few days later I flew west to see the four top teams in action. When I arrived in Chicago on September 16th, the Twins, Red Sox, and Tigers were still even-up, and the White Sox, who had slipped a trifle, were making up lost ground brilliantly. Two days before, they had beaten the Indians with a tenth-inning grand-slam home run, and the previous night they had won the first of a three-game series with the Twins, which they had to sweep in order to stay alive. That night, even the half-empty bleachers in White Sox Park (racial troubles on Chicago's South Side cut heavily into the White Sox attendance this year) failed to diminish the wonderful baseball tension in the boxy old stadium. With two weeks to go, the season had narrowed down to the point where each pitched ball seemed heavy with omens, and spectators greeted the most routine enemy pop fly with nervous laughter and applause. The Twins' ace, Dean Chance, was seeking his nineteenth win, and after watching him jam the White Sox batters with his jumping fast balls and low curves I concluded that I was in on a mismatch. Looking confident and workmanlike, the Twins loaded the bases in the fifth on a hit batsman, a single, a sacrifice, and an intentional walk. The White Sox pitch-



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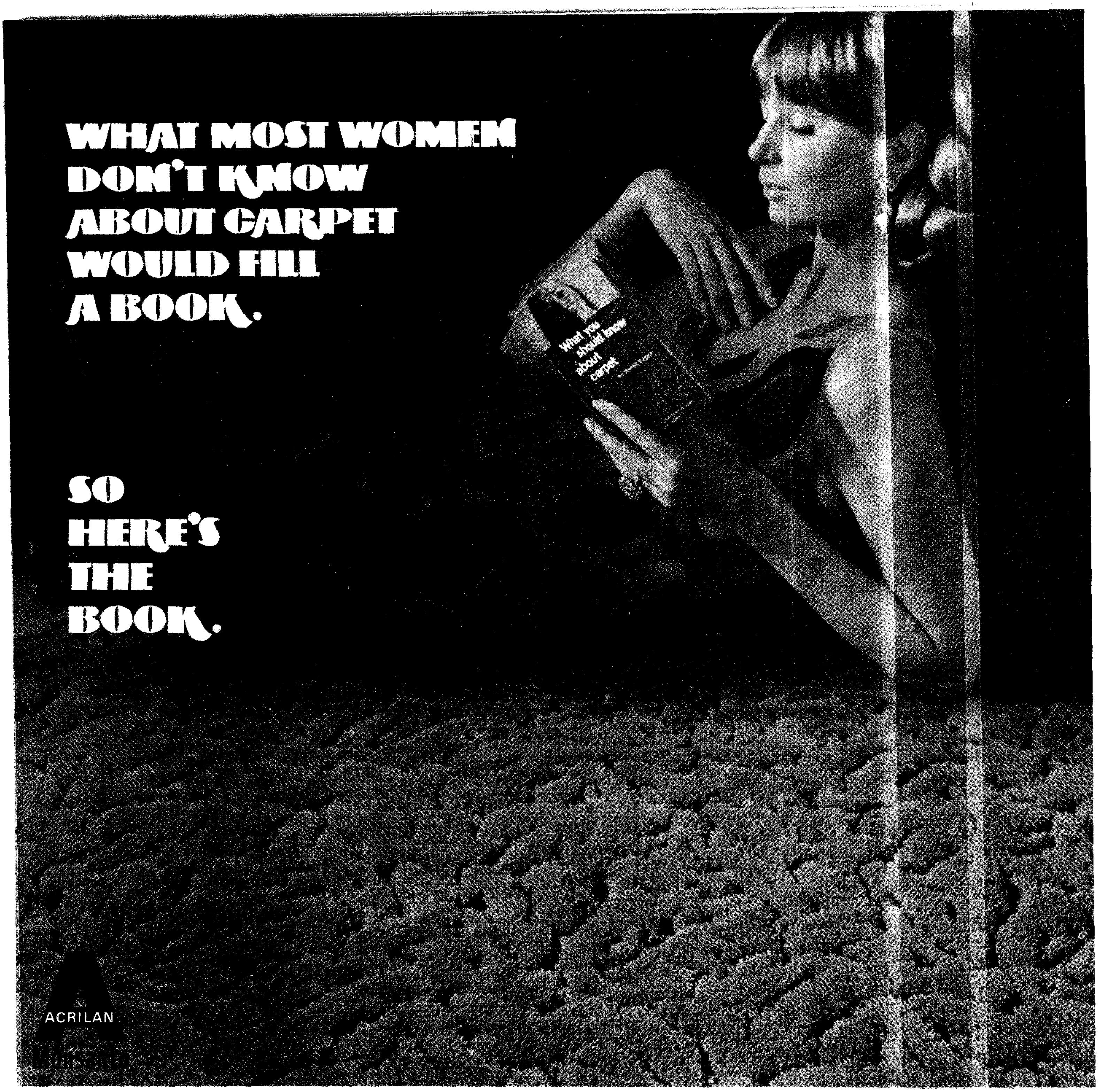
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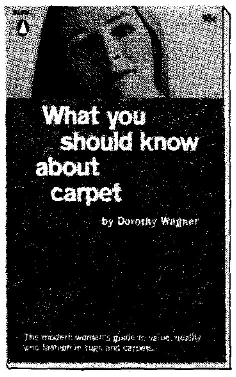
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er, Tommy John, then leaped anxiously after a hopper by Ted Uhlaender, managing only to deflect it, and threw the ball past first, as two runs scored. A third came in a moment later on a single, and a fourth in the next inning on a home run by Bob Allison, which the Chicago outfielders studied in flight like junior astronomers. In the bottom of the ninth, it was 4–1, Twins, and the crowd managed only a few imploring cheers for their dying banjo hitters. The first Chicago batter, McCraw, singled, and took third on Ron Hansen's single and Oliva's subsequent error in right. Colavito then hit a perfect double-play ball, which Manager Stanky or some other deity caused to bound suddenly over the third baseman's head, scoring a run. Josephson, the catcher, now dropped an unsurprising sacrifice bunt along the third-base line. Chance pounced on it eagerly, dropped it, cuffed it, scuffled with it, and finally merely glared at it as it lay between his feet like a kitten. The score was now 4–2, with none out and the bases full, and wild bird cries rose into the night. Manager Stanky dispatched his third pinch-runner of the inning to first, and Wayne Causey, batting in the pitcher's spot, came to the plate. Manager Cal Ermer of the Twins called in Jim Kaat, who threw a wild pitch, scoring a run and moving up the runners. Causey tied the game with a fly to right. More strategy ensued. Worthington came in to pitch. Smoky Burgess pinch-hit and was intentionally passed, giving way to another pinch-runner. Buford was also walked, to set up the force at all bases, and Pete Ward, the twelfth Chicago player to appear in this one-third of an inning, came to the plate. He had been hitless in his previous twenty-one times at bat, but he lined the 2–2 pitch smartly off Killebrew's glove and trotted to first, clapping his hands over his head all the way, as the scoreboard rocket display went off. Afterward, in the noisy Chicago clubhouse, I saw two Chicago coaches, Kerby Farrell and Marv Grissom, sitting silently side by side in front of their lockers. They had their pants and spikes off, their feet were propped up, and they were comfortably balancing paper cups of beer on their stomachs. Their seamed, down-home country faces were still alight with the game. As I passed, Farrell nodded his head once and said, "Hum-*dinger*."

The next day, a summery Sunday afternoon, Stanky got his sweep as Gary Peters shut out the Twins with four hits and won, 4–0. The cheerful, family crowd got as much pleasure

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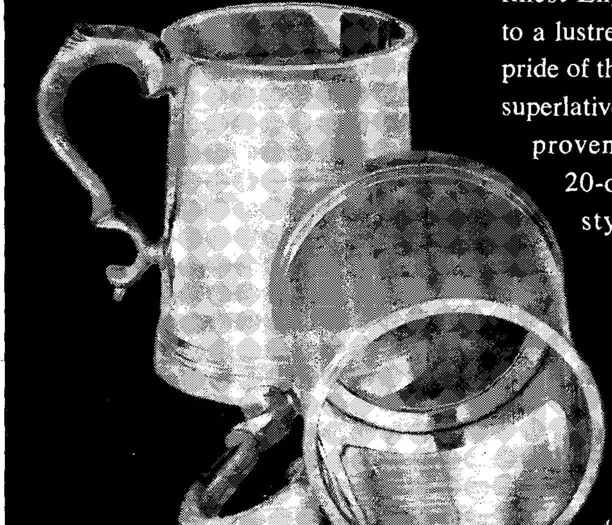

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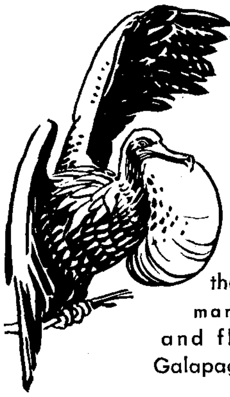

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from the scoreboard as from the game; it showed the Tigers losing to Washington, and the Red Sox in the process of dropping their third straight to Baltimore. The Tigers now led Chicago by half a game and the Twins and Red Sox by one, and I passed the time during my flight to Detroit that night trying to fathom the recently announced schedule for post-season playoffs that might be needed to determine a winner; it listed eleven different possibilities for the teams and sites involved in two-way, three-way, or four-way playoffs. The World Series might never come.

There was an enormous, noisy crowd the next night for the first of the Tigers' two-game series with Boston, and Tiger Stadium instantly justified its reputation as a hitters' park when the Red Sox jumped off to a three-run lead in the first. But no lead and no pitcher was safe for long on this particular evening; the hits flew through the night air like enraged deerflies, and the infielders seemed to be using their gloves mostly in self-defense. The Tigers tied it in the second with a cluster of hits, including a homer by Norm Cash, but the Red Sox instantly went one up, 4–3, after Yastrzemski's bullet-like single up the middle nearly nailed the second baseman on the ear. Cash's second homer retied it in the sixth, and then the rackety, exhausting contest seemed settled by Kaline's single and Northrup's double in the eighth, which put the home side in front for the first time. Just before that, though, in the Boston half of the eighth, there had been an extraordinary moment of baseball. With none out and Petrocelli at first and Dalton Jones on third, the Boston catcher, Russ Gibson, hit a sharp grounder to Dick McAuliffe at second. McAuliffe glanced once at third, freezing Jones there. Petrocelli, hoping for a rundown that would permit the run to score, stopped dead on the basepath, and McAuliffe, ball in hand, ran him back toward first, tagged him, and stepped on the bag in time to retire Gibson for an unassisted double play at first base. No one in the park—at least, none of the ballplayers and none of the sportswriters—had ever seen a play like it.

Yastrzemski came up in the ninth with one out and none on. He already had two hits for the night, and was in the homestretch of an extraordinary season at the plate and in the field, which had made him the favorite to win the Most Valuable Player award in his league. Boston sportswriters, however, are famously unimpressionable,

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especially when the Red Sox are behind. "Go on!" one of them shouted bitterly from the press box at this moment. "Prove you're the M.V.P.! Prove it to *me!* Hit a homer!" Yastrzemski hit a homer. In the tenth, Dalton Jones, a part-time infielder inserted in the Red Sox' lineup that night only because he hits mysteriously well in Tiger Stadium, won it, 6–5, with another homer. There were some seven hundred members of the Polish National Alliance staying at my hotel, and the delegates' celebrations in the lobby that night made it clear that Yaz's homer, his fortieth of the year, had been voted the finest Polish-American achievement since Cornel Wilde wrote the "Polonaise Militaire."

The next evening's game, mercifully, was a more languid affair, in which the Tigers kept putting men on base and allowing them to die there. In the third, they hit three successive singles without issue. The Sox had managed one scratchy run in the early going, but the Tigers' fine left-hander, Mickey Lolich, was striking out Boston batters in clusters, and he seemed sure of his seventh straight win after Jim Northrup hit a prodigious two-run homer onto the roof, ninety feet above the right-field wall. Detroit loaded the bases in the eighth with none out but again failed to score, and its lead was somehow only 2–1 when Jerry Adair led off the Boston ninth with a single. Lolich, working like a man opening a basket of cobras, walked Yastrzemski, and then George Scott, after botching up two tries at a sacrifice, singled up the middle to tie it. Earl Wilson, the ace of the Detroit staff, came on in relief for the first time in the year, and gave up a sacrifice to Reggie Smith and an intentional pass to Jones. He then threw a wild pitch, and Yastrzemski sailed in from third. Gibson's fly scored Scott, who slid under Kaline's peg in a cloud of dust and unbelieving silence. Boston won the game, 4–2, and I came home with my first solid conviction about the pennant race: The Tigers could not win it.

NO one, it appeared, wanted that pennant in the end. The four teams fell toward the wire in a flurry of failures, in one stretch losing ten out of twelve games against weaker clubs. With three days to go, the White Sox needed only wins against the Athletics and Senators to make up their one-game deficit. Chicago, pitching its two aces, Gary Peters and Joel Horlen, lost both ends of a doubleheader to Kansas City on Wednesday, and then

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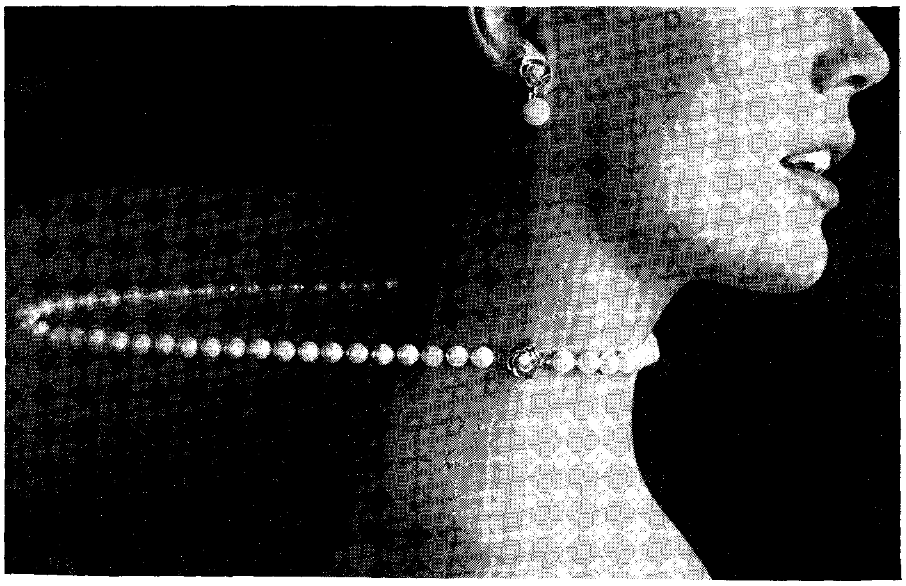

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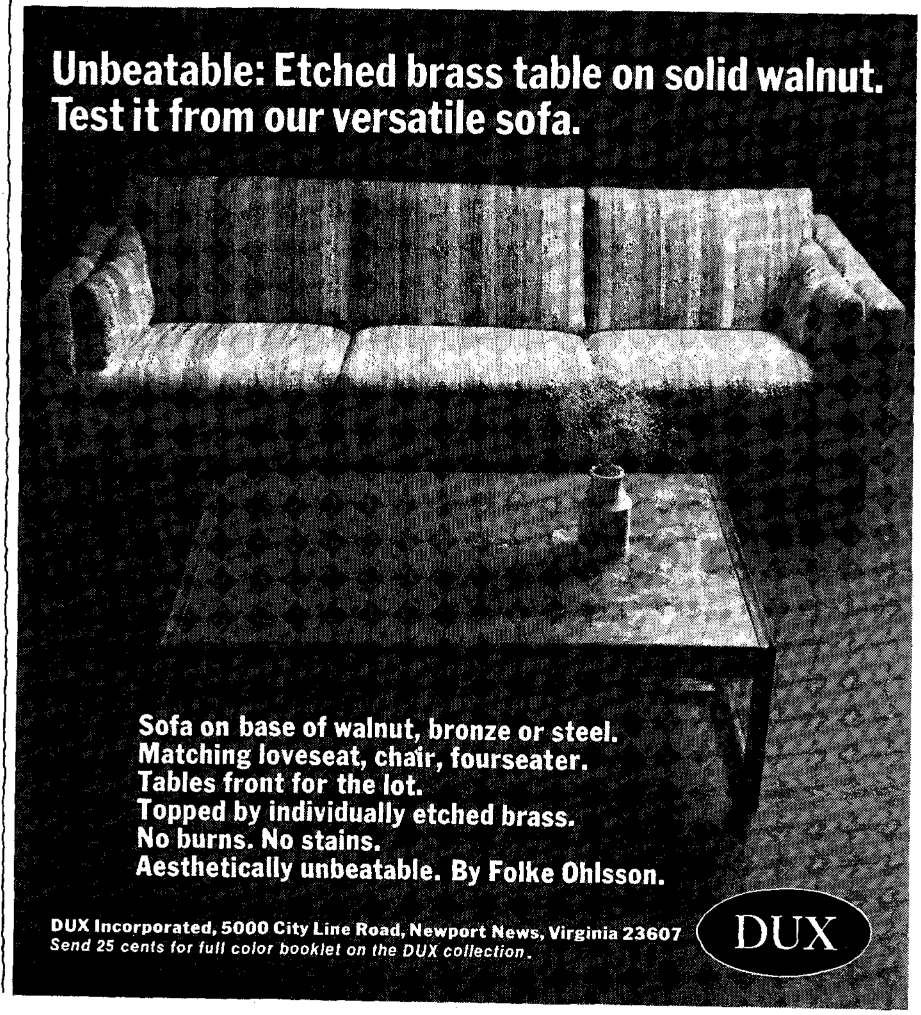

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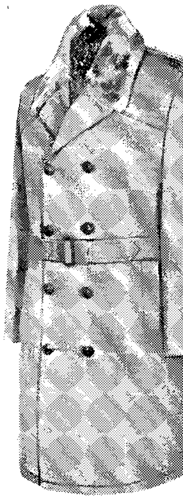

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fell out of the race when it lost to the Senators two nights later. That coup de grâce administered by the A's, a last-place club that had lost both its franchise and its manager in recent weeks, was an act of defiant pride that everyone in baseball, with the possible exception of Eddie Stanky, could admire. Three teams, then, for the final weekend. Minnesota, a game up on Boston, could eliminate the Red Sox by winning either of its two games at Fenway Park. The Tigers, facing two doubleheaders at home against the Angels, would gain at least a tie and a playoff by sweeping the four games.

There was perhaps less expectancy than gratitude in the enormous crowd that threw itself into Fenway Park that sunny Saturday. The possibility of winning two games from the Twins while the Tigers lost two looked to be beyond even New England hopes, but there was the plain joy of being there and seeing the old, low-roofed, country-style grandstand and the humpbacked bleachers choked with that enormous sitting and standing assemblage of zealots, all there to shout for the team that had given them such a summer. There was a flurry of governors and dignitaries behind the home dugout, and a much more interesting swarm of kids balanced precariously on top of an immense Old Grand Dad billboard across the street behind the left-field fence. That pale-green, too close fence looked dangerous today—a target for the Twins' Harmon Killebrew, who was tied with Yastrzemski for the home-run lead, at forty-three each.

Then the game began, and all the Twins looked dangerous. They scored an instant run off Santiago in the top of the first, and only a line drive out to the third baseman saved further damage. Jim Kaat, the Twins' enormous left-hander, struck out four of the first nine Boston batters, looking as formidable as he did two years ago, when he beat Sandy Koufax in a World Series game. Kaat's last strikeout, however, was an immense misfortune for the Twins, because he pulled a tendon in his pitching arm and was forced to leave the game. The import of this blow, however, was not immediately visible. Kaat's replacement, Jim Perry, went on fanning the home side, while Santiago continued his anxious-making practice of pitching into and barely out of appalling jams.

It was still 1–0, Twins, when Reggie Smith led off the Boston fifth with a double to the left-field wall, and then Dalton Jones, pinch-hitting, was miraculously safe when his grounder to

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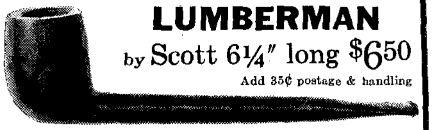

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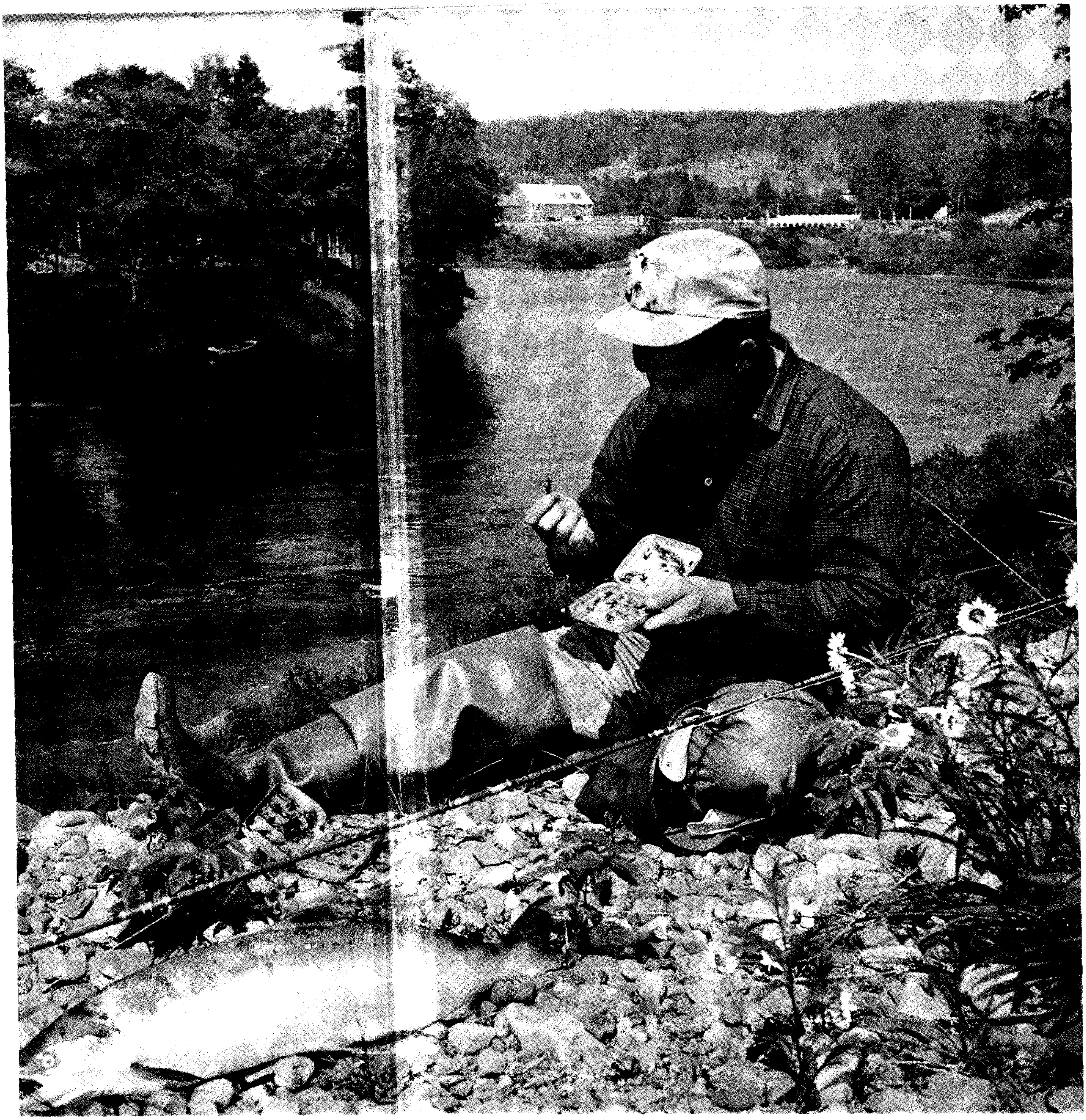

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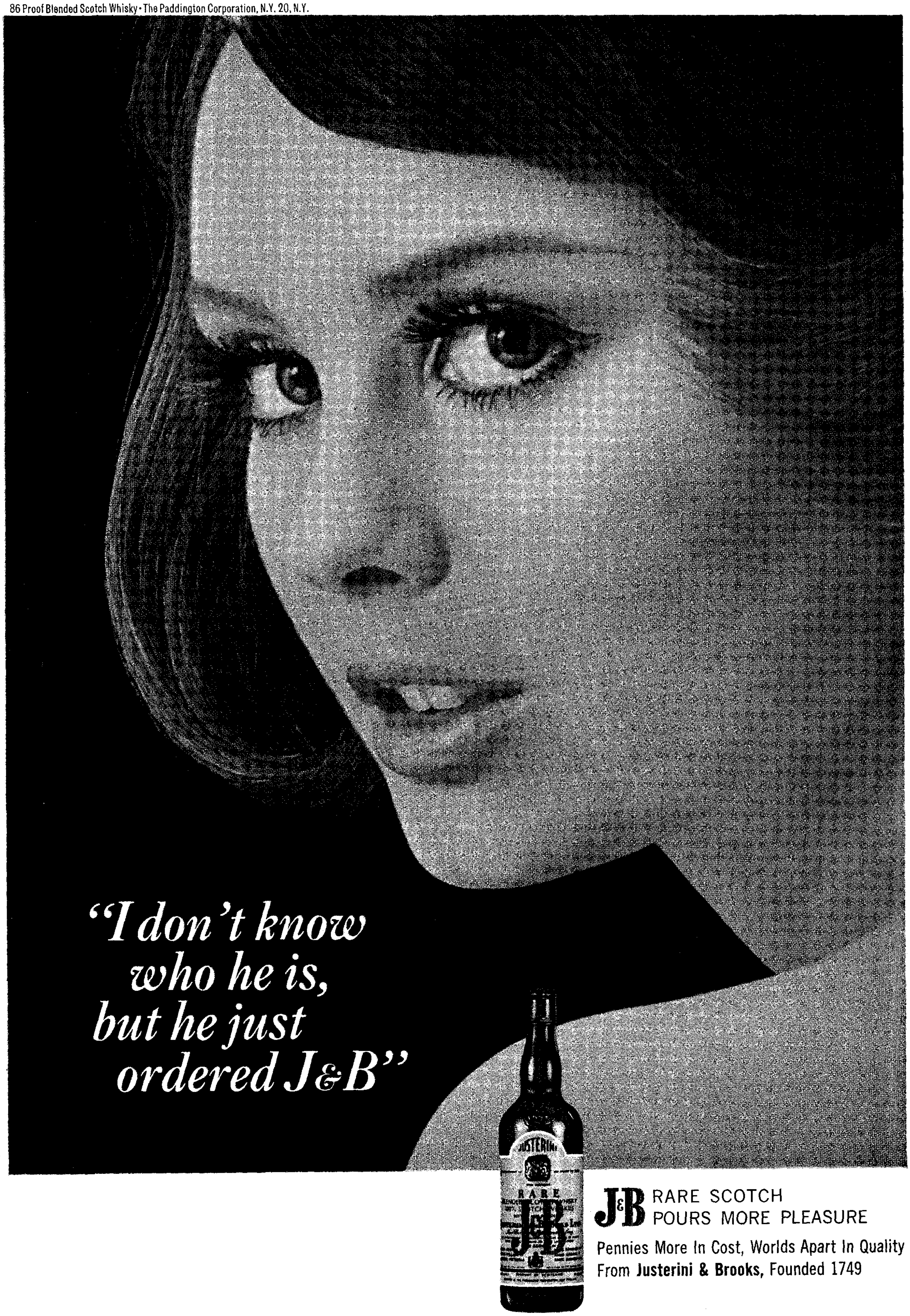
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Carew suddenly leaped up and struck the second baseman in the face. Adair tied the game with a soft texas leaguer. Yastrzemski then sent a low shot that went past the diving Killebrew but was fielded by Carew in short right. Perry, perhaps still brooding about Boston luck, failed to cover first, leaving no one for Carew to throw to, and the Sox led, 2–1. The Twins tied it in the sixth, but Perry vanished, necessarily, for a pinch-hitter, and George Scott bombed reliever Ron Kline's first pitch into the center-field stands. Baseball luck creates intolerable pressure in a close game, and in the seventh the pressure of the luck and the tie destroyed the Twins. Mike Andrews was safe on a topped roller that trickled about twenty feet toward third, and a moment later shortstop Zoilo Versalles dropped Kline's peg in the middle of an easy double play, making all hands safe. All hands then came home on Yastrzemski's homer off Jim Merritt, which landed beyond the bullpen, and the Red Sox players, leading by 6–2, attempted to pound their hero into biscuit dough as he returned to the dugout. The ensuing Fenway din was diminished only faintly when Killebrew hit a two-run homer over the screen in the ninth off Gary Bell, tying Yaz for the title and bringing the game back to 6–4. It ended that way, but I had to wait until almost nine o'clock that night before my hunch about the Tigers was rejustified, via TV, as they lost their second game. Now there was one day left.

There was no reticence in Boston the next day. A woman calling the Ritz-Carlton that morning suddenly found herself in conversation with the hotel telephone operator, who exclaimed, "What if the bases had been loaded when Killebrew hit that ball? My heart can't *stand* it!" Bad nerves took me to Fenway Park early, and on the way I spotted an empty hearse with a fresh "GO, Sox!" sticker on the rear bumper. At the ball park, several hundred reporters could watch Ricky Williams, the manager's ten-year-old son, working out in uniform at first base during batting practice. I took this to be a last, brilliant managerial hunch by his father: Ricky had accompanied the squad during its all-winning road trip in July. "Look at him," Ken Harrelson said admiringly as the boy made a nifty, Gil Hodges pickup. "The kid has all the moves."

The big boys played the game, though—Chance against Lonborg—and the weight of it kept the crowd

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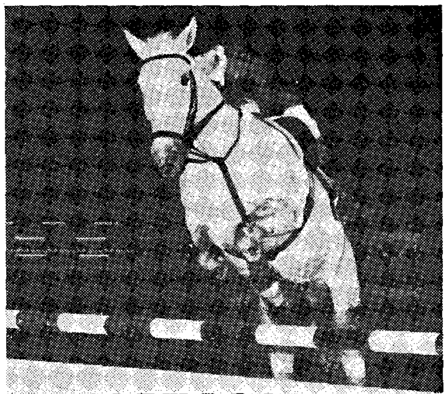
silent. The weight of it also seemed too much for the Red Sox. In the top of the first, Killebrew walked and Oliva doubled, and George Scott, relaying, threw the ball over the catcher's head for the first Minnesota run. In the third, there was another walk, and Yastrzemski let Killebrew's single into left field hop between his legs for another error and another run. The Red Sox managed a hit in each of the first four innings but could not advance the runners. Lonborg pitched on grimly, keeping the ball low. The immense crowd was so quiet that one could hear the snarling and baying of the Minnesota bench wolves between every pitch. The scoreboard reported Detroit ahead in its first game.

It was still 2–0 for the outlanders when Lonborg, leading off the sixth, laid down a sudden bunt on the first pitch and hoofed it out. Adair hit the next pitch through second. Dalton Jones fouled off his first attempt at a sacrifice bunt and then, seeing Killebrew and Tovar, the third baseman, charging in like cavalrymen, socked the next pitch past Tovar and into left, to load the bases for Yaz with none out. The screeching in the park was almost insupportable: "*Go! Go!* GO!" Yastrzemski tied the game with a single up the middle. When the count went to three and two on Harrelson, Yaz took off with the pitch, arriving at second just before Harrelson's high chopper got to Versalles behind the bag; utterly unstrung, Versalles threw home, far too late to get anybody. Dean Chance, unstrung, departed. Worthington, unstrung, came in and threw two wild pitches, letting in another run. The fifth scored when Reggie Smith's hot grounder bounced off the unstrung (or perhaps only unhappy) Killebrew's knee.

It was growing dark, but the dangerous season had one or two moments left. Jerry Adair collided with the oncoming Versalles on the basepath in the eighth, but held on to the ball and flipped out of the dust to first for a double play. The Twins, still fighting, followed with two singles. Allison then lined a hit to left; Yastrzemski charged the ball, hesitated only an instant at the sight of the runner racing for home, and then threw brilliantly to second to cut down the flying Allison. You could see it all happening in the same twilight instant—the ball coming in a deadly line, and Allison's desperate, skidding slide, and the tag, and the umpire's arm shooting up, and the game and the season saved. One more inning, and then there was nothing



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more to be saved except Lonborg, who had to be extricated—sans sweatshirt, buttons, and cap—from the hands of the local citizenry, who evidently wanted to mount him in the State House beside the sacred cod.

The Boston locker room presented a classic autumn scene—shouts, embraces, beer showers, shaving cream in the hair, television lights, statements to the press. ("Never," said Lonborg, "do I remember a more . . . ecstatic and . . . *vigorous* moment.") But then it all sagged and stopped, for this was still only a half triumph. Detroit had won its first game, and now we had to wait for the radio news of the second game to know whether this was the pennant or whether there would be a playoff with the Tigers the next afternoon.

During that long, painful interval in the clubhouse, there was time to look back on Yastrzemski's season. He had won the triple crown—a batting average of .326, a hundred and twenty-one runs batted in, forty-four homers—but this was not all. Other fine hitters, including Frank Robinson last season, had finished with comparable statistics. But no other player in memory had so clearly pushed a team to such a height in the final days of a difficult season. The Allison peg was typical of Yastrzemski's ardent outfield play. In the final two weeks at the plate, Yaz had hammered twenty-three hits in forty-four times at bat, including four doubles and five home runs, and had driven in sixteen runs. In those two games against the Twins, he went seven for eight and hit a game-winning homer. This sort of performance would be hard to countenance in a Ralph Henry Barbour novel, and I found it difficult to make the connection between the epic and the person of the pleasant, twenty-eight-year-old young man of unheroic dimensions who was now explaining to reporters, with articulate dispassion, that his great leap forward this year might have been the result of a small change in batting style—a blocking of the right hip and a slightly more open stance—which was urged on him in spring training by Ted Williams. There was something sad here—perhaps the thought that for Yastrzemski, more than for anyone else, this summer could not come again. He had become a famous star, with all the prizes and ugly burdens we force on the victims of celebrity, and from now on he would be set apart from us and his teammates and the easy time of his youth.

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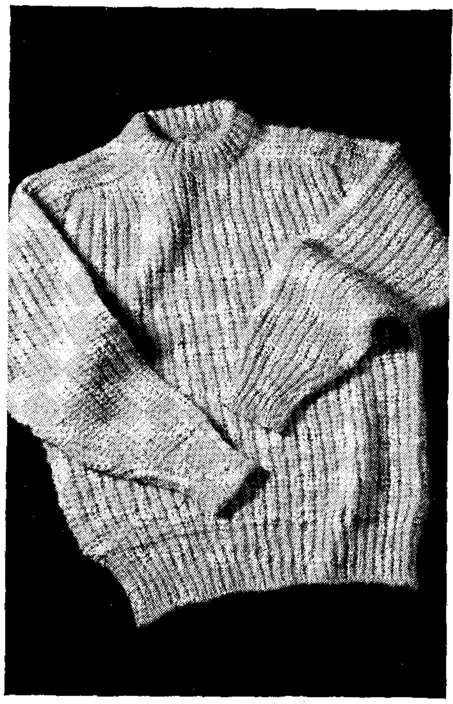

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game, and then the Angels caught up and went ahead, but the clubhouse maternity ward was an unhappy place. Players in bits and pieces of uniform pretended to play cards, pretended to sleep. Then, at last, it was the ninth inning, with the Angels leading, 8–5, and the Red Sox formed a silent circle, all staring up at the radio on the wall. The Tigers put men on base, and I could see the strain of every pitch on the faces around me. Suddenly there was a double-play ball that might end it, and when the announcer said, ". . . over to first, *in* time for the out," every one of the Boston players came off the floor and straight up into the air together, like a ballet troupe. Players and coaches and reporters and relatives and owner Yawkey and manager Williams hugged and shook hands and hugged again, and I saw Ricky Williams trying to push through the mob to get at his father. He was crying. He reached him at last and jumped into his arms and kissed him again and again; *he could not stop kissing him.* The champagne arrived in a giant barrel of ice, and for an instant I was disappointed with Mr. Yawkey when I saw that it was Great Western. But I had forgotten what pennant champagne is for. In two minutes, the clubhouse looked like a Y.M.C.A. water-polo meet, and it was everybody into the pool.

A PROFESSIONAL sport so constructed that four out of ten teams can still be in hot contention in the final three days of a hundred-and-sixty-two-game season would seem to be a paragon of aesthetic and commercial endeavor. It is possible that the only people in North America who do not hold this view of baseball at the moment are the big-league owners, who are currently engaged in a scheme to dismantle their Parthenon. As matters now stand, it is almost certain that in 1971, when the current three-year television contracts expire, both leagues will be expanded from ten to twelve clubs and subdivided into six-team regional conferences; each team will continue to play all the other teams in its league (with the added possibility of a few inter-league contests, to whet midsummer appetites), but the standings will determine only conference champions. Two playoffs will then precede the World Series (or "Super Series," perhaps), with the excellent possibility that at least one pre-playoff playoff will be needed to settle one of the four conference races. The fact that the artificially constructed sub-leagues

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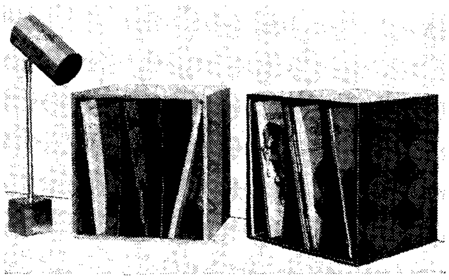

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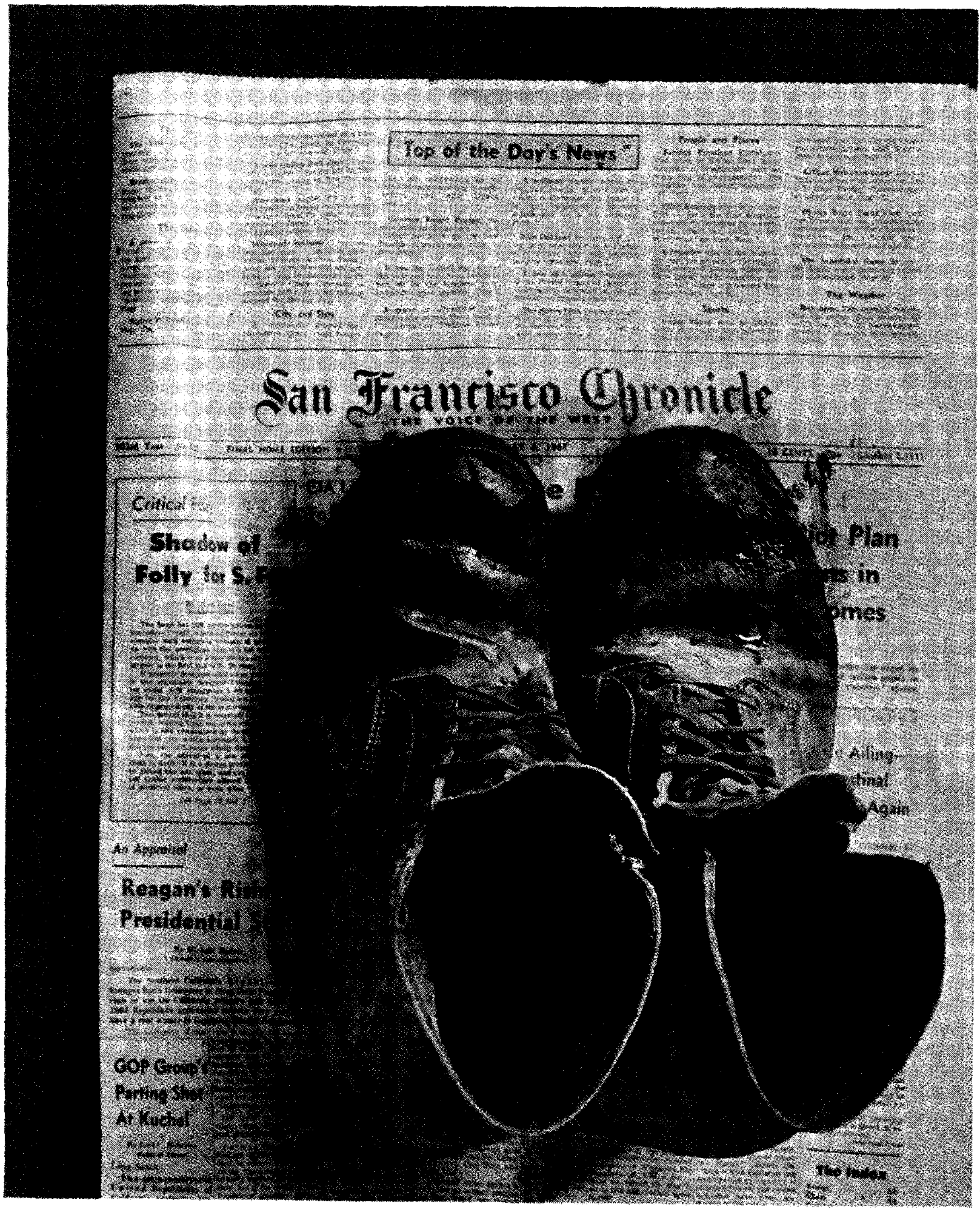
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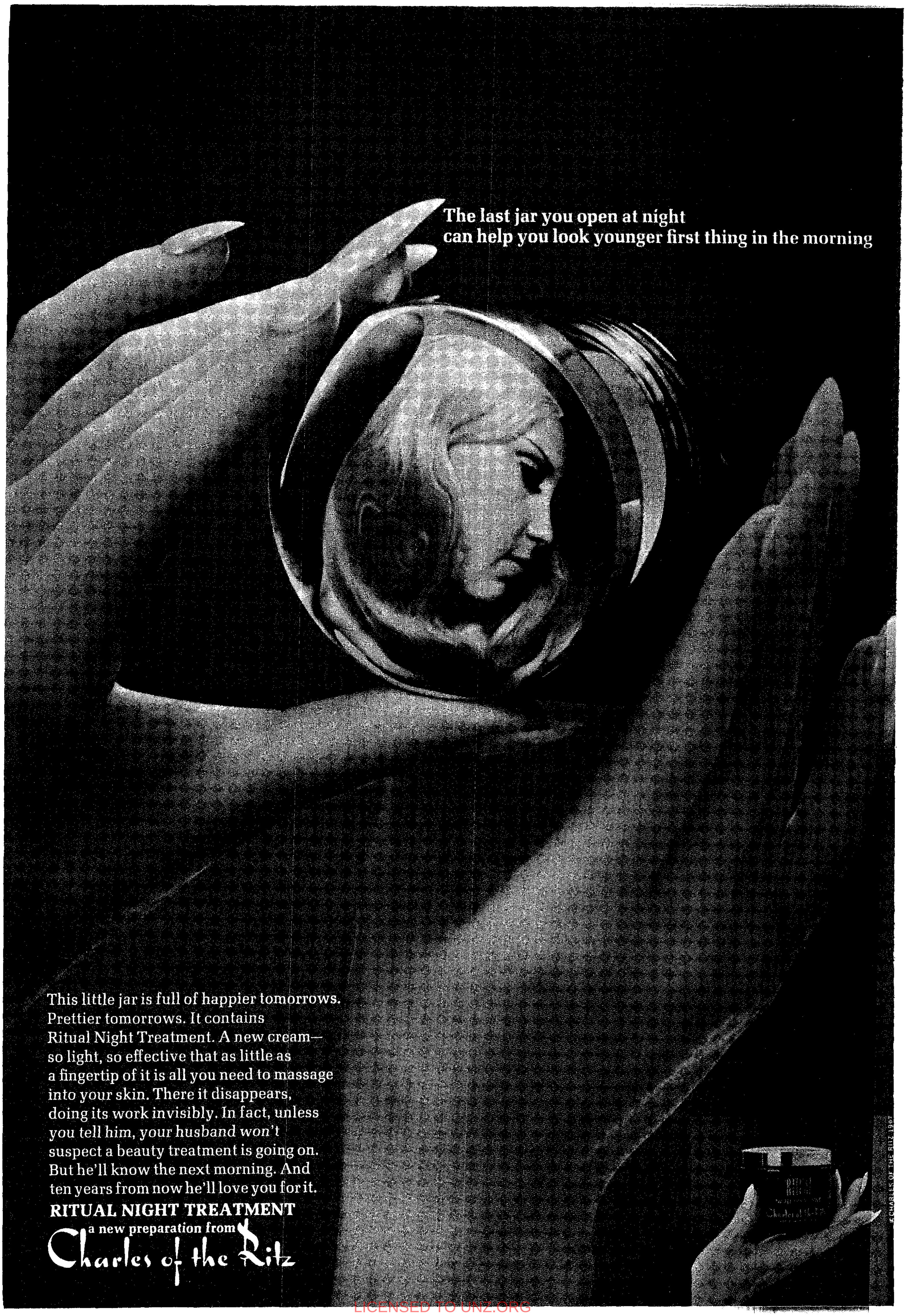

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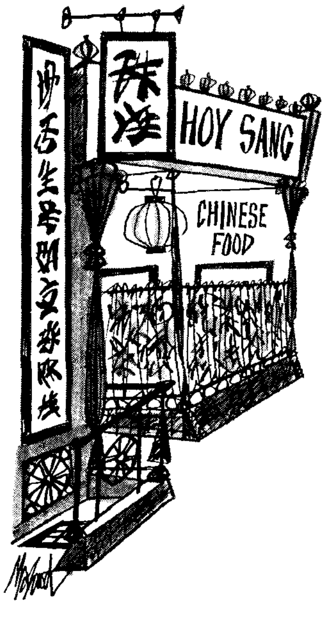
will almost surely produce some inferior champions is of no concern to these planners. What they see is more money and more prizes for all—the initial freshet of dollars that accompanies the appearance of each new, weak franchise team in an expanded league, and the guarantee of three autumn extravaganzas instead of one.

The magnet that is about to pull baseball into this tortured shape is television. The immense sports-television business has never been happy with baseball, which so far includes only two high-revenue packages—the All-Star game and the Series—each year. Moreover, the game does not produce tidy, two-hour segments of marketable time; a nationally televised midsummer Saturday game may creep along into the early evening, and it cannot be puffed up by advance billing, since the meaning of its outcome may not become apparent until late in September. This is almost intolerable to the young men in blazers who run sports TV; their dream is fifty weekends of world championships—in football, in baseball, in surfing, in Senior Women's Marbles, in anything—that are *not to be missed* by the weekend watcher. Every real fan senses, of course, that baseball's long, chancy season perfectly matches the slow, tension-building pace of the game on the field. He knows that baseball is so difficult a game that the worst team in any league is almost a match for the best, and thus a long schedule is necessary to determine a true champion. None of this appears to be of much import to the television industry or the baseball owners, who now propose to replace skill and courage by luck and promotion.

My objections, I am certain, will cut no ice with most baseball mag-



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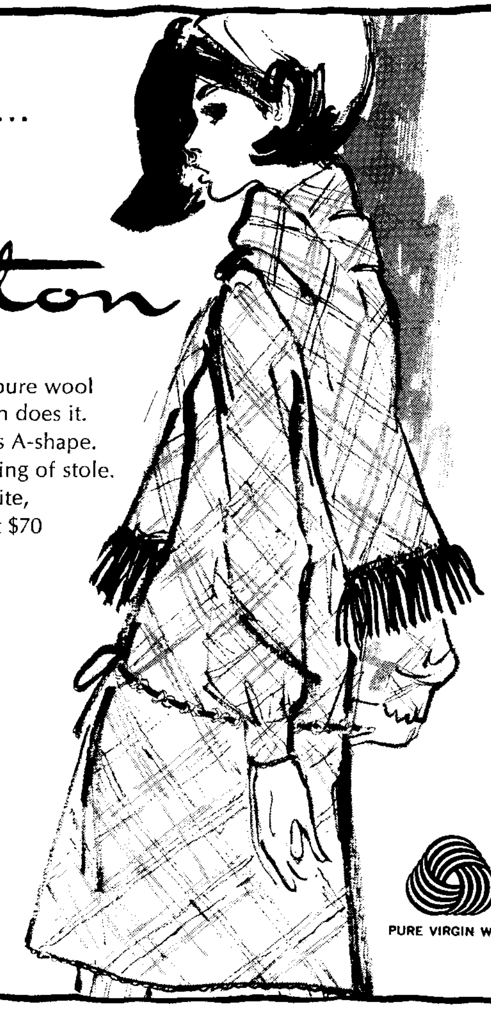

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nates, whose instant response to criticism of this nature is to smile and say, "Well, I'm in this for the money, of course." Of course. Baseball is a commercial venture, but it is one of such perfect equipoise that millions of us every year can still unembarrassedly surrender ourselves to its unique and absorbing joys. *The ability to find* beauty and involvement in artificial commercial constructions is essential to most of us in the modern world; it is the life-giving naïveté. But naïveté is not gullibility, and those who alter baseball for their quick and selfish purposes will find, I believe, that they are the owners of teams without a following and of a sport devoid of passion. They will find that they own only a business.

CARDINAL fans who have managed to keep their seats through this interminable first feature will probably not be placated by my delayed compliments to their heroes. The Cardinals not only were the best ball club I saw this season but struck me as being in many ways the most admirable team I can remember in recent years. The new champions have considerable long-ball power, but they know the subtleties of opposite-field hitting, base running, and defense that are the delight of the game. Their quickness is stimulating, their batting strength is distributed menacingly throughout the lineup (they won the Series with almost no help from their No. 4 and No. 5 hitters, Cepeda and McCarver, while their seventh-place batter, Javier, batted .360), they are nearly impregnable in up-the-middle defense, and their pitching was strong enough to win them a pennant even though their ace, Bob Gibson, was lost for the second half of the season after his right leg was broken by a line drive. In retrospect, the wonder of the Series is that the Cards did not make it a runaway, as they so often seemed on the point of doing.

Fenway Park was a different kind of place on the first day of the Series. Ceremonies and bunting and boxfuls of professional Series-goers had displaced the anxious watchers of the weekend. Yastrzemski, staring behind the dugout before the game, said, "Where *is* everybody? These aren't the people who were here all summer." The game quickly produced its own anxieties, however, when Lou Brock, the Cardinals' lead-off man, singled in the first and stole second on the next pitch. Though we did not recognize it, this was only a first dose

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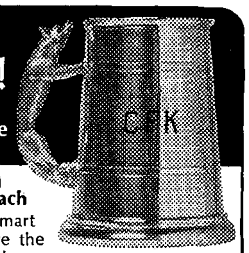

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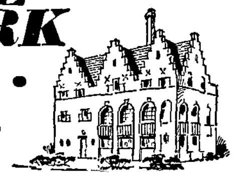

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of what was to follow throughout the Series, for Brock was a tiny little time pill that kept going off at intervals during the entire week. He failed to score that time, but he led off the third with another single, zipped along to third on Flood's double, and scored on Maris's infield out. The Cardinals kept threatening to extinguish Santiago, the Red Sox starter, but bad St. Louis luck and good Boston fielding kept it close. Gibson, hardly taking a deep breath between pitches, was simply overpowering, throwing fast balls past the hitters with his sweeping right-handed delivery, which he finishes with a sudden lunge toward first base. He struck out six of the first ten batters to face him and seemed unaffronted when Santiago somehow got his bat in the path of one of his pitches and lofted the ball into the screen in left-center. It was a one-sided but still tied ball game when Brock led off the seventh (he was perpetually leading off, it seemed) with another single, stole second again, went to third on an infield out, and scored on Roger Maris's deep bouncer to second. That 2–1 lead was enough for Gibson, who blew the Boston batters down; he struck out Petrocelli three times, on ten pitches. The crowd walking out in the soft autumn sunshine seemed utterly undisappointed. They had seen their Sox in a Series game at last, and that was enough.

Five members of the Red Sox had signed up to write byline stories about the Series for the newspapers, and Jim Lonborg, not yet ready to pitch after his Sunday stint, kept notes for his column as he sat on the bench during the opener. He must have remembered to look at those earlier memoranda on his glove, however, for his first pitch of the second game flew rapidly in the suddenly vacated environs of Lou Brock's neck. It was Lonborg's only high pitch of the afternoon, and was fully as effective in its own way as the knee-high curves and sinking fast balls he threw the rest of the way. None of the Cardinals reached first until Flood walked in the seventh, and by that time Yastrzemski had stroked a curving drive into the seats just past the right-field foul pole for one run, and two walks and an error had brought in another for the Beantowners. There were marvellous fielding plays by both teams—Brock and Javier for the Cards, Petrocelli and Adair for the Sox—to keep the game taut, and then Yaz, who had taken extra batting practice right after the first game, hit another in the seventh:

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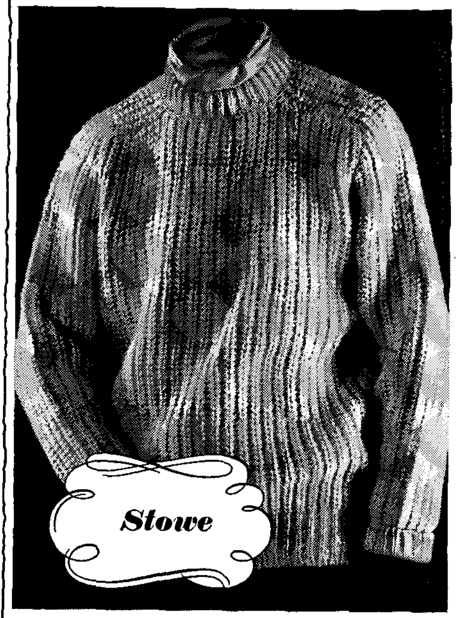
a three-run job, way, *way* up in the bleachers. After that, there was nothing to stay for except the excruciating business of Lonborg's possible no-hitter. He was within four outs of it when Javier doubled, solidly and irretrievably, in the eighth, to the accompaniment of a 35,188-man groan. (Lonborg said later that it felt exactly like being in an automobile wreck.) When Lonborg came in after that inning, the crowd stood and clapped for a long, respectful two minutes, like the audience at a Horowitz recital.

Everyone in St. Louis was ready for the third game except the scoreboard-keeper, who initially had the Cardinals playing Detroit. More than fifty-four thousand partisans, the biggest sporting crowd in local history, arrived early at Busch Memorial Stadium, most of them bearing heraldic devices honoring "El Birdos"—a relentlessly publicized neologism supposedly coined by Orlando Cepeda. Home-town pride was also centered on El Ballparko, a steep, elegant gray concrete pile that forms part of the new downtown complex being built around the celebrated Saarinen archway. I admired everything about this open-face mine except its shape, which is circular and thus keeps all upper-deck patrons at a dismaying distance from the infielders within the right angles of the diamond. The game, like its predecessors, went off like a firecracker, with Lou Brock tripling on the first pitch of the home half. After two innings, Gary Bell, the Boston starter, was allowed to sit down, having given up five hits and three runs to the first nine Cardinal batters. That was the ball game, it turned out (the Cards won, 5–2), but there were some memorable diversions along the way. Nelson Briles, the Cards' starter, decked Yastrzemski in the first with a pitch that nailed him on the calf. Lou Brock, having led off the sixth with a single, got himself plunked in the back with a justifiably nervous pick-off throw by pitcher Lee Stange, and chugged along to third, from where he scored on a single by Maris. *L'affaire Yaz* was the subject of extended seminars with the press after the game. St. Louis Manager Red Schoendienst stated that inside pitches were part of the game but that his little band of clean-living Americans did not know how to hit batters on purpose. Pitcher Briles stated that the sight of Yastrzemski caused him to squeeze the ball too hard and thus lose control of its direction. (He had improved afterward, not walking a man all day.) Manager Williams pointed out that a pitcher wishing to

Alan Paine



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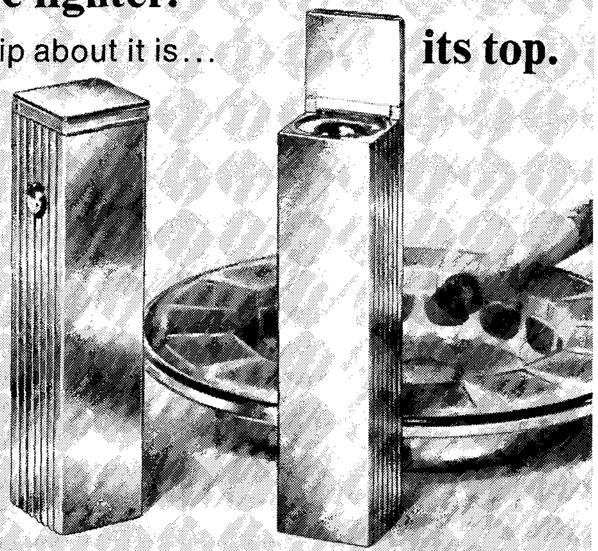
hit a batter, as against merely startling him, will throw not at his head but behind his knees, which was the address on Briles' special-delivery package. This seemed to close the debate locally, but that night the publisher of the Manchester, New Hampshire, *Union Leader* wrote an editorial demanding that the Cardinals be forced to forfeit the game, "as an indication that the great American sport of baseball will not allow itself to be besmirched by anyone who wants to play dirty ball."

The great American sport survived it all, but it almost expired during the next game, a 6–0 laugher played on a windy, gray winter afternoon. The Cardinals had all their runs after the first three innings, and the only man in the park who found a way to keep warm was Brock, who did it by running bases. He beat out a third-base tap in the first and went on to score, and subsequently doubled off the wall and stole another base. Gibson, the winner, was not as fast as he had been in the opener, but his shutout won even more admiration from the Red Sox batters, who had discovered that he was not merely a thrower but a pitcher.

The Red Sox, now one game away from extinction, looked doomed after that one, but Yastrzemski pointed out to me that most of his teammates, being in their early twenties, had the advantage of not recognizing the current odds against them. "Lonborg goes tomorrow," he said, "and then it's back to Boston, back to the lion's den." Lonborg went indeed, in a marvellously close and absorbing game that I watched mostly through Kleenex, having caught a pip of a cold in the winter exercises of the previous day. Two former Yankees settled it. In the Boston ninth, Elston Howard, who can no longer get his bat around on fast balls, looped a dying single to right to score two runs—a heartwarming and, it turned out, essential piece of luck, because Roger Maris hit a homer in the bottom half, to end Lonborg's string of seventeen scoreless innings. Maris, freed from his recent years of Yankee Stadium opprobrium, was having a brilliant Series.

Laid low by too much baseball and a National League virus, I was unable to make it back to the lion's den, and thus missed the noisiest and most exciting game of the Series. I saw it on television, between sneezes and commercials. This was the game, it will be recalled, in which the Red Sox led by 1–0, trailed by 2–1, rallied to 4–2, were tied at 4–4, and won finally, 8–4, burying the Cardinal relief pitchers



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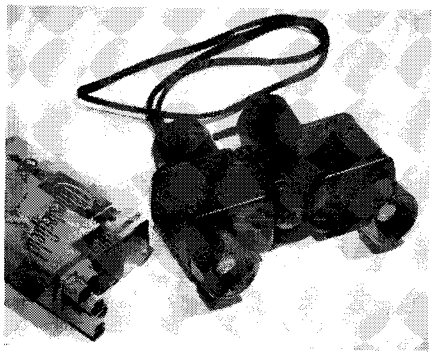

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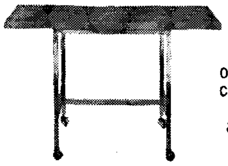

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with six hits and four runs in the seventh. Brock had a single, a stolen base, and a home run. Yastrzemski had two singles and a left-field homer. Reggie Smith hit a homer; Rico Petrocelli hit *two* homers. This was the first Series game since the Cardinal-Yankee encounters in 1964 in which any team rallied to recapture a lost lead, which may account for the rather stately nature of most of the recent fall classics. My admiration went out not only to the Red Sox, for evening the Series after being two games down, but to Dick Williams, for having the extraordinary foresight to start a young pitcher named Gary Waslewski, who had spent most of the season in the minors, had not started a Boston game since July 29th, and had never completed a game in the major leagues. Waslewski didn't finish this one, either, but he held the Cards off until the sixth, which was enough. Williams' choice, which would have exposed him to venomous second-guessing if it had backfired, is the kind of courageous, intelligent patchworking that held his young, lightly manned team together over such an immense distance. In the opinion of a good many baseball people, his managerial performance this year is the best since Leo Durocher's miracles with the Giants in the early nineteen-fifties.

Nothing could keep me away from the final game of the year, the obligatory scene in which Lonborg, on only two days' rest, would face Gibson at last. Fenway Park, packed to the rafters, seemed so quiet in the early innings that I at first attributed the silence to my stuffed-up ears. It was real, though—the silence of foreboding that descended on all of us when Lou Brock hit a long drive off Lonborg in the first, which Yastrzemski just managed to chase down. Lonborg, when he is strong and his fast ball is dipping, does not give up high-hit balls to enemy batters in the early going. After that, everyone sat there glumly and watched it happen. Maxvill, the unferocious Cardinal shortstop, banged a triple off the wall in the third and then scored, and another run ensued when Lonborg uncorked a wild pitch. In time, it grew merely sad, and almost the only sounds in the park were the cries and horns from Cardinal owner Gussie Busch's box, next to the St. Louis dugout. Lonborg, pushing the ball and trying so hard that at times his cap flew off, gave up a homer to Gibson in the fifth, and then Brock singled, stole second, stole third, and came in on a fly by Maris. A fire broke out in a boxcar parked on a railway siding beyond left field, and

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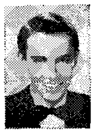

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several dozen sportswriters, looking for their leads, scribbled the note, "... as Boston championship hopes went up in smoke." Manager Williams, out of pitchers and ideas, stayed too long with his exhausted hero, and Javier hit a three-run homer in the sixth to finish Lonborg and end the long summer's adventure. The final score was 7–2. Gibson, nearly worn out at the end, held on and finished, winning his fifth successive Series victory (counting two against the Yankees in 1964), and the Cardinals had the championship they deserved. I visited both clubhouses, but I had seen enough champagne and emotion for one year, and I left quickly. Just before I went out to hunt for a cab, though, I ducked up one of the runways for a last look around Fenway Park, and discovered several thousand fans still sitting in the sloping stands around me. They sat there quietly, staring out through the half darkness at the littered, empty field and the big wall and the bare flagpoles. They were mourning the Red Sox and the end of the great season.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

TOURIST

He chose the Mediterranean
Because it was the cradle of something

He did not expect so many islands
The flat faces
Such stranded passion

Old waters shrugged him off
The light sieved him
He heard no sirens
But at evening expectation hung in the
 air
Like musk

He began to understand
This was no voyage he could return
 from

And sits
The miles done
In his apartment   his door
Unlocked

Waiting to come home

—DABNEY STUART

•

To Sharon Francis, beautification is not just a pansy or two in the front yard of a slum dwelling. It involves air and water pollution, good design, and freeways that don't carve up cities.—*Louise Hutchinson in the Chicago Tribune.*

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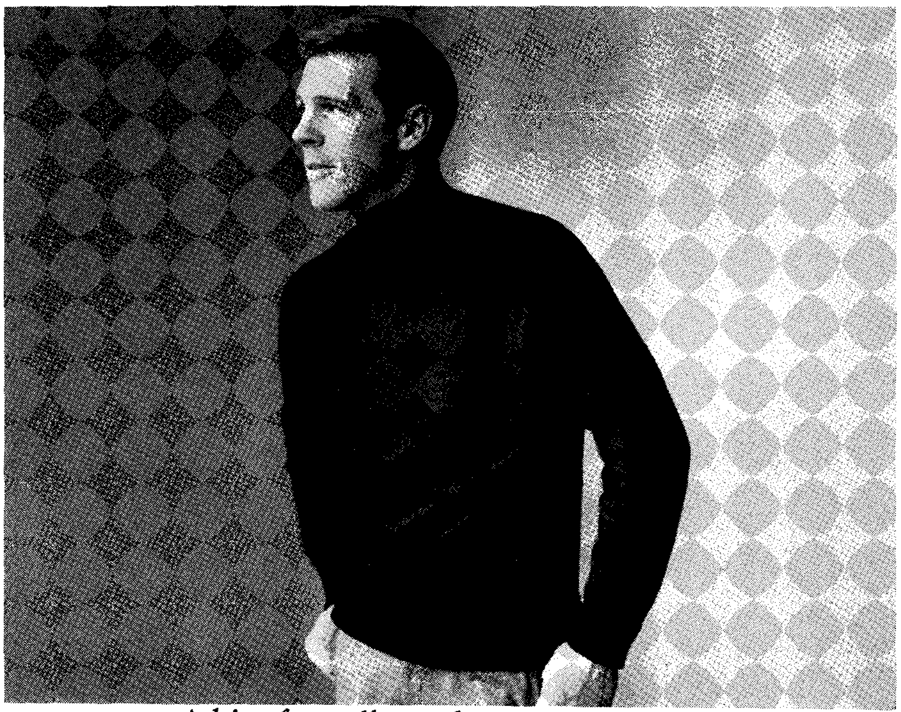

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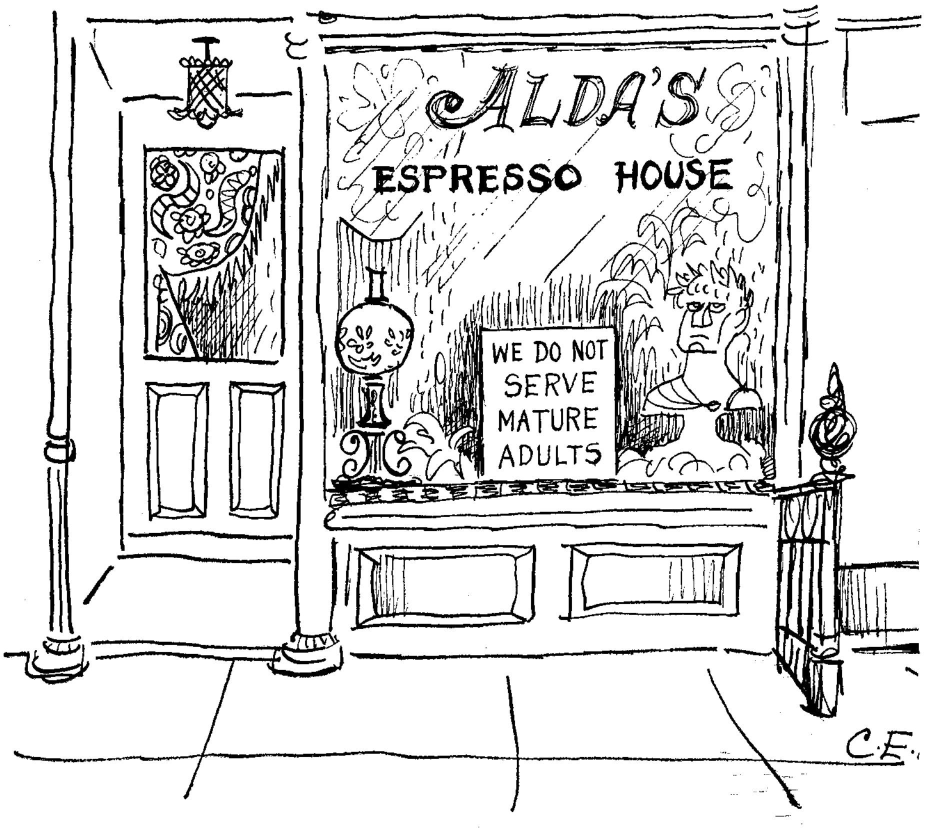
BOOKS

Games People Play

SUCH is the commitment of the novel to reality, to the daylight and solidity of life, that genuine surrealistic fiction is rare. The Gothic tale and science fiction are bastard genres and, however dazzling in performance, inherently facile. A surrealistic novel does not create new worlds or bend the actual world out of shape according to some arbitrary convention. It initiates, by essentially linguistic means, a radical discord between our emotional, cerebral responses to the facts presented in the narrative and the subtler, hidden logic in which these facts have their proper place. It suggests the disturbing hypothesis that our language is a net too loosely or stiffly woven to capture the secret truths of life. A surrealistic novel may embody the ordered chaos of a dream, but there must be no simple waking up, for the recognition of a dream as such anchors the clandestine vision right back in the bread-and-butter world of realism. Jan Potocki's "Manuscript Found at Saragossa," one of the little-known masterworks of European romanticism, is in the category of the surrealistic novel; so are Andrey Biely's "St. Petersburg," Rilke's "Malte Laurids Brigge," and Elias Canetti's "Auto-da-Fé." Today, Raymond Queneau and John Hawkes are the chief practitioners of this rare, deliberately self-contradictory art.

In the sparse history of surrealistic fiction, Raymond Roussel has for some time held a small, esoteric place. Mr. Rayner Heppenstall, an erudite English interpreter of modern French literature, is seeking to give Roussel a wider echo. In France, Roussel's claims have been urged by Michel Leiris and Alain Robbe-Grillet. Mr. Heppenstall's monograph ("Raymond Roussel, a Critical Study," published by the University of California Press) is the first to appear in English. It sorts out, so far as can be done, the main facts of Roussel's *louche* existence and fantasies of poetic glory. Born in 1877 and dubiously blessed with great wealth, Raymond Roussel wrote and then published at his own expense a number of bizarre poems, fictions, and plays. He suffered from hallucinations, felt himself the equal of the supreme literary masters, was at times under psychiatric care, progressed from alcohol to barbiturates, and did away with himself in a hotel in Palermo in 1933. Mr. Heppenstall's tone about all this is coy and tremulous: Roussel's statement that he "knew" himself to be the equal of Dante and Shakespeare elicits from Mr. Heppenstall the comment "I must apologize for those inverted commas, since it is no part of the purpose of this little book to argue that he was mistaken." Winks at "my fellow-Rousselians" abound, and the transcription of French, whether in a reference to La Fontaine or a title from Proust, is not always accurate. Nevertheless, these irritants would be trivial if we owed to Mr. Heppenstall's enthusiasm the rediscovery of a body of major work. "I feel no doubt," he writes, "that 'Impressions d'Afrique' is Roussel's masterpiece or that it is, quite simply, a masterpiece." He backs this extraordinary claim in the best possible way, by offering a translation ("Impressions of Africa," University of California Press). The preciousness of Roussel's idiom, the extent to which almost every meaning depends on wordplay, internal allusion, and the argotic undercurrents of *fin-de-siècle* French, make any attempt at translation a formidable challenge. Working together with his daughter, Lindy Foord, Mr. Heppenstall has pulled off some real feats of bilingual virtuosity. But what of the book itself?

"Impressions d'Afrique" (1910) purports to tell the adventures of a grotesque assemblage of shipwrecked and captured Europeans in the African town of Ejur (itself a feeble French pun), capital of his black imperial majesty Talu VII. The time sequence of the tale is distorted in a ham-fisted way: it is only at the halfway point that the narrator informs us of the events leading up to the infantile festivities with which the book opens. But even at that stage the narrative breaks off for further elaborate flashbacks and set pieces. The heart of the whole business is a gala mounted by the marooned actors, singers, pyrotechnicians, fencing masters, mustachioed ex-ballerinas, and hypnotists to celebrate Talu's enthronement over newly conquered territories. The closing pages convey the ransomed passengers back to Marseille. As Mr. Heppenstall points out, most of the effects in the book derive from word pairings and from sets of interlocking phonetic associations: "Many details of the story . . . were supplied by a verbal procedure which consisted in taking two nouns, each susceptible of more than one meaning, and linking them together by means of the general-purpose preposition *à*. Picked in the first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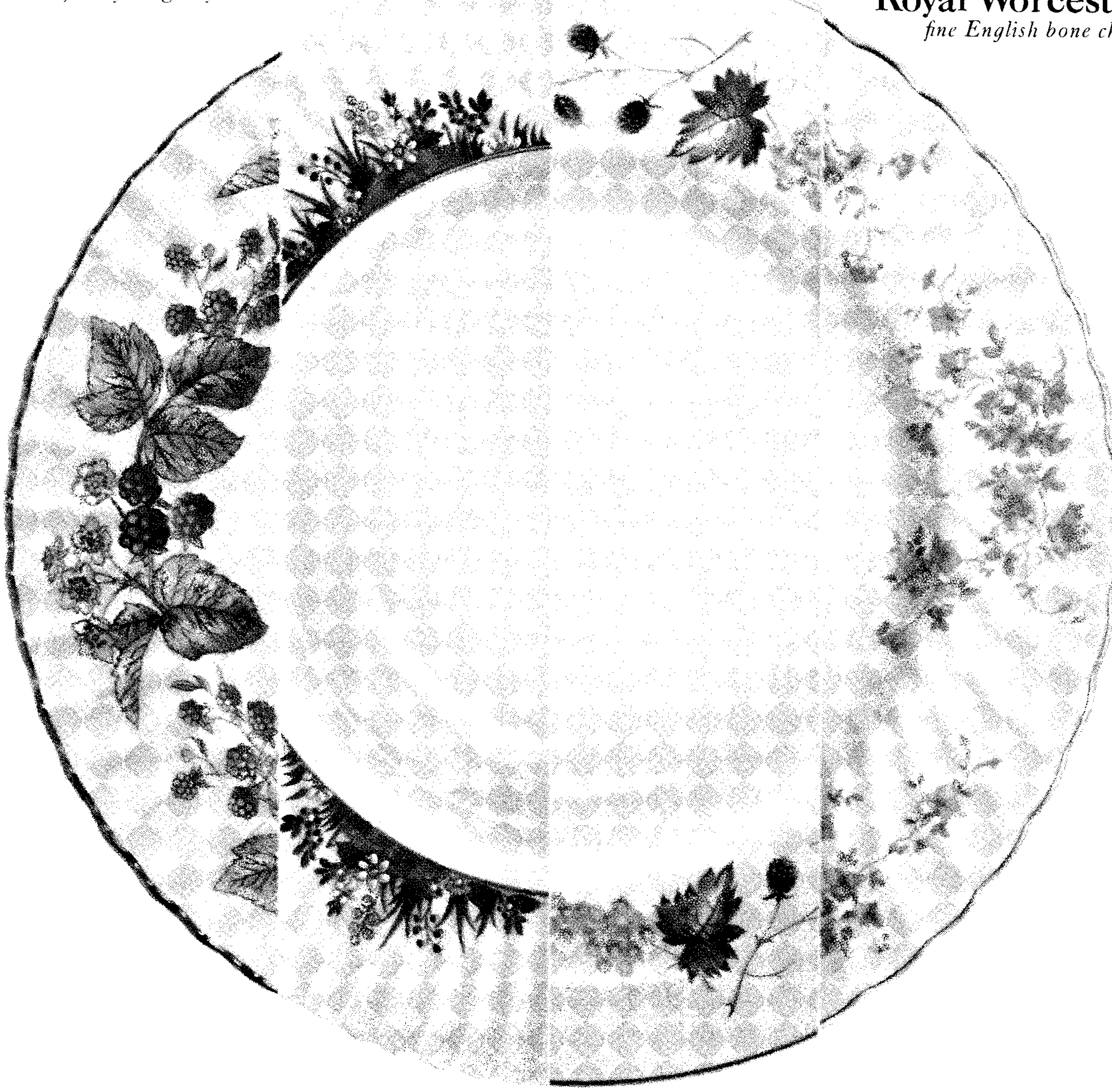

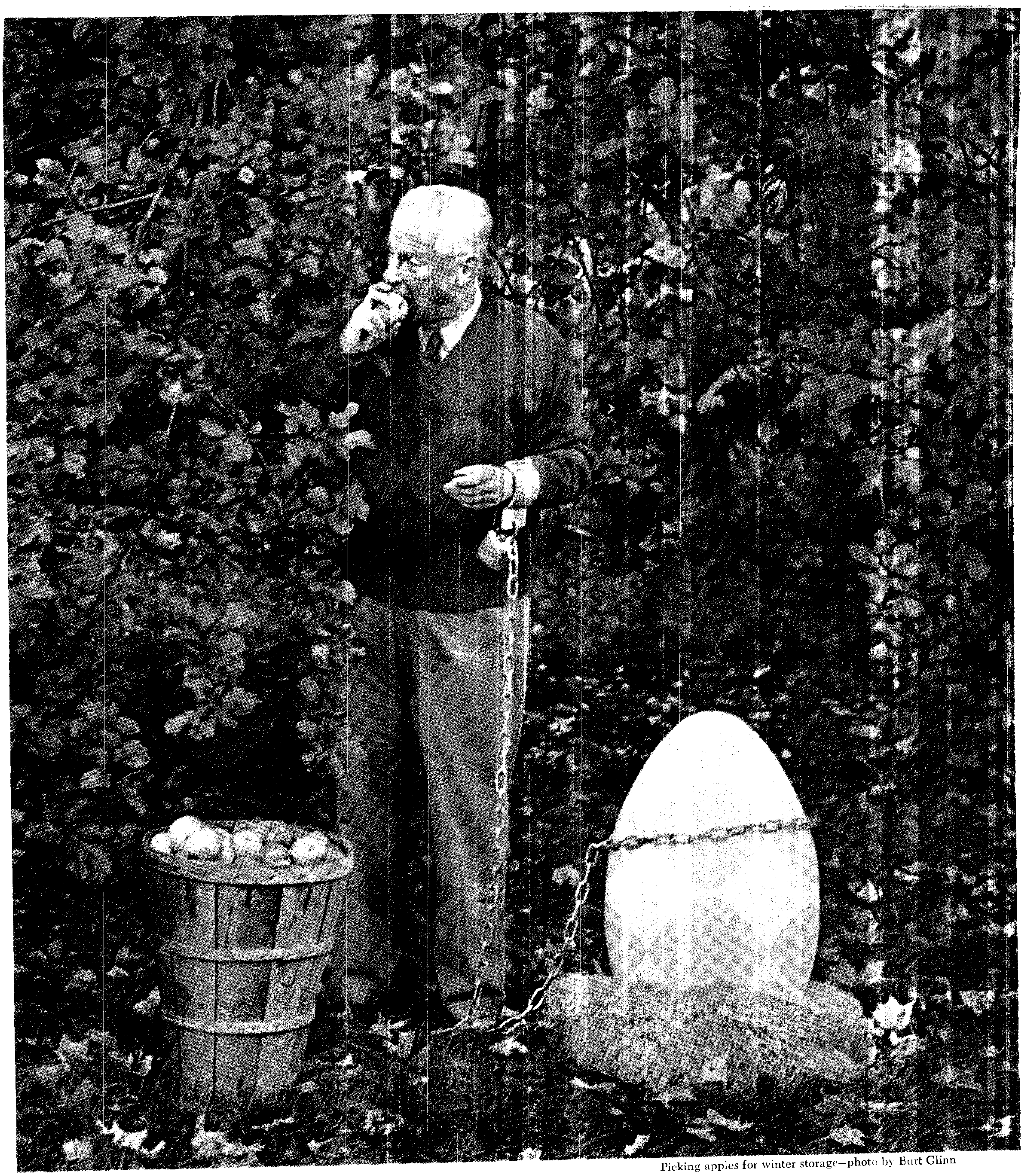

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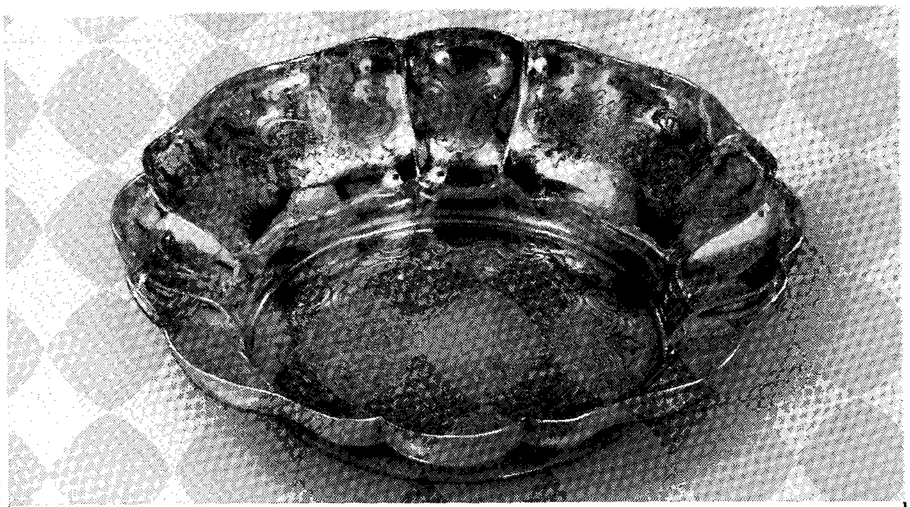
place to make sense together, each of the two nouns is subsequently taken in a remoter meaning, Roussel's imagination then making what it could of the result."

The response to which cheery comment has to be that he didn't make much. There are inventive patches and one or two bursts of hallucinatory suggestion. Some of the descriptions of the gala and its *tableaux vivants* are reminiscent, in a feeble way, of the mad Oklahoma circus in Kafka's "Amerika" (the two books are almost contemporary). Madame Adinolfa, the diva, discovers the original manuscript of "Romeo and Juliet," and Roussel's account of this imaginary opus has a kind of undergraduate brio. But the bulk of "Impressions of Africa" is labored tinsel, a charade interminably urged on yawning guests. Peppered with vignettes of Victorian-style sadism and with fairly evident hints of Roussel's sexual inclinations, the book is very difficult to wade through.

This does not rob it of a minor historical interest or a certain desperate integrity of its own. Roussel's use of language as a total game has a prophetic edge. His juggling of time and normal logic, though by no means unique by 1910, does have relevance to the collages of modern art and film. Precedents for Pop Art and Camp can be read into Roussel. And for all its seedy pretensions, "Impressions of Africa" does imply the conjecture that the classic novel had little more to say, that fiction might have to be pushed to extremity before literature could be made new. This revolt against the fixity of classic forms is, I assume, symbolized by the mutation of "Romeo and Juliet." Even Shakespeare reënters the realm of total and absurd possibility. This, if he has come across it, is an invention Jorge Luis Borges might admire. Mr. Heppenstall rightly invokes Borges' name in the context of Roussel. But the difference tells more than does any analogy. Borges' "Fictions" are among the wonders of modern literature. But they are very brief, precisely as if Borges meant to teach us that a surrealistic vision can be sustained only over a short span, as if the fantastic, when it is authentic and rooted in a new syntax, had the quality of an electric arc light, transmuting the landscape but blazing only an instant. Secondly, Borges' dissent from ordinary fiction, his search for symbolic modes more "real" than the facsimiles of current realism, are based on a view of the world both responsible and profoundly educated. Borges has pre-



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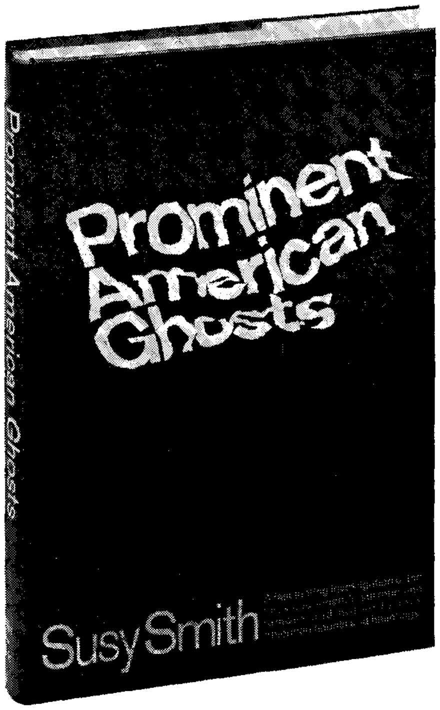

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viously mastered all that he fantasticates. Roussel's distortions have behind them no adult experience of order. He belongs, primarily, to the pathology of letters.

"IMPRESSIONS OF AFRICA" does little to answer the question of whether it is possible to write a serious novel in which the main theme is the nature and possibility of fiction. But that question, at best embryonic in Roussel but certainly emphatic in Pirandello, has produced some fascinating answers. They range from Virginia Woolf's "To the Lighthouse" and Gide's "Counterfeiters" to the novels of Nabokov and Madame Sarraute. Uwe Johnson's "The Third Book About Achim" (Harcourt, Brace & World) is a significant addition.

Partially gutted by Nazism, the German language has suffered a further crisis of identity over the last fifteen years. The split between West and East German speech is widening. Different words are used, words have different meanings, and—what matters more—the underlying syntax, the way in which usage inflects moral and psychological values, is no longer the same in Bonn as it is in Leipzig. The present trend is aggravated by the fact that deeply divisive tendencies—regional, religious, social—are part of the history of modern Germany. Mr. Johnson has made of this linguistic dissociation and of the larger dissociation of feeling and world image that it embodies and perpetuates the principal motif of his novels. He has produced a flat, clipped, incorporal German style, brilliantly suggestive of a lost unity. It is like an echo without a living call, a parlance out of limbo, persistently raising the question of whether human discourse, that act of communication that has behind it one of communion, is still possible after the Nazi holocaust and across the insane walls men have built, be it in Berlin or in their minds. "The Third Book About Achim" is a book about the impossibility of honest fiction.

The plot is genuinely witty. Karsch is a journalist now living in Hamburg; he is a man as edgy inside his own skin as are many of the lone agents and cold warriors whom recent spy novels locate in the Federal Republic. He gets a call from Karin, an actress with whom he lived in Berlin after the war. She is now in the East. With the approval of the East German authorities, she invites Karsch to write a biography of Achim, the bicycle champion of the German Democratic

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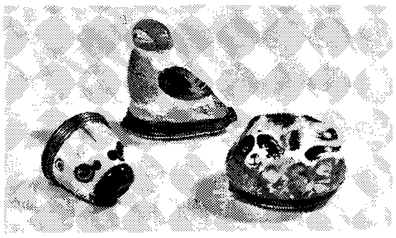

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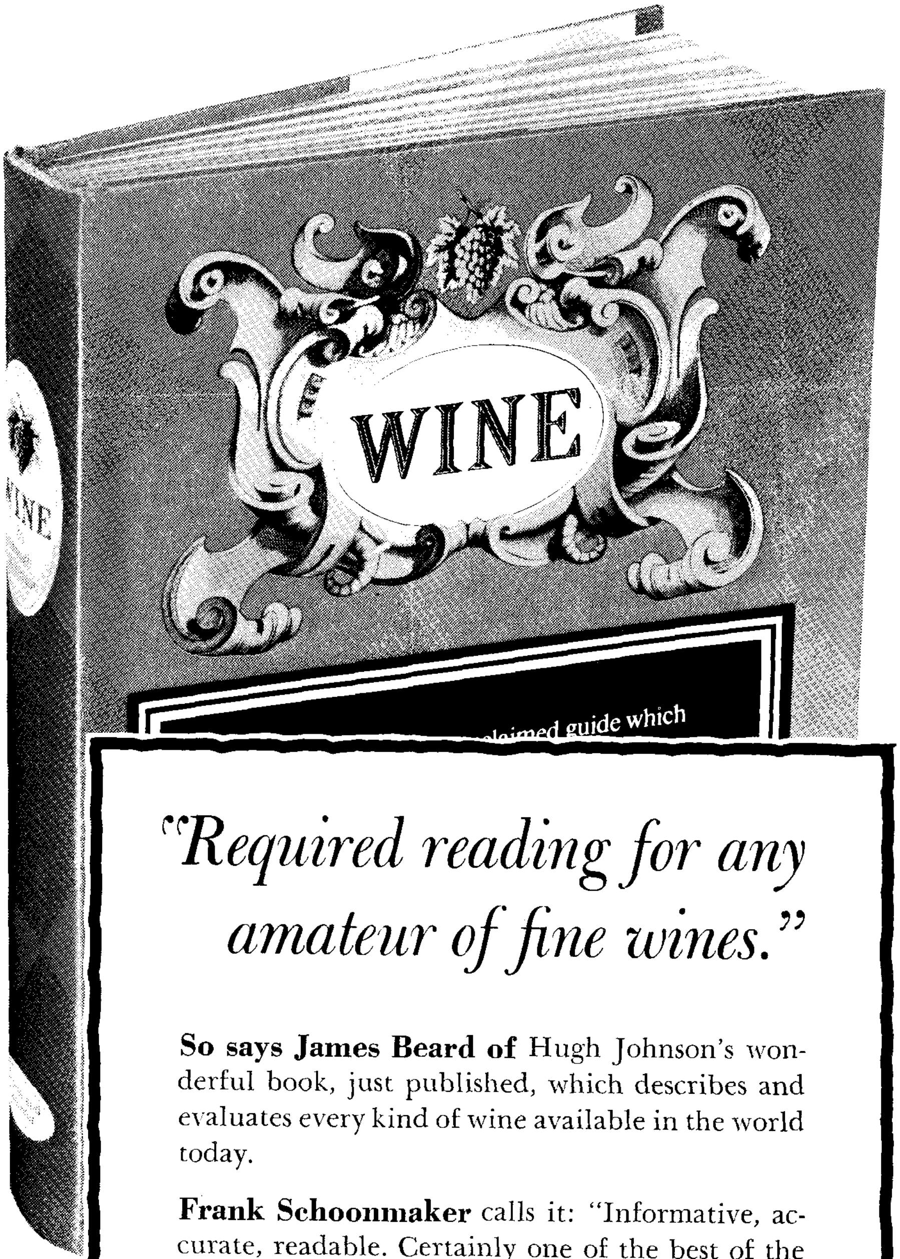
Republic. Two hagiographies of this hero of socialist sport exist already. But something subtler and more internationally persuasive is wanted. Karsch crosses the shadow line. He is in no physical or political danger, and he writes back to the West in a relaxed vein. But after a while his friends find his presence "so incomprehensibly distant, they didn't even feel like speaking of him any more." Karsch meets Achim and a covert struggle develops—around their relationship to Karin and around the central, elusive matter of Achim's identity. Who is Achim? An altruistic, sternly dedicated champion cyclist whose childhood in Nazi Germany and adult career exemplify at their best the history and virtues of the new Marxist-Leninist Germany? An opaque, essentially ironic figure who in undeniable though never mentioned fact marched with the insurgent workers in the anti-government demonstrations of 1953? Or is Achim an intricate amalgam of both, a man of adjustments and balancing acts too subtle, too alien to be grasped, let alone judged, by a visitor steeped in the moralistic banalities of the prosperous Cold War West? The third book about Achim will not be written, and Karsch recrosses the frontier. "How was it?" There is no vocabulary adequate to a meaningful reply.

In this ghostly fable, Mr. Johnson uses various tricks of style. The narrative is elliptic. The dialogue is highly stylized, at moments unnaturally sharp, elsewhere fretted with static. The flashbacks into Achim's childhood and into Karsch's liaison with Karin are so placed as to suggest simultaneous frames on an Andy Warhol movie screen. The past is literally parallel to the present. Karsch is both tape recorder and camera, but the very precision of his instruments contrasts mockingly with his inability to get a real picture. It is here that Uwe Johnson goes beyond the specific dilemma of the German language, beyond the anguish of an Orwellian Newspeak. His parable is directed also toward the genius and dilemmas of the novel as literary form, as conveyor of truth. Inevitably, his manner of writing points toward narrative subtleties and a degree of psychological intelligence outside the reach of most current realistic fiction. Uwe Johnson is a novelist who writes after Wittgenstein and the revolution of spirit that is bringing into question our view of human communication, of language and logic. New codes may replace traditional habits of statement and allegory. Music after



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Schoenberg, the theatre of Beckett and Pinter, contemporary art, with its angry refusal to be paraphrased, reflect and shape our new sense of the word. Much current fiction does not. It seems to adhere to a previous convention of speech and representation. In terms of actual influence, of "follow on," the effect of Joyce on the novel has been as nothing compared to the effect of Cubism on painting or of Mallarmé and T. S. Eliot on poetry. Most prose fiction still speaks the language of Balzac and Dreiser.

"The Third Book About Achim" explores and articulates the irrelevancies of that language both to an actual political situation and, perhaps, to the future of the novel. Unlike Roussel's indulgent meanderings, it is also a disciplined and acutely intelligent piece of writing. The wall of words is the hardest to cross.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

I HAVE FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT, by Carter Wilson (Lippincott). The scene is Washington. Bernice Sessions, fifty-five years old, fat, snobbish, disappointed, and courageous, is living in a wilderness of anxiety because her greeting-card business is failing, her eighty-seven-year-old mother is dotty but as trusting and lovable as ever, and her own past keeps crowding into her mind with all the painful force that trivia can command when there is too much of it and it is all there is. Bernice, a Wellesley graduate, is an ex-débutante of very blue blood, and she has no patience with the new order of things. What money she and her mother inherited is gone, what chance she had of success in business is shattered, she is *not* going to make a good marriage, and now her creepy childhood sweetheart and ex-fiancé, Clair Woodly, picks just the moment to desert her in a peculiarly hideous fashion. Bernice has always been vain and lachrymose and aggressive, and in middle age she has become a nasty piece of work, but she is extremely interesting, and familiarity with her does not breed contempt for her. Mr. Wilson's novel is a tour de force. His portrayal of a noisy, wasted human life is unforgettable, because the final impression we retain is that the life was valuable and will never cease to be valuable. Nobody who reads even the first five pages of the story of Bernice Sessions

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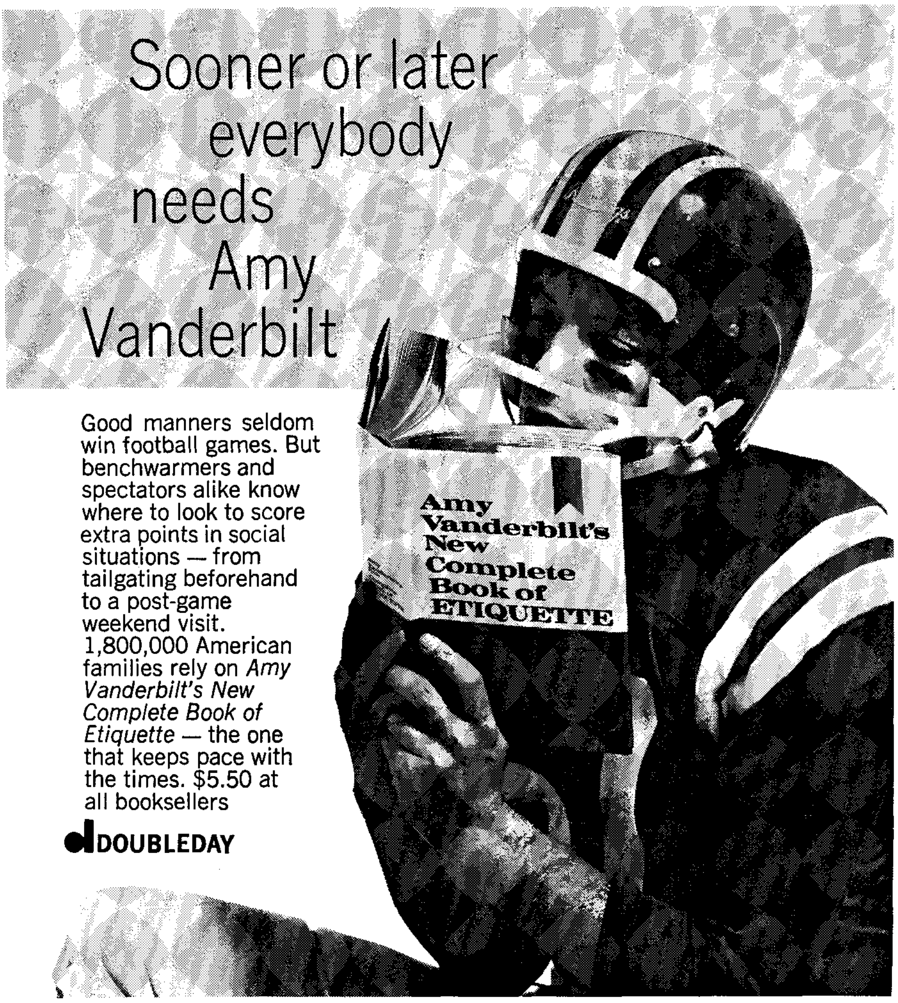
can think for a minute that she is to be discounted.

SCRATCH ONE DREAMER, by David Lewis Stein (Bobbs-Merrill). Leo Olano, a former Communist famous for organizing a Canadian copper-miners' local, who is now dying of cancer, is wanted to participate, for symbolic purposes, in a non-violent demonstration against a Royal Canadian Air Force missile base. His nephew, Joe Fried, is the main character in the novel. Having returned home briefly to Toronto, Fried becomes involved, bitter and cynical as he is, in New Left strategy sessions and old personal problems. The plot is solid, and although it is weighed down at times by chunks of geographical, historical, and political exposition, and by Fried's unconvincing soliloquies, Mr. Stein handles it skillfully. He clearly knows the people and places, and his sentimental, declamatory style suits them, working especially well at the end.

DEAR ME, by Edita Morris (Braziller). These ten short, sensuous, warmhearted tales of Sweden are written in an intimate, conspiratorial tone that turns all persons into the first person. Most of the tales revolve about a single remembered moment in which grief is caught and crystallized and made to seem luminous. "The Melody" describes the early death of a marvellous little boy. "Caput Mortuum" shows a handsome, happy, loving young couple destroyed by the vice they share and both adore. "After the Ball" is about the death, through an absurd accident, of a ravishingly beautiful young girl.

GENERAL

THE PEREGRINE, by J. A. Baker (Harper & Row). This is the most interesting book on the subject of hawks since the publication of "The Goshawk," by the late T. H. White, in 1952. The two books, though equally strange, are very different. "The Goshawk" was an account of an attempt to tame and train a fledgling goshawk for hunting in the wild. "The Peregrine" is an account by an English recluse who is obsessed with the look of hawks—chiefly the big and noble peregrine but also the little kestrel and the sparrow hawk—and he writes, from ten years of patient stalking on an Essex estuary, of hawks sleeping and bathing and preening and flying and soaring and hunting and stooping and fastidious-



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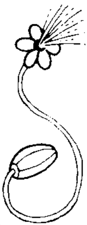

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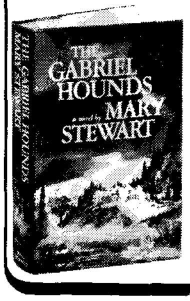

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Illustrations by Kelly Oechsli

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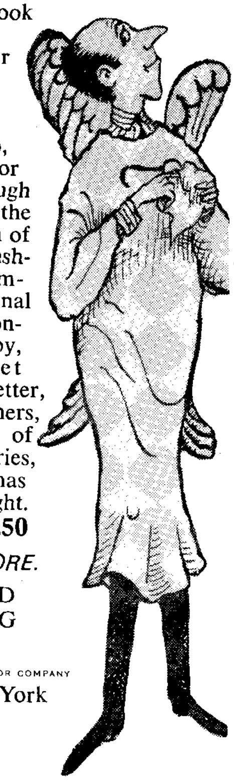

Another wonderful collection of mirth — this time of Catholic humor — containing more than 300 jokes and anecdotes. The inspiration for the book came from a Catholic friend, who after reading the author's first book of Jewish humor, remarked that Catholics, too, have a sense of humor and know how to laugh at themselves. With the gracious cooperation of Richard Cardinal Cushing, Sister Mary Immaculate of the National Catholic Theatre Conference, Bing Crosby, Ed Sullivan, Chet Huntley, Art Linkletter, Earl Wilson and others, who furnished some of their own favorite stories, Gerry Blumenfeld has proven her friend right. $3.50

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ly eating. Mr. Baker is primarily a descriptive writer, and a good one, but his obsession has given him a kind of crazy empathy that lifts his book above mere observation: "I found myself crouching over the kill, like a mantling hawk. My eyes turned quickly about, alert for the walking heads of men. . . . I looked into the wood. In a lair of shadow the peregrine was crouching, watching me, gripping the neck of a dead branch. We live, in these days in the open, the same ecstatic fearful life. We shun men. We hate their suddenly uplifted arms, the insanity of their flailing gestures, their erratic scissoring gait, their aimless stumbling ways, the tombstone whiteness of their faces."

THROUGH THE MINEFIELD, by Constantine FitzGibbon (Norton). The autobiography of a writer, from birth (Lenox, Massachusetts, 1919) to the end of the Second World War. (Mr. FitzGibbon served in both the British and the American Armies, as befitted a man whose parentage was half United States and half United Kingdom.) His boyhood was passed in those two countries and in Germany and France; his education and residence varied with family circumstances (his mother was twice divorced) and finances. He learned several languages, read widely, began writing and translating, fell in love, had affairs, marriages, and divorces. Mr. FitzGibbon, as always, writes well. His message is a somewhat defiant assertion that his childhood perambulations, his changes of governesses and schools, and his lack of a father did not hurt him one bit. In fact, he is just fine. Maybe. But the bounce is not good for the book, which would benefit by more intensity—even sorrow or rage.

FLORENCE: THE DAYS OF THE FLOOD, by Franco Nencini (Stein & Day). This book presents to us, in photographs that look like stills from a documentary film, and in the author's journalistic text, the messy disaster that befell Florence last November 4th. Mr. Nencini, a reporter on a Florentine daily, saw the whole thing from the beginning and tells the story thoroughly. Accounts of great floods tend toward monotony; this one, because Florence is a living treasure-house, is different. The Florentines are fully alive to the preciousness of their heritage, but they were resentful of the fact that when their flood made twenty thousand of them homeless, all that the

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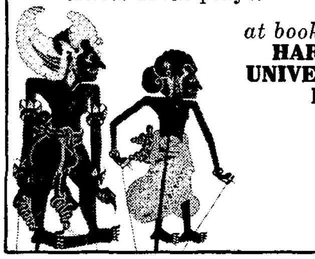

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rest of the world could think of was the safety of the art. Mr. Nencini ends his account with the disturbing observations that, according to unbiassed expert opinion, Florence could have been forewarned in time to avert much of the distress and damage, and that another bad flood is quite possible in the future.

PULITZER, by W. A. Swanberg (Scribners). It is not easy to say exactly why this biography of Joseph Pulitzer is a failure. The book shows scrupulous research, and it is well organized; the background of the period it deals with is ably presented, and it unfolds the compelling story of Joseph Pulitzer and his New York *World* in satisfactory detail—the dizzy rise of the Hungarian-Jewish immigrant to wealth and power by fair means in the worst era of dog-eat-dog capitalism. Finally, the book lays before us an almost clinical portrait of Pulitzer's long agony of blindness and neurasthenia. What is lacking, however, is style and immediacy; the story seems to unfold in another country, and Pulitzer remains an eccentric stranger. Mr. Swanberg, conscientious though he is, is a pedestrian writer, and he permits himself solecisms that would have given the meticulous Pulitzer an earache; his lack of grace was almost appropriate in his biography of Dreiser, and in his biography of Hearst it did not matter much, but with Pulitzer it won't do. Illustrations.

THE LOST REVOLUTIONARY, by Richard O'Connor and Dale L. Walker (Harcourt, Brace & World). The story of John Reed and his progress from his birth in a patrician house in Portland, Oregon, to a grave in the Kremlin. This, of course, is a very familiar story—Reed's graduation from Harvard as one of the several bright lights of the Class of 1910, his rapid rise to noisy eminence as a journalist and war correspondent, his free-love affairs, and his dedication to the cause of world revolution, which ultimately led to his sanctification in Moscow as a Communist hero—and the purpose of this retelling, which is not particularly distinguished, is elusive until one gets to the final chapter. In this, the authors marshal considerable evidence to support their thesis that Reed was a very disillusioned man at the end of his life, and that he felt world revolution and social justice, as well as the Russian people, had been betrayed by the Bolsheviks. In

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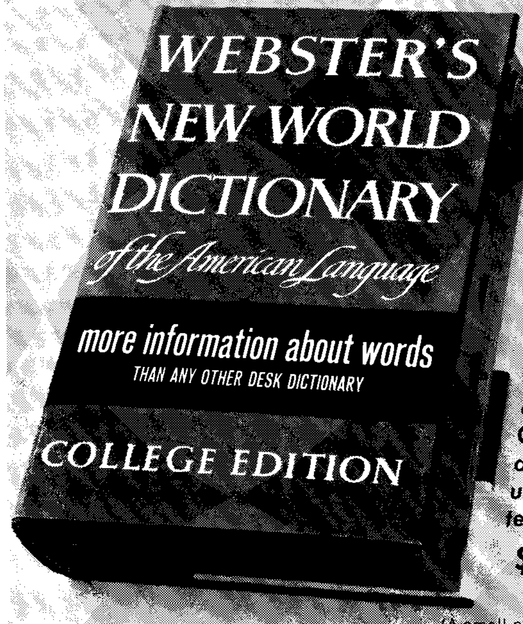

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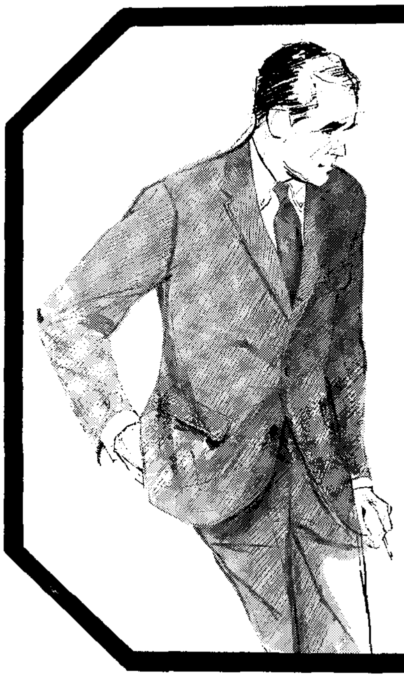

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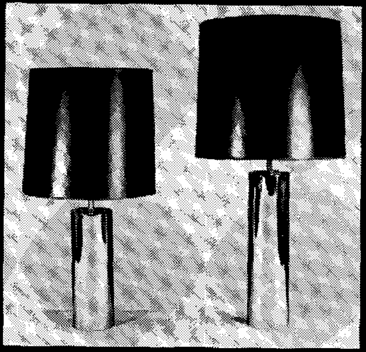

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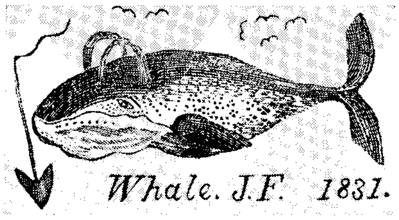
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fact, they say, the man whom the Soviets interred with such ceremony under the Kremlin wall would have become one of their most indignant and eloquent defectors if he had lived.

THE NEW YORK DIARY OF NED ROREM (Braziller). This book, by a talented young American composer, is a continuation of the dialogue with himself—or, at least, the person he presumes to be himself—that he began in his Paris diary. Like that earlier book, it is remarkable for its lapidary expression, its boldness in revealing thoughts and acts most people would not own up to, its cheerful snobbery and prejudice, and its wit. Mr. Rorem's concerns are with the satisfactions, dangers, and ultimate griefs of lust and alcohol; the fear of artistic impotence; the fear of growing old (in this diary, which spans the period of 1955-61, he is in his thirties, and agonizing over each successive year); and the fear of losing his looks. If Mr. Rorem does not have any answers to his doubts about himself and the world he lives in, he asks good questions. His book will be infuriating to many, but there can be no doubt that the author, in his frivolous way, is true to himself. Photographs.

NOTE: "All Thumbs," a collection of cartoons by Warren Miller, has been published by Bobbs-Merrill. Nearly all of them originally appeared in this magazine.

•

A canoe trip during the rich autumn New England foliage season is an excellent way to "Discover America By Car."
—*Esso Happy Motoring News.*

Fill her up. And check the birch bark.

•

The green slouch hat Katharine Cornell wore at Goldie's was the hat she wore as Irish March in Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." The 1927 hat is now back in vogue.—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

Ideal for the St. Patrick's Day parade.

•

Sometimes election campaigns make the average eligible voter want to duck into the booth fast; pull a sack over his head, pull down at random all the levers that may be loose, duck aeaaaa oooomo uaa aaaa Lw aut and . . .
—*Three Village (L. I.) Herald.*

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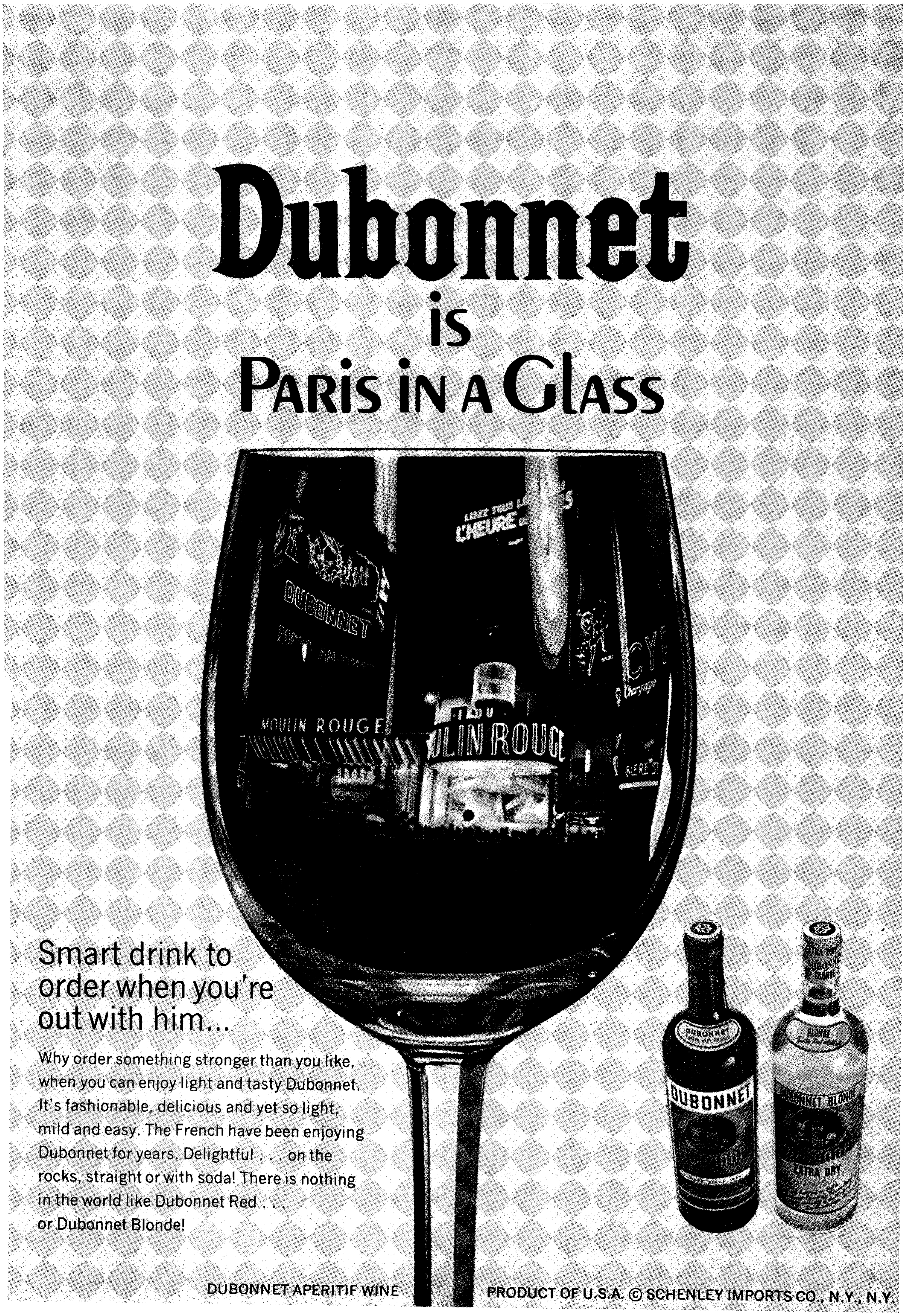
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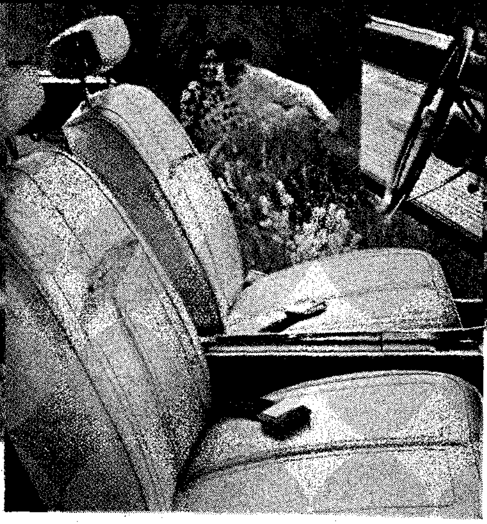

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makes the girls purrr . . .

and gives you

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